

99 M. 2
Humane Prudence,

OR THE

A R T

By which a Man may

Raise Himself and his Fortune

T O

GRANDEUR.

By W. De Montaigne

The Tenth Edition Corrected and
very much Enlarged.

*Non dicere, sed facere, beatum est.
Pluris est prudenter agere, quam sapienter cogitare.*

L O N D O N,

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TO THE
Virtuous and most Ingenious
Edw. Hungerford Esq;

SIR,
Nothing can more Illustrate, even
the bravest of Persons, than to
act according to the Maxims of
Prudence and Virtue. Many Men are Wise
in Picture, and notably Learned in Trifles;
but when they come to Business, of no more
Use than a Sun-Dial in a Grave. That is
the best Philosopher which teaches Men Pru-
denter agere, rather than Sapienter cogi-
tare.

If the World would spend that time in
active Philosophy, and in the Study of
Things of solid Use and Benefit, that they
consume in Cobweb-Learning, to catch
Flies; People would be more Judicious and
Knowing at Twenty Years of Age, than usu-
ally now they are at Seventy.

Prudence (like Mines of Gold) is
A 2 found

The Epistle Dedicatory.

found but in few Places; and tho' it is as yet in the Ore, active Philosophy will refine it: To Think well is only to Dream well; but it is well-doing that perfects the Work. As Virtue is the lustre of Action, so Action is the life of Virtue.

This Little Manual, if you please to Read it Soberly, and Practise the Principles contained in it, (tho' you may have Erected a fair Structure of Knowledge to your self, yet) I dare say it will build you a Story higher.

The Conversation of Men, is a good Expedient to Cultivate and Emprove your Parts. Reading of Books may make you Learned, but it is Converse and Business that make Men Wise.

The Theory of that Learning which the World hath for many Years admired, serves only to dispute Piety and Truth out of the Church; Justice and Honesty out of the State.

Of this, Valentinian and Lucinus Emperors of Rome, had Experience, when they termed Learning the Plague and Poyson of a Kingdon; and Lycurgus was not far from this Opinion, when he Established Ignorance in his Republick.

If

The Epistle Dedicatory.

If we consult the Register of Time, we shall find: that Seditions and Revolutions, Heresies and Schisms, have not any where been so frequent as in Commonwealths; where this kind of Learning was in great Esteem, and even when it Triumphed most: Ambition and Pride march always in the Rere of great Knowledge; whereas we have observed that those that are not too Learned, are commonly the best Subjects, and the Wisest and Honestest Men.

There are many that are great Opinators, and high in their own Concepts; but you may take the Elevation of their Parts, without a Jacob's Staff; These Men think when they have read Aristotle's Physicks and Politicks, they have exactly survey'd the great Round of Nature, Fathom'd the Moon; and that they know by what Strings, and upon what Pins, Wheels and Hinges, the whole Universe moves: Whereas, if they had seriously studied Nature, and Active Philosophy, they would no more value all the Learning they now have, than we do the wagging of a Straw at the Antipodes. These Sophisters are like Diogenes's Archer, that could hit any Mark but the Right; or like some Persons, who

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can give a good Ground to others, but cannot Boul themselves: Whereas the Philosophy of a Wise Man is Honestè vivere; Prudentè agere, Alterum non Lædere; suum cuique tribuere.

Some part of this Manual was formerly Dedicated to a Person of great Honour and Merit, who is since Dead; and you being the next Heir to all his Virtues, no Man has a juster Title to Humane Prudence than your self.

This will serve you, as the Philosophers Mirror, to Dress your self by; to Tune your Passions; and if any Thing be amiss, to Correct it.

Nothing will add a greater Ornament to you, or render you more renowned, than Learning and Virtue.

When Alexander had defeated the Army of Darius, amongst the Spoils there was found his Cabinet, so Rich, and of such Value, that a Dispute arose, what to lay in it; Alexander said, I'll soon end that dispute, I'll lay Homer's Works in it: Such an esteem he had for Learning. It was Philip his Father that made him ALEXANDER, but it was his own Conduct and Prudence that gave him the Title of Great.

By

The Epistle Dedicatory.

By Riches you may make Friends; by Honour and great Places, oblige many, but by your Virtues you may oblige the whole World.

Private Men for their Virtues, have been made Kings; and Kings for their Vices have been Deposed.

Riches may be Wasted, Honour Lost, but Virtue will make you Immortal, because it self is so.

You have made a fair Progress in your Studies beyond your Tears; if you proceed in that Course, you will be the Glory of the Age you live in.

Alphonfus, That incomparable King of Spain, Sicily, and Naples, was so devoted to his Studies, and had such an Honour for Learning, that for his Crest, he gave a Book open: If you will be a Prince, imitate that great King.

Non a caso è virtute anzi è bella arte.

As much as you excel others in Fortune, so much ought you to excel them also in Virtue.

The Nobleness of your Stock, is a Spur to Virtue; and if Virtue could have been

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propagated, you had been one of the most Virtuous Persons in the World.

After you have made your Progress thro' a Course of Virtue, imitate the Industrious Bee, and gather from the Flowers those Things which afterwards may be useful and serviceable to you.

Agefilaus was asked what Youth should Learn? That, said he, which they should use when Men.

I will not detain you any longer at present, than to intreat you to look into this Mirror; wherein you may see your own Errors; wherein you may see what you are, as well as what you ought to be.

Worthy Sir,

I am your faithful Friend and Servant,

W. de Britaine.

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Humane Prudence,

OR THE

Art by which a Man may
Advance Himself and
his Fortune.

S E C T. I.

Of STUDY.

SIR,

AN Ingenious, and an Industrious Youth seldom fails of being follow'd with a Virtuous, and a Happy Life: You are now entring upon a Publick Stage, where every Mortal acts his Part; what yours may be I know not; but be it what it will; whether of a Prince or of a Beggar, it must be your Care to discharge the Lot that Providence hath assign'd you, with a good Grace.

Never puzzle your Head with the Phantastical Quirks of the Schools: As how many Angels can Dance upon the point of a Needle; or beat your Brain about the Proportion between the
Cylinder

Cylinder and the Sphere, though *Archimedes* highly valued himself upon the Invention.

Neither will it become you to quarrel pedantically about the Orthography of a Word; as whether to write *Fælix*, with a Dipthong, or an (*e*) simple; but rather attend to the Sense and Meaning of Things. What is it to us how many Knots *Hercules* had in his Clue, or whether *Penelope* was honest or not? Let every Man mind his own Business, and do his own Duty. A wise Man will employ his Thoughts upon things substantial, and useful. It is not for a Philosopher, and a Man of Letters, to pester his Brains with idle Punctilio's, and Cavils: That superfine, curious sort of Learning signifies no more than a splendid Foppery, to no manner of purpose. What are we the better for those Studies that furnish us only with unactive Thoughts, and useless Discourse, and teach us only to think and speak?

Knowledge is the Treasure of the Mind; Discretion the Key to it: And it illustrates all other Learning, as the Lapidary doth unpolish'd Diamonds.

It ought to be a great Part of our Study and Business, as well to unlearn what we have been taught amiss, as to acquire the Knowledge of better Things: And this must be before the Error, or the Mistake become habitual to us; for the Impressions of Education are strong and lasting. They grow up with us from the Cradle, and go along with us to the Grave. That's the best Knowledge, in fine, that makes us good rather than learned; which consists, in a great Measure, in the governing of our Appetites, and in the tuning of our Affections; so as to keep them in Harmony, one to another.

Metaphy-

Metaphysical Speculations are but the Spider-work of Whimsical Heads. They are subtle and delicate; But, at the best, they are but Pleasure without Profit; like a Flower without a Root, Philosophy pays no Scores.

It was put to *Antisthenes*, what he got by his Learning? His Answer was; That he could talk to Himself, without being beholden to others for the Delight of good Company. It is no small Happiness for a Man to keep all Quiet within Doors, and to entertain himself Comfortably with his own Thoughts: Provided always that you superadd Observation and Experience to your own Faculties; a way of learning as far beyond that which is got by Precept, as the Knowledge of a Traveller exceeds that which is got by a Map.

The whole Universe is your Library: Conversation, living Studies, and Remarks upon them, are your best Tutors.

Books give us the first Notions of Things, and contribute Materials towards the Structure of a beautiful Palace; but it's the knowledge of the World which teaches us the Architecture, and shews us the Order and Connexion of Things, and gives us the Reputation of Wisdom in all our Actions.

In any Art or Science to be first in Eminency, is a great Advantage; for those that come after, will be counted but Imitators of those which went before.

Hence it is, that any part of Philosophy penned by *Hermes-Trismegistus*; any Script of Geography bearing the Name of *Anaximander*; any Musical Composition Sung by *Amphion* to his Harp; any piece of Mathematicks said to be Writ by *Zoroaster*; are severally reputed the best, as well as the Works of the first. An

An illiterate Person is the World in Darknes,
and like to *Polyphemus's Statue* with the Eye out.

I envy none that know more than my self,
but pity them that know less.

Nothing doth more dignify a Person than
Learning, and no Learning makes a Man more
Judicious than History: Which gives an Ante-
date to Time, brings Experience without Gray
Hairs, and makes us Wise at the Cost and Ex-
pence of others.

Study well the Book of Nature, which is
more worth than all the Volumes in the Uni-
verse: And it lies open to all too; tho' read, or
understood but by few. To deal freely with
you, I am not much concerned at the burning
of *Ptolomy's Library* at *Alexandria*; and I
should not have been much more, if I had seen
it in its Urn: For a Multitude of Books is but
a diverting Distraction of the Mind; whereas
the Treasury of Nature entertains us with an
inexhaustible Variety of Matter. Since the Dis-
covery of the Use and Virtue of the Loadstone,
there is nothing methinks, but Study and In-
dustry may find out.

In matters cognoscible and framed for our
Disquisition, Application must be our Oracle;
and Reason our *Apollo*. Not to know Things
out of our Reach, is the Imperfection of our
Nature, not Knowledge; for Mortal Eyes can-
not see beyond their *Horizon*.

True Knowledge values Things by Weight
and Measure, and not by the distinction of
Words and Authorities.

Truth is known but of a very few, whereas
false Opinions go current with the rest of the
World.

Study to be eminent: Mediocrity is below a
brave

brave Soul : Eminency in a high Employment, will distinguish you from the Vulgar, and advance you into the Catalogue of Famous Men : To be eminent in a low Profession, is to be great in little, and something in nothing.

There was a Man who presented to *Henry* the Great of *France*, an Anagram upon his Name, (*Borbonius*) which was *Bonus Orbi, Orbis Boni*; the King asked him what it meant, he told him, That when his Majesty was a *Hugonot* he was *Bonus Orbi*, but when he turned Catholick he was *Orbis Boni*; a very fine Anagram, saith the King; I pray what Profession are you of? Please your Majesty I am a maker of Anagrams, but I am a very poor Man : I believe it, said the King, for you have taken up a Beggarly Trade.

I would not have you like a Friperer's Shop, that hath many Ends and Remnants in-it, but never a good Piece.

A Smatterer in every thing is commonly good for nothing.

About a Hundred and Eighty Years since, *Greek* and *Necromancy* were one and the same thing with the common People: And it was not only Scandalous, but dangerous to be learned.

I have somewhat wondred, that Pope *Paul* the Second, should declare them to be Hereticks, which pronounced the Word *Academy*, the Seat of Oracles and Learning.

However I shall have a singular Regard for them that bring any new Invention or Discovery to the Republick of Learning.

I Honour *Carpus*, or those others whoever they were, who were the first Discoverers of the Medical Efficacy of Quick-silver; they have thereby reliev'd more distressed Persons, than if they had built many Infirmaryes or Hospitals.

I much admire the rare Invention of the Microscope and Telescope, and must pay my Thanks to the Authors of them, (of which Antiquity gives us not the least hint.) By the Assistance of these Dioptrical Glasses, you may observe the curious Mechanism and Excellent Contexture of the Minuteſt Animals, and that in these pretty Engines, (by an incomparable Contraction of Providence) are lodged all the Perfections of the largest Creatures; so that were *Aristotle* now alive, he might write a new History of Animals; for the first Tome of *Zoography* is still wanting, the Naturalists hitherto having only described to us the larger and more voluminous sort of them, as Bears, Bulls, Tygers, &c. while they have regardlessly passed by the Inſectile *Automata*, with a bare mention of their Names.

There is a new World of Experiments left to the Discovery of Posterity; but it hath been the unhappy Fate (which is great pity) of novel Inventions to be undervalued; witness that excellent Discovery of *Columbus*, with the Contempt he underwent both before and after it.

But let nothing discourage you; Worth is ever at Home, and carrieth its own Welcome along with it: Your own Virtues will ennoble you, and he that has a great Mind wants nothing to make him greater.

It is the Ruin of many Men, because they cannot be best, they will be nothing; and if they may not do as well as they would, they will not do as well as they may.

Fortune is like the Market; if you can stay a little, the Price will fall.

Let great Actions encourage greater; and let Honour be your Merit, not your Design.

SECT.

S E C T. II.

Of Religion.

LINK not your self with a Faction, but joyn with all Christians in a Communion.

Make not your self of a Party, nor an Assertor of Opinions in Fashion. Value no Man but for his Probity, and for living up to the Rules of Piety and Justice. If Integrity does not make you Prosperous, it will at least keep you from being miserable: For no Man can be truly Religious, that is not likewise conscientiously Just and Honest. Now Holiness is the most prevailing Interest in the World, for God is on that side. Briefly, I wish the Christian World Unity in the Fundamentals that are Necessary, Liberty in things indifferent, and Charity in all things.

I know there are many things obtruded upon the World, as Oracles of Heaven, that signify no more than Cheats and Impostures: But wise Men are not any longer to be entertained with Ænigmas, since God hath said, *fiat Lux*.

I must confess, I have not Faith enough my self to swallow Camels, nor can I perswade my Reason to become a Dromedary; to bear the whole Luggage of Tradition, or the Fables of the *Alchoran*.

Faith may exceed Reason, but not oppose it; and it may be above Sense, but not against it: Thus while Faith doth assure me that I eat Christ effectually, Sense doth assure me that I see Bread, and taste it really: For tho' I oftentimes see not those Things that I believe, yet I must still believe those Things that I see.

I can pay no Reverence to a Gray-headed Error:

ror: And as Antiquity cannot privilege a Mistake, so Novelty cannot prejudice Truth.

There is nothing in it self more Excellent than Religion, but to raise Quarrels and Disputes about it, is to dishonour it. It's admirable to me, that, that which was designed to make us Happy in another World, should by its Divisions make us most Miserable in this; and that what was ordained for the saving of Mens Souls, should be perverted to the taking away of their Lives. I do not like a Religion that, like *Draco's* Laws, is writ in Blood.

I never was disaffected to any that were of a different Perswasion from me in point of Religion, but wished them Liberty of Conscience, so far as they made Conscience of that Liberty; and I never understood the Logick of convincing a doubting Conscience with Sword and Pistol. I never was so rigid a Cenfor as to damn all those which were not within the Purlieu of the Church: for my Charity hopes for a Reserve of Mercy, even for the very *Pagans* themselves.

I never affected any Schism, being against a main Article of my Faith, viz. *The Communion of Saints*, which makes the Church Militant and Triumphant one Parish.

I never Idoliz'd the Theorems of the *Schools*; but I must confess, that *unum Augustinum mille Patribus, unam Sacra Scriptura paginam mille Augustinis præfero*. I value St. *Augustin* more than a thousand of the Fathers, and one simple Page of *Holy Writ* more than a thousand St. *Austines*.

That Religion to me seemeth best, which is most reasonable; especially if we consider how much of Interest, and the strong Impressions of Education there is in that which many call Religion. Not that we are to try the Articles of our Creed by the Touchstone of *Aristotle*. Be

Be content with a single Faith in God, the Comforts of a good Life, and the Hopes of a better upon true Repentance; and take the rest upon the Authority of the Church.

In things necessary go along with the Ancient Church; in things indifferent, with the present.

Tho' you have some Opinions and Notions of your own, yet yield (as the Orbs do for the order of the Universe) to the great Wheel of the Church.

Let it be an Article of your Faith, to believe as the truly Catholick Apostolick Church believes; and the great Rule of your Practice, to live as the Law directs.

A sound Faith is the best Divinity; a good Conscience the best Law, and Temperance the best Physick.

Let not your Faith, which ought to stand firm upon a sure Foundation, lean over-hardly, on a well-painted, rotten Post.

If in Scripture some Points are left unto us less clear and positive, be content; it is that Christians might have wherewith to exercise Humility in themselves, and Charity towards others.

Never wrest the Scripture to maintain a Truth, for fear Custom in time should bring you to wrest it to an Error.

Be careful not to exasperate any Sect or Religion; Rigour seldom makes ill Christians better, but many times it makes them reserved Hypocrites.

Zeal doth well in a private Breast, and Moderation in a publick State.

Set Bounds to your Zeal by Discretion, to Error by Truth, to Passion by Reason, to Division by Charity.

Never

Never contend over passionately for Ceremonies (which are but the Suburbs of Religion) to the disquiet of the Church: It's better for the Church to be without some Truths, than to have no Peace.

Optimus animus est pulcherrimus Dei cultus.

If you design to make your self Happy, look to your thoughts before they come to desires; and entertain no thoughts which may blush in words.

The best way to keep out wicked Thoughts is always to be employed in good ones; let your Thoughts be where your Happiness is, and let your Heart be where your Thoughts are; so tho' your Habitation is on Earth, your Conversation will be in Heaven.

Let your Thoughts be such to your self, as you need not be ashamed to have God know them; and Words such to God, as you need not be ashamed Men should hear them.

It was one of *Pythagoras's* Symbols, *De Deo loqui sine lumine nefas esto*: I must confess, I cannot think of God without an Extasie, or speak of him without a Solæcism.

If your endeavour cannot prevent a Vice, let a timely Repentance atone for it; with the same height of desire thou hast sinned, with the like depth of Sorrow thou must Repent; thou that hast sinned a day, defer not thy Repentance till to morrow: He that hath promised Pardon to thy Repentance, hath not promised Life till thou Repent.

Make use of Time if thou Lovest Eternity; know yesterday cannot be recalled, to morrow cannot be assured: To day is only thine, which if once lost, is lost for ever.

Let all your Actions be *à Deo, in Deo, ad Deum*: Never venture on any Action unless you bring

bring God to it; nor rest satisfied, unless you carry God from it.

Be assured he hath no serious Belief of God, or the World to come, who dares be Wicked.

Instead of a *Cato*, set before you a God, whose Eye is always upon you; and therefore keep your Eye always upon him.

Fear to do any thing against that God whom thou lovest, and thou wilt not love to do any thing against that God whom thou fearest.

Let your Prayers be as frequent as your Wants; and your Thanksgivings, as your Blessings.

In the Morning think what you have to do, for which ask God's Blessing; at Night, what you have done, for which you must ask Pardon.

Take an exact account of your Life, be not afraid to look upon the Score, but fearful to increase it: To despair, because a Man is Sinful, is to be worse, because he hath been bad.

If the Devil shall at any time tempt thee to Evil, betake thy self to Prayer and holy Meditations, and then he will forbear to tempt thee any more, when he shall see that he thereby puts thee upon holy Exercises and Devotion.

Have a care of the least Temptation which may attack thee; for the most Heroick Virtue, like a great City, is seldom besieged, but it's taken.

Consider, that in Heaven above, there is an Ear which over-hears you, an Eye which over-sees you, and a Book wherein all your Words and Deeds are carefully written; therefore so behave your self in every Action, as if God were on the one hand, and Death on the other.

In all your Actions aim at Excellency; that Man will fail at last, who allows himself in one sinful Thought.

And he that dares sometime be Wicked for his
Ad-

Advantage, will be always so, if his Interest require it.

Quod dubitas, ne feceris.

Let thy Estate serve thy Occasions; thy Occasions, thy Self; thy Self, thy Soul; thy Soul, thy God.

Be not solicitous about Fame, for that lyeth in the Power of Man; but to take care of Conscience, is a short Work, for that is in the Power of One.

Dispose of the time past, to Observation and Reflection; time present, to Duty; and time to come, to Providence.

Your time makes the richest part of the Publick Treasure; every Hour you mispend of that, is a Sacrilegious Theft committed against your Country.

Consider the shortness of your Life, and certainty of Judgment; the great Reward for the Good, and severe Punishment for the Bad; therefore make even with Heaven by Repentance at the end of every Day, and so you shall have but one Day to Repent of before your Death.

Have all the Wisdom of the World, Knowledge of Tongues and Languages; if you be not acted by the Maxims of true Piety and Holiness, 'tis but *Sapienter ad Infernum descendere.*

Religion lies not so much upon the Understanding as in the Practice: It's to no purpose to talk like Christians, and live like Infidels; this was it, that made a Famous Heathen Philosopher say, *That there was nothing more glorious than a Christian in his Discourse, nothing more miserable in his Actions.*

He that serves God is Free, Safe, and Quiet; all his Actions shall succeed to his Wish; and what can a Man desire more than to want nothing

thing from without, and to have all things desirable within himself?

Therefore be careful, 1. That you be always employed. 2. Look to the Issue. 3. Reflect upon your self; *Vita est in se reflectio*: Beams in Reflection are hottest, and the Soul becomes Wise by looking into it self.

In the Morning I frequently converse with the Dead, at Noon with the Living, at Night with my Self; yet I don't trouble my Head with much reading of Books.

When I contemplate the great Volume of the Universe, in every Page of it, I observe such excellent Theorems and Maxims of Wisdom, that all Books to me are useless.

S E C T. III.

Of Loyalty.

NExt your Duty to God, I advise you, that you be Loyal to your King: Never sell Honour to purchase Treason.

A secure and happy Subjection is more to be esteemed than a dangerous and factious Liberty.

Government is the greatest security of Freedom; for as Obedience in Subjects is the Princes Strength, so is the same their own Safety.

Therefore they who weaken the Sovereign Power, weaken their own Security.

Never suffer the Dignity of his Person to be flurred; for the most effectual Method of Disobedience, is, first to sully the Glory of his Person, and then to overthrow his Power.

As Rebellion is a Weed of hasty growth, so it will decay as suddenly; and that Knot which is united in Treachery, will easily be dissolved by Jealousies.

Great

Great Crimes are full of Fears, Delays, and frequent change of Counsels; and that, which in the Projection seemed full of its Reward, when it cometh to be acted, looks big with danger.

It becomes all disloyal Persons to consider, that when those who employed them have effectuated their impious Designs, they will either disdain the Instruments as useless, or destroy them, as dangerous.

Charles V. during the difference between the Imperialists and the French, made use of the Duke of Bourbon against his Lord and Master, Francis the I. who for his Infidelity, had purchased the hatred of Men; after the Arrival of the Duke at the Emperor's Court, Caesar having entertained him with all friendly Demonstrations, sent afterwards to desire the House of one of his Nobles to lodge him in: Who answered the Messenger with a Castilian Courage, That he could not but gratify his Master's Demand; But let him know (saith he) that Bourbon shall no sooner be gone out of the House, but I will burn it; as being infected with his Treason and Infamy; and thereby made unfit for Men of Honour to dwell in.

He that entertains a dangerous Design, puts his Head into a Halter; and the Halter into his Hands, to whom he first imparts the Secret.

And Events have assured us, that the People, after they have seen the Inconveniencies of their own actings, they will return that Power which they gained by their Rebellion, (but could not manage it) to its proper Place, before it becomes their Ruin; for unbounded Liberty will destroy it self.

And let me tell you, the ends of the Common People, if nussed up in Factious Liberty, are much different from the Designs of Sovereign Princes.

Man-

Mankind is highly concerned to support that, wherein their own safety is concerned, and to destroy those Arts by which their Ruin is consulted.

Submission to your Prince is your Duty, and Confidence in his Goodness will be your Prudence.

Whatsoever a Prince doth, it's to be presumed that it was done with great Reason; if he commands any thing, every one is bound to believe that he hath good reason to command the same: His Actions are manifest, but his Thoughts are secret: It's our Duty to tolerate the one, and not to murmur against the other: For the Books of Kings are written in dark Characters, which few can uncipher; and their Actions like deep Rivers, whereof we see the course of the Stream, but know not the Source, or the Bottom on't.

The Command of Princes is not to be disputed, but obeyed; examine not what is commanded, but observe it because it is commanded.

Let no pretence of Conscience render you disobedient to his Commands; for Obedience to your Prince, is part of your Duty towards God.

And Conscience is not your Rule, but your Guide; and so far only can Conscience justify your Actions, as it is itself justified by God and his sacred Word.

I have seen Loyalty suffer Punishment due to Rebellion, and Treason received the Rewards of Fidelity; yet for all that, I'll be Loyal, and force my Passage to the Service of my Prince, though the way were paved with Thorns and Serpents.

A Loyal Subject (like a good Soldier) will stand his Ground; receive Wounds; Glory in his Scars; and in Death it self love his Master for whom he falls; with this Divine Precept always in his Mouth; *Fear God, Honour the King.*

Remember that Kings have long Hands, they catch afar off, and their blows are dangerous within Reach.

S E C T. IV.

Of Conversation.

THE love of Society is natural; but the choice of our Company, is matter of Virtue and Prudence.

The Conversation of wise Men is the best Academy of Breeding and Learning: It was not the School, but the Company of *Epicurus*, that made *Metrodorus*, *Hermactius*, and *Polyanus* so famous.

To hear the Discourse of Wise Men delights us, and their Company inspires us with noble and generous Contemplations.

When I happen into the Society of two or three Wise Men, I think my self as happy as if I were in the *Lycaum* of *Aristotle*, or the *Stoa* of *Zeno*.

Let your Conversation therefore be with those by whom you may accomplish your self best; for Virtue never returns with so rich a Cargo, as when it sets Sail from such Continents: Company, like Climates, alter Complexions: And ill Company by a kind of Contagion, doth insensibly infect us; soft and tender Natures are apt to receive any Impression: *Alexander* learned his Drunkenness of *Leonides*, and *Nero* his Cruelty of his Barber.

I dare not trust my self in the Hands of much Company; I never go abroad so as to come home again the same Man I went out; something or other that I had put in order is discomposed.

some

some Passion that I had subdued gets head again; and it's just with our Minds, as it's after a long Indisposition with our Bodies; we are grown tender, and the least Breath of Air exposes us to a Relapse.

Keep Company with Persons rather above, than beneath your self; for Gold, in the same Pocket with Silver, loseth both of it's Colour and Weight.

But be careful that you do not twist Interest with great Men grown desperate, whose Fall hath been Ruinous to their wisest Followers.

Therefore 'tis well said by the *Spaniard*, *Tra la sogo con & Calderon*.

Men of large Souls, and narrow Fortunes, are not for your Conversation; for they seldom bless their Owners with Moderation; their Friends with Happiness, or the Place they live in with Peace.

Eat no Cherries with great Men, for they will cast the stones in your Eyes; like Fire at a distance they give Warmth, but if too near, they burn.

He is Wise, or will soon be so, who keeps such Company: But he that lieth with Dogs, riseth with Fleas.

Retain your own Virtues, and by Imitation Naturalize other Mens; but let none be Copies to you, longer than they do agree with the Original: Study to gain Respect, not by little Observances, but by a constant fair Carriage.

Hear no ill of a Friend, nor speak any of an Enemy; believe not All you hear, nor speak All you believe.

Say what is Well, and do what is Better; be what you appear, and appear what you are.

Approve your self to Wise Men by your Virtues, and take the Vulgar by your Civilities.

Permit not your Humours to grow tart, tho' you be on the Lees of Fortune: Be of a quiet and serene Deportment; for any violent Courses are like hot Waters, (that help at a plunge) but if they be often used, will spoil the Stomach.

Give not your Advice or Opinion before required, for that is to upbraid the others Ignorance, and to value your own Parts over much: Neither accustom your self to find fault with other Mens Actions, for you are not bound to weed their Gardens.

Be not Contradictious, for Contradiction passes for an Affront, because it's the condemning of the Judgment of another; and it sours the sweetest Conversation.

Distrust a Questionist, or an Asker of many Questions, as an Impertinent or Spy; for some Persons who are forward in asking, do often use the same liberty in telling: In cunning Men they are dangerous; for Questions in them are like Beggars Gifts, *Sua munera mittit in hamo*, which are only to draw somewhat back again by way of Answer, to betray you: You will meet with Men whose Ears are like Cupping-glasses; for as these attract the most Noxious Humours in the Body, so the other ever suck the worst Discourses of the Company.

In Conversation rather practise to hear than to speak: For you will have this Advantage, that what is beneficial in the Discourse, you may make your own, and more readily discover what is False or Impertinent.

Avoid too much Familiarity in Conversation: He that Familiarizes himself, presently loses the Superiority that his Serious Air gave him: The more common things are, the less they are esteemed:

ed: Familiarity discovers Imperfections that Reservedness concealed: Be not too Familiar with Superiors for fear of Danger, nor with Inferiors, for it's indecent; far less with mean People, whom Ignorance renders Insolent, insomuch that being insensible of the Honour that is done them, they presume it's their due.

There is no better Counter-battery against those, who would pick the Lock of the Heart, than to put the Key of reserve in the inside.

Never commend any Person to his Face, but to others, to create in them a good Opinion of him; neither dispraise any Man behind his back, but to himself, to work Reformation in him.

Over-great Encomiums of any Person do not suit with Prudence; for 'tis a kind of Detraction from those with whom you do converse, and it will express Arrogance in you; for he that commends another, would have him esteemed upon his Judgment.

Nothing will gain you more Reputation with the People, than an humble and serene Deportment.

A rude and morose Behaviour in Conversation, is as absurd, as a round Quadrangle in the Mathematicks.

Urbanity and Civility are a Debt you owe to Mankind; civil Language and good Behaviour, will be like perpetual Letters Commendatory unto you: Other Virtues have need of somewhat to maintain them; Justice must have Power; Liberality, Wealth, &c. But this sets up with no other Stock than a few pleasant Looks, good Words, and no evil Actions: It's an easy purchase, when Friends are gained by Kindness and Affability.

Pyrrhus being advertised by the *Romans* to beware of Poyson, for one of his own Subjects had a design to dispatch him; he did then begin to fear that he should be conquered by their Arms, who had already subdued him by their Civilities.

Hence it was that Magnanimous *Don Alphonso* King of *Naples*, by forgetting Majesty but a while, lighting from his Horse to relieve a Countryman that was in some danger, conquered the fortified Walls of *Gaetta*, which the Battery of his Guns could not have done in many Days: He made his first entry at their Hearts, and presently after entred in Triumph into their City.

The Vulgar are as violently carried in their Affections, as they are furious in their Prosecutions: The first thing that gets their Love (after a good Opinion) is Courtesie and Generosity. *Agessilaus* being asked how one might get the Love of Men, answered, by speaking the best, and doing what Profits them.

Let your Behaviour, like your Garment, be neither Streight or Loose, but Fit and Becoming.

Catch not too soon at an Offence, nor give too easy way to Anger; the one shews a weak Judgment, and the other a perverse Nature.

Avoid in Conversation, idle Jests, and vain Compliments; the one being *Crepitus ingenii*, the other nothing but Verbal Idolatry; Virtue, like a Rich Stone, is ever best when plain set.

Anacharsis being invited to a Feast, could not be prevailed with to smile at the affected Railleries of common Jesters; but when an Ape was brought in, he freely laughed, saying, *An Ape was Ridiculous by Nature, but Men by Art and Study.*

Be not of them that commence Wits by Blasphemy, and cannot be Ingenious but by being Impious.

To break idle Jests, is the Suburbs of Vanity, and to delight in them, the City of Fools.

By endeavouring to purchase the Reputation of being Witty, you lose the Advantage of being thought Wise.

An Advocate pleading in the Senate, and using many Jests, *Pleistarcus* said to him, *Sir, you do not consider that as those that Wrestle, are Wrestlers at last: So you by often exciting Laughter, will become Ridiculous your-self.*

Jests must be used like Physick, you must not accustom others Ears with them too much, for they lose their Operation by reason of the too much Familiarity they have with the Hearers: If your Jests, like Mustard, be biting, as you make others afraid of your Wit, so you had need be afraid of their Memory. Wit is of the second venter to Wisdom; or Wit is nothing but Wisdom skared out of its Wits.

Never put your Countenance or Words in a Frame, to express Bombast or profound Nonsense; nothing doth more depreciate or undervalue a sober Person.

This Folly is handsomely derided in an old blunt Epigram, where the Fantastico thus bespeaks his Foot-boy.

*Diminutive, and my defective Slave,
Reach my Corps coverture immediately;
'Tis my Complacency that Vests to have,
T' insconce my Person from Frigidity.*

The Boy thought all was *Welch* his Master spoke; till he rail'd in *English*, Rogue, go fetch my Cloak.

Use such Words, as those to whom you speak, understand; otherwise you will be as ridiculous as

Andrew Downes, (Greek Professor in Cambridge) who courted his Mistress out of *Henry Stephens Thesaurus*.

I pity that Person who never speaks but in Monosyllables, like *Rablais* Gray-Frier.

You will meet with many Persons, (as I myself have done) which are wise in Picture, and exceeding formal; but they are so far from resolving of Riddles with *Oedipus*, as they are very Riddles themselves.

You must have a care of these, for a Pedant and a Formalist are two dangerous Animals; but to the *Solons*, and Heroes of the Times, out of Duty you must pay them the Debt of an Honourable Regard and Memory.

If you meet with a Person subject to Infirmities, never deride them in him, but bless God that you have no occasion to grieve for them in your self.

You may see your own Mortality in other Mens Death, and your own Frailty in their Sins.

Nothing doth more cultivate and embellish a Man than the Conversation of the Wise; Man is born barbarous, he is ransomed from the Condition of Beasts, only by being Cultivated.

To build up your self, keep the Society of the most virtuous and excellent Persons; but when you are built, strike in with those of the inferior Size; for the other will Eclipse the Lustre of your Virtue: The most accomplished will always have the first Rank; and if you have any part of the Praise, it will be their leavings: It will be no Prudence to do Honour to others, at the expence of your own Reputation.

'Tis a fair Step towards Happiness, to delight in the Conversation of wise and good Men; where that cannot be had, the next Point is, to keep no Company at all.

The

The Cat out of pretended Kindness came one day to visit a sick Hen, and asked her how she did, she answered, The better if you were farther off; after the same manner answer all idle and vain Persons.

These Men, like a vitiated Stomach, corrupt whatsoever they receive, and the best Nourishment turns to the Disease.

I do not design to open my Breast, like the Gates of a City, to all that come; the Virtuous only are my Guests.

The *Assyrians* make *Mercury* to be the Planet of Young-Men; and the reason is, as I conceive, because that Planet is good or bad, as it's in Conjunction with another.

Be free from all kind of Strangeness and particular Humours, as not agreeable to Conversation; for who would not wonder at a *Demophons* Complexion, who sweat in the Shadow, and trembled for Cold in the Sun?

Be *Orpheus in Silvis, inter Delphines Arion*: I would advise those that are of a severe and morose Conversation, to Sacrifice to the Graces.

S E C T. V.

Of Discourse.

Discourse is *Vehiculum Cogitationum*; therefore it should run even with the Wheels of Mens Thoughts, which ought to be discreet, and not idle chiming of Impertinences.

Silence is the Wisdom of a Fool, Speech, of a Wise Man.

The Rabbies observe upon the Two and Thirtieth *Psalms*, and other Places, that this Word (Speak) in the Original, signifies as well Thinking as speaking; to teach us, That we ought to Think before we Speak, and not to Speak otherwise than we Think.

If the Clock of the Tongue be not set by the Dial of the Heart, it will not go right,

Before you Speak, dip your Tongue in your Mind, and then you will mind what you Speak.

A wise Man hath his Tongue in his Heart, but a Fool his heart in his Tongue.

Never Speak in Superlatives, for that way of Speaking ever woundseither Truth or Prudence.

Let your Discourse be such as your Judgment may maintain, and your Company deserve; in neglecting this, you lose your Discourse; in not observing the other you lose your self.

Discourse, like the Season of the Year, is best in its proper time.

A polite smooth running Discourse charms the Ears; but sublime Metaphysical Conceptions, make those that hear them, do Penance; and the Discourse of some Men is as the Stars, which give little Light, because they are so high.

I approve not of those *Beotick Enigmas*, or *Delphick Oracles*, they are fit only for an *Apollo*.

Hear more willingly than Speak, and learn of others rather than shew thy self a Teacher; for it's many Mens Faults, rather to unfold their own Wares, than purchase new.

I had rather be a Table-Book, to take the wise Sayings and Discourses of others, than to have every Word of mine esteem'd an Oracle.

A prudent Man hath his Eyes open, and his Mouth shut; and as much desires to inform himself, as to instruct others.

The

The wise Man retires within the Sanctuary of his Silence; and if sometimes he be communicative, its but to a few, and those the Wise.

Never argue against the Truth, but covet to be her Champion, at the least to hold her Colours: He that argues against the Truth, takes pains to be overcome; or if a Conqueror, he gains but vain Glory by the Conquest.

I have heard two Men arguing so passionately one against the other, that each of them lost Charity, and at the last, both of them Truth. There is no Dispute managed without Passion, and yet there is scarce any Dispute worth a Passion.

Let your Discourse be smooth, and flowing like a River, not impetuous like a Torrent.

If there be any occasion of contending, let it be done with Respect, and in such Terms as to propound your Opinion, and not Magisterially, and in a Stile of Authority to establish it; but as the Romans gave their Judgment, *Ita viderur*, It appeareth so to me; for Men are not easily convinced of any thing by others discoursing imperiously.

In Discourse make not too great profusion or expence of your Knowledge, lest your Treasury be soon exhausted: Some new thing is to be kept in store, that you may appear with to Morrow: The skilful Fowler throws no more Meat to the Birds than what is necessary to catch them.

Never talk or discourse of any thing beyond the Sphere of your Intellectuals, or that is out of your knowledge; and will render you ridiculous.

*Navita de ventis, de Tauris narret Arator;
Enumeret Miles vulnera, Pastor oves.*

Ther

There was a Gentleman that had a salt Humour settled in his Nose, which did much afflict him; he consulted a Doctor of Physick, and the Gentleman told the Doctor that he had a Friend (who was but a Quack,) but because he was much beholden to him, and unwilling to disoblige him, desired that he might be sent for, and consult together about his Distemper; to which the Doctor did willingly agree; the Quack being sent for, came, and being informed what the Doctor had prescribed, after some impertinent Discourse, he told the Doctor he was much mistaken in the Distemper; the Doctor asked him what he took the Distemper to be, the Quack told him it was *Fistula in Ano*.

I had a Neighbour, by Profession a Taylor, who was much abused with ill Language by another Person; the Taylor was resolved to sue him, and came to his Counsel and declared to him how he had been abused; the Counsel asked him what were the Words that he spake of you? Sir, said the Taylor, he call'd me Prick-louse; a good Action will lie said the Counsel; I know that, said the Taylor, very well, but I would have a *Scandalum Magnatum*, for the Words are of a high Nature; and I have heard that the Jury usually give great Damages in that Action.

These two Persons had their Brains under the same Meridian with that Gentleman, who being asked what the Bucentore was, answered it was the Duke of *Venice*.

Discourse is the Scheme by which you may take the Ascendant of the Understanding.

Forbear all Sarchasms or Satyirical Speeches, for they will be remembred when they are forgotten by him that spake them.

The

The Earl of *Essex* told Queen *Elizabeth* that she was as crooked in Disposition as she was in Body; she never forgot those Words, and the Earl lost his Head for them.

Chareas the Tribune had a broken Voice like an Hermaphrodite; when he came to *Caligula* for the Word, he would sometime give him *Venus*, other while *Priapus*; *Chareas* well understanding the Abuse, there being some time after a Conspiracy against *Caligula*, *Chareas* to convince him of his Manhood, at one Blow cleft him down the Chine with his Sword.

Le Lingua non ha ossa, e rumpe ill Dosse.

Says the *Italian*; the Tongue tho' it hath no Bone, yet many times it breaks the Back.

Vincula da lingua, vel tibi vincula dabit.

Confine your Tongue, or else it will confine you.

Be not futile and over-talkative; that is the Fool's Paradise, but a wise Man's Purgatory; it will express a great Weakness in you, and doth imply a believing that others are affected with the same Vanity.

Great Talkers discharge too thick to take always true aim; *Qui pauca considerat, facile pronunciat.*

To speak well and much, is not the Work of one Man.

Ἐν πολυλογία ἐστὶ πολυμωεία.

Speak

Speak well, or speak nothing; so if others be not better by your Silence, they will not be worse by your Discourse.

By your Silence you have this Advantage, you observe other Mens Follies, and conceal your own; not that I would have you over-reserv'd, that's a Symptom of a Sullen Nature, and unwelcome to all Society.

But let your Discourse be solid, not like a Ship that hath more Sail than Ballast.

Let Reason be the Pillar of your Discourse, and Similies the Windows that give the best Lights.

Your Wit may make clear things doubtful, but it's your Prudence to make doubtful things clear; remember he that is quick in searching, seldom searches to be quick.

There is no Man that talketh, if you be wise, but you may gain from him; and none that is silent if you have not a care, but you may lose by him.

In Discourse it's good to hear others first; for Silence hath the same effect as Authority; it procures a kind of respect to your Words.

Demades the Orator in his Age, was a very talkative Person, and would eat hard; *Antipater* would say of him, that he was like a Sacrifice, and that nothing was left of him but the Tongue and the Paunch.

Be assured, he that delights to speak much and hear little, shall inform others more than himself can learn.

I have Knowledge enough my self to hold my Tongue, but not enough to speak.

Parca lingua, aperta frons, & clausum pectus, are the best Ingredients of Wisdom; and that made the *Italian* say, *Gli pensieri stretti, & el Kiso sciolto*,

Keep

Keep your Thoughts close, and your Countenance loose.

Be not Magisterial, or too affirmative in any Assertion; for the bold maintaining of any Argument, doth conclude against your own Civil Behaviour: Modesty in your Discourse will give a Lustre to Truth, and an Excuse to your Error.

If you desire to know how short your Understanding is in things above, consider how little you know of your self, what the Soul is, of what Members your Body is inwardly compacted, and what is the use of every Bone, Vein, Artery, or Sinew, which no Man understands; as *Galen* himself confesseth.

Protagoras hath delivered to us, That there is nothing in Nature, but doubt; and that a Man may equally dispute of all things; and of that also, whether all things may be equally disputed of.

I do pay much Reverence to the Humility of *Plato*, *Democritus*, *Anaxagoras*, *Empedocles*, and all the new Acadenicks, who positively maintain, That nothing in the World could be certainly known.

And *Socrates* was by the Oracle adjudged the wisest Man living, because he was wont to say (I know only this) I know nothing; yet *Archifelaus* was of Opinion, that not so much as that could be known, which *Socrates* said he knew, to wit, that he knew nothing.

Therefore I never troubled my self with the Inquiries of the height of the Heavens, nor the Magnitude of the Earth, whether the Sun (as *Anaxamenes* thought) be as flat as a Trencher, or whether it be hunchbacked underneath as a Cock-boat, as *Heraclitus* held: I never disturb my Head with the Dimensions of the Moon, to know whether

ther she be hung loose in the Air, or inhabited or not; whether the Stars be but Earth luminated, as *Thales* maintained, or whether perfect Fire, as *Plato*; I leave Nature to it self, and think it sufficient to know who is the Author, and to give God thanks as I am able.

S E C T. VI.

Of Silence and Secrecy.

Jupiter having conceived some Displeasure against Mortals upon Earth, caused an Army to be raised against them, and being raised, there was a great Squabble who should command it; some were for *Mercury*, others for *Mars*; but not agreeing, they acquainted *Jupiter* therewith; *Jupiter* told them he would have none of them, *Silence* should be his General. And indeed *Secrecy* and *Celerity* are the two Poles upon which all great Actions move: and the noblest Designs are like a Mine, which having any Vent, is wholly frustrate and of no effect.

Hence it was that *Pythagoras* enjoined his Scholars a Quinquennial Silence, that they might learn to Meditate, and unlearn to Talk; and this was the first Rudiment of Wisdom: And after they were grown Learned in Silence, which they called *ἡσυχία*, then they were allowed to speak.

He who offends thro' Speech offends rashly, who thro' Silence safely: In Matters of Consequence, *Qui silet est firmus*: A silent Man walks in the dark, and is rather to be guest at than known: *Sapiens semper in se reconditur.*

The

The *Venetians* in their Senate, which consists of Three Hundred Nobles, manage their Affairs with such admirable Secrecy, as if none of them were privy, or as if they had power to forget whatsoever they heard.

And Embassadors sent thither, ought to be of the greatest Sagacity, because they treat as it were with Dumb People, and are to understand every thing by Signs.

So that at *Venice* Silence is no less venerable than amongst the *Persians*, where it was esteemed a Deity.

Secrecy is the Key of Prudence, and the Sanctuary of Wisdom.

I never do more Penance, than when I have communicated a Secret to two; before I told you of this, said *Charles the Fifth* (of a Design discovered of the Seventeen Provinces to his Favourite *Lunenburgh*) I was an Emperor, but now you are so.

The Answer of the *Italian* was Witty, who had published a Libel against Pope *Sixtus*: His Holiness being extreamly offended at it, promised a considerable Sum to any that should discover the Author; some Days being past without hearing any News thereof, they found these Words written at the bottom of the *Pasquil*, *Nol Sapray, Santissimo Padre, quando lo feci era solo: Most Holy Father you shall never know it; when I made it, I was alone.*

Nulli crede unquam, quod tu clam feceris: He that makes others Privy-Counsellors in such Cases, may pass for a Prodigy of Folly.

He that talks what he knows, will also talk what he knoweth not.

*Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere.
Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu (Romane)
caveto.*

A futile and talkative Person is no well-tuned Cymbal: Be like a Spring-lock, readier to shut than open: If a Man be thought secret, it inviteth Discovery, as the more close Air sucketh in the more open.

Never communicate that which may prejudice your Concerns when discovered, and not benefit your Friend when he knows it.

Pretend not to understand those Affairs which your Prince would have kept secret; there is nothing will so soon create an hatred of you, and consequently your Ruin.

The D. of Anjou having received from Charles the Ninth of France, his design of extirpating the Hugonots on St. Bartholomew's day, communicated this to one of his Gentlemen; the K. discoursing with the Gentleman in private, happened to mention this Secret; his Majesty was much surpriz'd at it, and caus'd this Gentleman to be killed as he was Hunting, conceiving no other way to secure a Secret of so great Importance, which the Duke had so inconsiderately discovered.

He that trusts another with a Secret, makes himself a Slave: But in great Persons it's a Violence that cannot last long; for Men are impatient to redeem their lost Liberty.

Seleucus, Surnamed Galymaca, a valiant Prince, being discomfited in Battel, was driven to break his Royal Diadem, and to get himself packing with Three Men, that he might not be known. After he had wandred a while in the Desert, he chanced upon a poor Cottage, where he requested Bread and a little Water, to the end he might not be

be discovered; his Host shewed him all the Kindness and Courtesy which in him lay, well knowing that he was the King, and so conducted him in the way that he did require; and would certainly have been nobly rewarded for it, had not his talkative Tongue marr'd his Market: The King departing, said, Farewel mine Host; who answered, God keep you my Lord; whereat the King being much troubled, and fearing to be discovered by the Indiscretion of his Host, ordered one of his Men to cut off his Head.

As it's not Prudence to hear a Secret if of Concern, so many times it may be his Ruin that heard it to discover it.

When King *Lyftmacus* professed great Kindness unto *Philippides* the Comedian, and demanded of him what he should give or communicate unto him; *What pleases your Majesty,* says *Philippides*, *provided it be not a Secret.*

I am not for making Windows into Men's Hearts, or prying into the Cabinets of their Privacies: It was smartly replied by the *Egyptian*, when one asked him what he had in his Basket; *Cum vides velatum, quid inquiris in rem absconditam?*

I would not have any Man enter into my Secrets without my leave. It is but common Civility to stand off when a Man is reading of Letters, or in any private Discourse: Cardinal *Richlieu* had a great Esteem for a Person, and began to entrust him in his Business; but finding the young Man reading some Papers which he left upon his Table, he would never after imploy him.

As *Alexander* was reading of a Letter which he received from his Mother, containing Secrets and Accusations of *Antipater*, *Hephestion* also (as he was wont) reading along with him, he let him alone:

alone: But having read it over, took his Ring off his Finger, and laid the Seal upon his Mouth; meaning thereby, that he to whom a Secret is committed, ought always to have his Mouth close.

*Servo d' altrui si fa,
Chi dice il suo Secreto, a chi n'ol fa.*

*He makes himself a Servile Wretch,
To others evermore,
That tells his Secrets unto such
As knew them not before.*

Let your Heart set a Lock upon your Lips, but be sure you your self keep the Key.

If at any time you fall into the Humour of Talking, keep the Philosopher's Check upon your Tongue, i. e. *Lingua, quo vadis?*

Bembo, a Primitive Christian, came to a Friend of his to teach him a *Psalm*, he began with the 39. *Psalm*: *I said, I will look to my way, that I offend not with my Tongue*: Upon hearing of which first Verse, he stopt his Tutor, saying, *This is enough for me if I learn it as I ought*: And being after Six months rebuked for not coming again, he replied, *That he had not learned his first Lesson*: Nay, after nineteen years he professed, that he had scarce learned in all that time to fulfil that one Line.

No Man ever repented of having kept Silence, but many that they have not done so.

A Man may easily utter what by Silence he hath concealed, but 'tis impossible for him to recal what he hath once spoken.

Things that are to be done, are not to be told, nor are those that are fit to be told, good to be done; we pay Tribute to as many as we discover our Secrets unto.

En

En la boca serada Moxca no entra, says the Spanish Proverb, *Into a Mouth closed, a Fly never enters.*

I am unwilling at any time to entertain a Secret; but if my Friend shall make my Breast a Repository of one, I do declare, *Ubi deposuerit, ibi inueniet*, where he hath laid it, there he shall find it: Therefore I pay a great Veneration to the Memory of that excellent *Leana*, who after her two Lovers, *Armodius* and *Aristogiton*, having failed in the Execution of their Enterprize, had been put to Death, she was brought to the Torture, to be made to declare what other Complices there were of the Conspiracy; but she continued so Constant, that she never detected any one. In remembrance of which Fact, the *Athenians* caused a Lion of Brass to be erected which had no Tongue, and placed it at the entrance of a Castle, shewing her invincible Courage by the Generosity of the Beast, and her Perseverance in Secrecy, in that they made it without a Tongue.

It was one of *Pythagoras's* Symbols, *Entertain not a Swallow under your Roof*: Thereby advising not to admit into your Society a talkative Person intemperate of Speech, who cannot contain what is committed to him.

There are a set of Men which differ nothing from broken Pitchers, which can hold nothing, but let it run out by babling.

Freedom of Speech I must confess is proper to Generosity, but Difference of Occasions many times renders it dangerous.

To hear much and speak little, is an Heroick Virtue.

Homer had good reason to esteem *Menelaus*, *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, (who were slow to speak) to be the Wisest among all the *Grecians*, and *Thersites* a Fool for his babling.

Silence

Silence is the highest Wisdom of a Fool, and Speech the greatest Trial of a Wise Man.

A Man without Secrecy, is an open Letter for every one to read.

It was the Advice of *Philip* Duke of *Burgundy* to Earl *Charalois* his Son, *Think to Day, and Speak to Morrow.*

A Wise Man draws the Curtain of Prudence before him (which is Silence) to make him walk unseen: Yet many a silent Man is like a shut Book, which if you open and read it, you may find good Matter in it.

But I would not have you pay too superstitious a Reverence to *Angenora* the Goddess of Silence, lest you make your self liable to that Paradox which was told one who was Silent. *Si Prudens sis, Stultus es, si Stultus sapiens.*

Reservedness will be your best Security, and Slowness of Belief the best Sinew of Wisdom; Never open your self but with an half Light and full Advantage: Never impart that to a Friend, which may impower him to be your Enemy; your Servants (which usually prove the worst of Enemies) you may admit into your Bed-Chamber, but never into your Closet.

A Secret, like a Crown, is no Estate to be made over in Trust; and to whomsoever you do commit, you do but enable him to undo you, and you must purchase his Secrecy at his own Price: And if you shut your Purse, he will open his Mouth. And remember that Secrets are not long liv'd.

Consider how Precarious and Unhappy your Life and Fortune will be, which depends on so slender a Thread as anothers Pleasure; therefore let me advise you always to carry two Eyes about you; the one of Wariness upon your self, the other of Observation upon others.

SECT.

S E C T. VII.

Of Reputation.

Reputation is a great Inheritance, it begetteth Opinion, (which ruleth the World,) Opinion Riches, Riches Honour: It's a Perfume that a Man carrieth about him, and leaveth wherever he goes; and it's the best Heir of a Mans Virtue.

Agefilaw being asked how one might get the greatest Reputation amongst Men, he replied, by speaking the best, and doing the bravest things.

Reputation is made up of the Breath of many that speak well of you; if by a disobliging Word you silence the meanest, the gale will be the less strong, which is to bear up your Esteem; therefore by your Civility oblige all, so your Esteem will be the greater, and the Consort the fuller.

The shortest way to attain Reputation is that of Merit; if Industry be founded on Merit, it's the true way of obtaining it.

Chi Semina virtu fama raccoglie.

The gaining of Reputation is but the revealing of your Virtue and Worth to the best Advantage.

It will be more Glory to you to perform that which hath not been attempted before, or attempted and given over, or hath been achieved, but not with so good Circumstance, than by effecting a matter of greater Difficulty, wherein you are but an Imitator of those that went before you.

There was an excellent Painter observing that *Tirian*, *Raphael*, and some others had gained to themselves the Fame of eminent Masters, who resolved

solved to fall to work in a grosser way. Some demanded of him why he did not paint after the manner of *Titian* and others; he answered, that it was more Credit to him to be the first in that grosser way, than the second in a way of more Delicacy.

Having raised your Reputation, it will require great Skill to preserve it fresh and flourishing, and to keep it from growing stale and out of date: For an ordinary Novelty carries it from the greatest Excellency that is in a State of Decay. You must therefore always have somewhat that may create Curiosity, and feed Expectation; as the Sun we see in the Change of his Horizons, that so Privation may make you desirable when you set, and Novelty admirable when you rise.

To Men in great places there can be nothing more fatal than a great Fame.

Non minus malum ex magna quam mala fama.

Great Merit and high Fame are like a high Wind and a large Sail, which do often sink the Vessel.

Alcibiades, by his noble Exploits which he achieved on behalf of his Country, had obtained so great Reputation for his Abilities, that when he fail'd in the exact performance of any thing, he was presently suspected; not so much because he could not do it, as because he would not.

It's Wisdom sometimes therefore to clip the Wings of Reputation, and not suffer them to spread beyond the compass of the Nest, and to commit some small Faults, in an Affectation of certain Failings and Mistakes, which peradventure *Alcibiades* did; this is the throwing off ones Cloak before the Eyes of Envy, which peradventure

ture may empty her Quiver at you, but never wound your Reputation.

There are Men in the World, who to advance their own Fame, will decry the Virtue and Merit of other People: In which case you may be assured, that he that is out of hopes to attain anothers Virtue, will endeavour to take away his good Name.

Never think of raising your Reputation by Detraction.

Over-great *Laudatives* do many times more Hurt than Good; for when any thing is cried up and much talked of, People imagine to themselves greater Perfection in it, than in truth there is; for Reality can never come up to Imagination; so that the Perfection falling short of the Idea, Men begin to slight that which before they admired.

Reputation is gained by course of time, and seldom recovers a Strain; but if once broken, it's never well set again. There is no Plaister, in fine, for a wounded Reputation.

Be studious therefore to preserve your Reputation; if that be once lost, you are like a cancell'd Writing, of no Value, and at best, you do but survive your own Funeral: For Reputation is like a Glas which being once crack'd, will never be made whole again: It will bring you into Contempt; like the Planet *Saturn*, hath first an evil Aspect, and then a destroying Influence.

It's easy to get an ill Name, because evil is sooner believed; and bad Impressions are very difficult to be defaced.

The Navigation of Civil Life is dangerous, because it's full of Rocks, for Reputation to split upon.

But howsoever, be careful to keep up the Reputation of your Parts and Virtue with Vul-

gar; for it will be more Advantage to you to be accounted Wise and Virtuous by the Ignorant, than by the Learned; for the Ignorant are many, but the Learned few.

It was a Principle in *Julius Caesar*, not to be eminent amongst the Magnifico's, but to be chief amongst the Inferiors.

Credit cannot be preserved with too great Care, nor forfeited but with the greatest Loss: There is no such Infelicity as to survive ones Reputation, nor so great a Folly as to put it in Hazard; That brave Archer deserves Commendation, who refused to shew his Skill unto *Alexander*, fearing to lose that Honour in an Hour, which he had been all his Life-time a getting.

It's more difficult to repair a Credit that is once shaken, than to keep That in a flourishing Greenness, which was never blasted.

Reputation is like Fire, when you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it; but if once you extinguish it, you will not easily kindle it again, at least not make it burn so bright as before.

At a time Fire, Water and Fame went to Travel together, (liking each others Company,) they consulted, in case of losing one another, how they might be retrieved, and meet again; Fire said, when you see Smoke, there you shall find me; Water said, when you see Moorish Ground, there you shall find me; but Fame said, take heed how you lose me, for if you do, you will run a Hazard never to meet me again.

Therefore,

*Thy Credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone,
Being got by many Actions, lost by one.*

S E C T. VIII.

Of Vain-glory and Boasting.

I Never see a Vain-glorious Man, but he makes me think of the Fly which fate upon the Axletree of the Chariot-Wheel, and said, *What a Dust do I raise!* So there are some vain Persons, if they had never so little hand in any Business, they think it's They that carry it: They make a Triumph of every thing they do; and it must be the Result of their Conduct.

Self-esteem is commonly punished by universal Contempt: He that praises himself, remains a Debtor to all others.

Homer was so blinded with Conceit, and over-confident of his own Abilities in Poetry, that he slipt a false Quantity, and left it on Record in the very fift Verse of his *Iliads*.

Ostentation of Dignity offends more than Ostentation of Person. To carry it high, is to make a Man hated, and it is enough to be envy'd.

Never boast of your Nobility, Gentry, or of the Grandeur of your Family; for the greatest Nobility was puny to no Nobility, when Men were alike; and a Yeoman is a Gentleman in *Ore*, which another Age may see refin'd, and the greatest Nobleman is but a Gentleman in a Text Letter.

The Marquis of *Spinola* Commander of all the Spanish Forces in the *Netherlands*, and the P. of *Orange* who commanded the Army of the *Dutch*, were two famous Rivals; the Prince derogating from *Spinola*, said, that he was sprung out of a Merchant, and consequently not capable of any

Competition with him, who came of a Princely Extraction; the Marquis sent him word, That it was a more glorious thing for a Merchant to have command over Princes, than for a Prince to be commanded by Merchants.

I knew a Man who by Profession was a Butcher, and raised a considerable Estate, and purchased a Coat of Arms; he left several Sons, who much boasted of their Gentility; falling one day into Discourse with a Gentleman of a very ancient Family, and highly extolling their Coat of Arms, the Gentleman asked them what their Coat was, they told him a flaming Torch; the Gentleman replied, that a flaming Torch was but a Cows Tail reversed.

If any Man will set himself off, let him do it rather by a great personal Worth, than by a borrowed Character.

A Ranting and Boasting Man, is like a Drum, which makes a great Noise, but look in it, and there is nothing.

I will not with the *Egyptians* vaunt of my Nobility, nor with the *Arcadians* contend for Antiquity with the Moon; Virtue is my Crest and Nobility.

Those Persons who vainly boast of their Nobility and ancient Descent, (having nothing else) are like the Man of *Abydenus*.

*Qui se credebat miros audire Tragedas,
In vacuo letus sessor, plausorque Theatro.*

Or like unto that ignorant rich Man *Calvisius Sabinus*, who thought himself very Learned, because he maintained learned Men about him.

Sometimes a few Grains of Vain-glory may set forth a Man's Worth and Merit, and like Varnish

to Cielings, make him shine, as it did *Sigismond* of *Lunenburg*. Without some Feathers of Ostentation, the Fight had been but slow; and tho' *Sigismond* had taken good Aim, yet he could never have hit the Eagle without them.

There are a sort of Men which magnifie themselves as if they were the only Oracles in the World, and that the whole Orb of Learning moved in their Heads; but I must tell you, as amongst wise Men he is the wisest that thinks he knows least: So among Fools, he is the greatest that thinks he knows most.

It can be no Glory to any Man to be Proud of his Knowledge, if he considers, that much of the Knowledge of the Arts we profess, we have been instructed therein by the very Beasts and other Creatures; of the Spider we learn to Spin and Sow; of the Swallow to Build; of the Nightingal Musick; of divers Creatures Physick; the Goats of *Candia* being shot with an Arrow, do choose out from a Million of Simples, the Herb Dittany, and therewith Cure themselves; the Tortoise having eaten of a Viper, doth seek for wild Marjoram to purge herself; the Dragon clears her Eyes with Fennel; the Cranes with their Bill do minister Glisters of Sea-waters unto themselves.

We cannot derive the Pedigree of Knowledge so high as *Solomon*, much less from reading it on *Seth's* Pillars; only with astonished Ignorance, we may see its Epitaph in Confusion on the Plains of *Shinar*.

He that doth not know that he is Weak, is but weak in Knowledge.

A little Esteem of ones self, hinders a great deal from others; boasting may gain Applause from Fools, but it puts a wise Man to the Expence of a Blush.

I value the Asterisk of one wise Man, more than the Euge's of a Multitude, or the *Io Peans* of the many; prudent *Antigonus* placed his whole Renown in the single Testimony of *Zeno*.

A Poet being derided for acting of a Tragedy, none being present but *Plato*, answer'd, That this one Person is more than all the *Athenians* besides.

Vain-glorious Men are the Scorn of wise Men, the Admiration of Fools, the Idols of Parasites, and the Slaves of their own Vaunts.

Those Men expose their Actions to the Publick, as Painters do their Pieces drawn in Water Colours, (which are Representations of what was only in their Imagination) to be gazed at, and admired by the Multitude.

One boasting to *Aristotle* of the Greatness of his Country; That, saith *Aristotle*, is not to be considered; but whether you deserve to be of that great Country.

When a Man comes once to be blown up with this Tumour of adorning himself, farewell Respect and Reverence to all others.

Aristotle seeing a Youth very conceited, and withal Ignorant; Young Man, saith he, I wish I were what you think your self, and my Enemies what you are.

Wind puffs up empty Bladders; Opinion, Fools.

Socrates perceiving *Alcibiades* to be exceeding proud, and boasting of his Riches and Lands, he shewed him a Map of the World, and bid him find out *Attica* therein, which done, he desired that he would shew him his own Lands; he answered they were not there; Do you boast, replied *Socrates*, of that which is no considerable part of the Earth!

He

He that is his own Appraiser, will be mistaken in the Value. It was *Jugurth's* Glory, *Plurimum faciendo, & nihil de seipso loquendo*: By this he grew greater than Envy, and received the Honour and Regard of Posterity.

It is a sufficient Recompence for the doing of a Brave Action, to have brave Men approve of it.

Agricola (saith *Tacitus*) notwithstanding his many Services done to the Empire: *Nunquam in suam famam gestis exultavit*, did never boast of any Action of his Fame, but (as an inferior Planet) did modestly acknowledge the light he had to be wholly derived from a higher Sun.

Germanicus having calmed and allayed the tumultuous Broils and Insurrections of the *Germanians*, caused a Pile of Weapons to be raised with this stately Title, *Debellatis inter Rhenum Albi-que Nationibus, Exercitum Tiberii Caesaris ea Monumenta, Marti, & Jovi, & Augusto Sacra-uisse*; that the Nations between the *Rhine* and *Albis* being overcome, *Tiberius Caesar's* Army had consecrated those Monuments to *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Augustus*, but added nothing of himself.

He is doubly excellent, who confines all his Excellencies and Perfections within himself, without boasting of any; he is in the Ascendent of Applause by a way not much frequented.

Make not your self a Figure among Cyphers.

No Man is Content with his own Condition though it be best, nor dissatisfied with his Wit though it be the worst.

In the Kingdom of the Blind, he that hath but one Eye is a Prince.

When I have done a Kindness or good Office to any, I never love to boast of it; for that of a doubtful Friend is to make a certain Enemy.

Nothing will give a greater Lustre to all your Virtues than Modesty.

Never magnify your self or boast of your great Actions, (that's Pedantry) and as in Falconry, so take it for a Truth, that those of the weakest Wings, are commonly the highest Flyers: Rest satisfied to do, and leave it to others to talk of it.

'Tis the Employment of a great Soul rather to do things worthy to be admired, than to admire what himself hath done.

There are some who hold it the chiefest Honour to be thought the Wonder of their Times; which if they attain unto, 'tis but the Condition of Monsters, that are generally much admired, but more abhorred.

An old drudging Whore-master, was now turn'd of Fourscore, and had still the Vanity to value himself upon his Faculties that Way, was taken notice of upon all Occasions to be telling People over and above what a Spark he had been in his Time: He was a constant Man at the Offices of the Church, and was observ'd still upon the reading of the Commandments, to roar out [*The Lord have Mercy upon us*] to the seventh, so much lower than to any of the other; that it set the People a staring about them to find out that desperate Blade, that was in so much more danger of that Commandment than any of the other Nine.

A proud prancing Stead (and Bob-tail'd according to the Mode) that was as brave in his Embroidery and Velvet as his Master and Money cou'd make him, got loose out of the Stable once ready Bridled and Saddled, and there was he Bounding and Curvetting at such a Rate, as if no Ground would hold him, while this vain Humour was upon him; it was his Fortune to meet

meet two Asses and a Horse upon the way coming from Market with empty Sacks instead of Sables: This Equipage with their long beastly Tails, all Powdered over with Chaff and Dust, look'd so ridiculously Phantastical, he cou'd not forbear Bantering them for so odd a Furniture and Fashion. I would fain know now, says he, what you three are thinking off, and what you wear those sweeping Tails for, unless it be to clean the Way for the next Commer. Why, says the Horse, 'tis a Pleasure to us to think how Light and Easy we shall Travel all this Day; beside, cry'd the Asses, that we are going into a Country where there are rare *Thistles*. Piti-ful Wretches, says the other, to entertain your selves with such mean Thoughts, and so fell in- to his Capreols again, and put himself into such a Heat, that he cou'd not be quiet till he had thrown off his Saddle: When that was gone the Flies plagued him so confoundedly, that he wish'd for his Tail again; and are not you right- enough serv'd cry'd the Asses, to be made smart- for your Vanity in preferring the superficial Splendor of a vexatious and an unprofitable Pomp to the Bounties of Providence and Na- ture.

One *Rinaldo* a Merchant fell into Company upon the High-way with three good Fellows; the civilest and the best bred People that ever were Born, but the Complemental part of this Encounter is nothing to our Purpose.

At the first greeting, they fell a talking from one Thing to another, and in particular how dangerous the Road was for Thieves, and what a shame it was the Government look'd no bet- ter after it. But says one of them, we live in a wicked World, and we must expect to meet

with ill Men in it. Well, says *Rinaldo*, 'tis a strange Thing the virtue of certain Words and Characters. I have heard indeed, says one of the Brotherhood, of Charms to drive away the Fleas, to make Butter come, and to keep Ale from souring: And says another to cure a Horse of the Farcy, or to prevent Foundring. In these cases a good Spell will do more than a good Farrier. *Rinaldo* gave them the hearing, and so they went on putting the Question to him, what he thought of the Power of certain Prayers by the way of Charms or Spells. Why truly, says *Rinaldo*, I do not much deal that way; but this I can tell you, that when I Travel, I do commonly say, the Office that they call the Prayer of St. *Julian* every morning Fasting, and never fail of a good Lodging the Night after it; which is a main Point with me, let me tell you upon a Journey; and so it is with me too, I can assure you, says one of the Company (smiling) and I hope you have said your Lesson in Form this very Morning. Yes, yes, says *Rinaldo*, every Syllable of it: So that you are safe, says 'tother; and yet after all this, what do you think of a Wager now betwixt you and me, which gets the better Lodging of the two? Well says *Rinaldo*, with all my Heart, provided you give me your Oath that you have not made use of the same Prayer. To tell you the Truth, says the other again, Praying is not my Talent; but if I lose this Wager, by the Grace of Heaven, I'll go that way to Work hereafter; however for your present Satisfaction, I do now solemnly swear to you, that I have not either directly or indirectly call'd upon any Saint more or less this Day. Hold says *Rinaldo*, one Article more, and then 'tis a Bett. You shall
be

be bound to Lodge at an Inn too; for I have no Friend or Acquaintance upon the Road. Ay that's but Reason, says 'tother, and now 'tis Done and Done, and the Wager shall be Horse, Money and Cloths.

As they were coasting forward by the side of a Wood, the Wagerer stopt short, takes *Rinaldo's* Horse by the Reyns, and bids him Stand, Dismount and Deliver, for this is the Time and Place to determine the Wager. In one Word, they stript him to his Shirt, and turn'd him loose, barefoot, Cold and Dirty to shift for himself with the Wind in the Teeth of him, and a long way to go. The Thieves in this Interim scampering several ways for their own Security as fast as they cou'd; calling out to *Rinaldo* to make trial of his Friend *St. Julian*.

His Servant with his Valise (which was all the Hope he had left him) was not as yet come up; His Horse, it seems, having cast a Shoe by the Way, but he was got near enough however to see the Encounter, and to shew himself Rogue enough to leave his Master in the lurch, and save his own Bacon by scowring away cross the Fields to the best Inn in the Town, where his Master was to have Quarter'd that Night, and there was he Fudling and making good Chear, while poor *Rinaldo* was groping out his Way up to the Ears in Mud.

About an hour after the Bridge was Drawn, he got up to the Walls of the Town, and hunting up and down a considerable Time, for some place of Shelter, Providence brought him at last to the back side of the House with a kind of Pent-house to it, and a few scatter'd Straws upon the Ground under it, *Rinaldo* took up this Retreat for his Couch, and there laid himself down,
Trembling

Trembling and Shuddering so long, that he was over heard into the next House, by the Lady and Maid-Servant of the Family.

The Mistris of the House was a Brisk Airy Young Widow, and the Confident of a certain Marquis that carry'd on the Intrigue of a Secret Amour with her in those Lodgings. This Marquis for his Privacy and Convenience had a Back-Door into the Fields to go or come at any time unseen: The Lady look'd for him that Night, and when every thing was made ready for his Reception, Bath, Supper, Bed, Lady and all in her best Dress and Humour, in comes the Page with an Excuse that his Lord cou'd not come.

This was a lucky disappointment for *Rinaldo*, for the Maid upon this occasion mov'd her Mistris in his Favour: Madam, says she, this Miserable Wretch will be starv'd to Death if there be not some care taken of him. Thou speakest like a good Wench, says the Lady, here is an empty Garret, and prithee put him in there, with a Squab and a little fresh Straw, and there let him take his Rest; but you must get him somewhat to Eat. The Lass does as she was bid, and the opening of the Door was to *Rinaldo*, the taking him out of his Grave. The Man was excellently well Shap'd, and a very agreeable Person to all purposes, only out of Countenance at the Beastly Circumstances of his present Condition. He told his Story over and above with so good a Grace, that the Maid goes up to her Mistris in a Transport of the rare Qualities of the Man, and in short, tells her from Point to Point how he behav'd himself; stay Sweetheart, says the Widow, have not I some Cloaths in the Wardrobe of my late

late Husbands? Yes, yes, Madam, says the Servant, I am sure you have; but in the first place, says the Widow, (out of respect to this Gentleman's Quality, as by this time did evidently appear) carry him to the Bath that was prepar'd for the Marquis, and after that give him a Suit of my Husband's Cloaths, and then to Supper. The Widows Thoughts were divided all this while 'twixt the Marquis and *Rinaldo*, but upon the result she came to this Conclusion, That change was no Robbery, and that one Man might be as good as another. *Rinaldo* was come by this time to have a very good Opinion again of St. *Julian's* Prayer. Supper and Defart being now over, and the Two Lovers left to themselves to talk out the rest, they made a Match on't before they parted, to the satisfaction not only of the two Principals, but of the Marquis himself. There needs no more to supply this Vacancy, but to imagine the tenderest Things that are possible to be spoken upon such an Occasion.

After this Nights Conversation away goes *Rinaldo* to his Inn, where he found his Lacquey fast asleep, and his Horse and Baggage as he left them: He changes his Clothes, and in this Interim, in comes the News that his Three Fellow Travellers were fallen into the Hands of Justice, being surpriz'd upon the very Point of parting their Booty. They were presently Arraign'd in Course, Try'd, Condemn'd, and Executed; so that *Rinaldo* recovered his Money, Goods, Horse, and Equipage, with a good Supper Gratis, into the Bargain; Thanks to the Widow and St. *Julian*.

S E C T. IX.

Of Censure and Detraction.

There are a sort of People that love to look on the knotty side of the *Arras*; and take little Notice of the excellent Figure that is wrought upon the right side of the Hangings: If they see many Perfections in a Man, and spy but one Failing in him, that must eclipse the Glory of all the other;

Ubi multa nitent, non ego paucis offendor maculis.

I have so many Failings in my self, that I never censure any Man; if I do, I censure my self most: I love not to reprehend that in another which I find in my own Breast; I affect not to play the *Epicure*, and inveigh against Luxury; or be perfidious my self, and expect exact Fidelity from my Neighbour.

A wise Man which values himself upon the score of virtue, and not of opinion, thinks himself neither better or worse for the opinion of others.

I have often admired how it should come to pass, that every Man loving himself best, should more regard other Mens opinions concerning himself than his own.

When one told *Pelistarchus* that a notorious Railer spake well of him; *I'll lay my Life* (said he) *somebody hath told him that I am dead, for he can speak well of no man living.*

He that thinks himself injured, let him argue thus within himself; either he hath deserved this, or he hath not; if he hath, it's a Judgment; if he hath

hath not, it's an Injustice. When you discover any faults in others, make the right use of them, which is to correct and amend the like Failures in your self, therefore when you observe any Miscarriages in others, forget not to put this Question to your self, Am not I such another?

Moses an Abbot and a Religious Person, was heretofore called to give Sentence against a Person that had offended; he came, but withal, brought a Bag full of Sand upon his Shoulders, being asked what he meant by that, *They are* (said he) *my Sins and Errors which I can neither sufficiently know, and am scarce able to bear: How then shall I judge of another.*

We live upon the Credit and Reports of others; Truth seldom comes pure to us when it comes from far, for then it takes some tincture of the Passions it meets with by the way, it pleases or displeases according to the Colours that Passion or Interest gives it.

Men usually frame both Opinions and Censures according to the Mould of Evil in themselves: They are not most guilty that are most blamed: those who speak against *Machavil* practise him most.

*They that of every slip Advantage take,
Find but those faults which they want Wit to make.*

The first report makes no Impression upon me; for Falshood many times marches in the Front, and Truth follows after in the Rear. I always keep a Door open for a second or third Information; to do otherwise, it may be pernicious and give advantage to the Artifice of Malice; and ill-disposed Persons hasten to give the Tincture to Credulity.

There

There is none so Innocent as not to be ill-spoken of, none so Wicked as to want an Advocate: Fame, like a River, beareth up things light, and drowns those which are weighty and solid.

A Man must know many things first, before he be able truly and judiciously to judge of another, or of his Actions.

It's a harder thing to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise Action in an Age; but to avoid censure, a Man must pass his whole Life, without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

Consider how apt Men are to be mistaken in the Judgment of others. It was a long time that *Democritus* was taken for a Madman, and before *Socrates* had any Esteem in the World; how long was it before *Cato* could be understood? Nay, he was affronted and condemned, and People never knew the value of him till they had lost him.

Let no Man be confident of his own Merit; The Best Err: And let no Man rely too much neither upon his own Judgment; for the Wifest are deceived.

Who is so happy as to please all, and be envied of none? Who is so good that none complain of? The *Athenians* were displeased with their *Simonides* because he talked too loud: The *Thebans* accused *Panniculus* for spitting too much: The *Carthaginians* spake ill of *Hannibal* because he went open-Breasted, with his Stomach bare: Others laughed at *Julius Caesar*, because he was ill girt.

Before you censure others, see all be well at Home, otherwise you will prove such a *Censor Morum*, as was *Manilius Plancus* in the Roman Story. *Qui nihil obijcere possit adolescentibus,*
quod

quod non agnosceret Senex : Or you will be condemned as the Physician was by the *Tragadian*, for pretending to heal other Mens Distempers, and at the same time his own Sores running.

*Cum tua pervideas Oculis Male Lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitia tam cernis acute ?*

I love not to Arraign other Mens Faults, and leave my self out of the Indictment; I am not curious to know what my Neighbours hath said, done, or attempted; but only what I do my self, that it may be Just and Honest.

When any thing displeases me; before I condemn it in others, I enquire if I be not guilty of it my self; and by so doing, from whatsoever I hear or see, I draw some Advantage; and things are at a good pass when one Man is the better for another Man's Faults.

One Man's Fault is another Man's Lesson, which made the Musician send his Scholars to a bad Player, to avoid his Faults.

Man is a Tree, the Fruit whereof is never ripe but in the latter Season; his Nature cannot be discovered while it is green; we must see the flower and fruit of it: *Is di lodala Sera*, saith the *Italian*, the Evening crowns the Morning, and the Life of Man must be censured by the End.

Be not Censorious, for thou knowest not whom thou judgest: It's a more dextrous Error to speak well of an evil Man, than ill of a good Man.

A Censurer is more than any other obnoxious to Censure; for taking upon him to judge of others, he is supposed less faulty than the reprehended; they are invited to a more strict Consideration of his Life and Actions, and no less, but rather much more to censure him, than he another.

Never

Never imploy your self to discern the Faults of others, but be careful to amend and prevent your own.

Imitate *Socrates*, whose censure being required of an unlearned Book, answered, *That he thought those things which he understood not, as good and worthy of commendation, as those which he understood*: Thus ought all wise Men to do.

If I see a Vice in a Man, I reprove the Vice, without reproaching of the Person: I love not to strike too hard upon others, because I know I my self do often deserve Blows.

When I am told that any Man hath reproached me, or spoken ill of me, I am not too much concerned, but behave my self according to the Maxims of Prudence and Charity; and consider I have this but at second hand, I can hardly believe it, or if he did say it, some body hath abused him, I am confident he hath no ill meaning in it; nay, it may be he said it on purpose that I should hear of it again, and be the better for it.

Patience is a remedy against all Slanders, and that old Courtier was in the right, who being asked how he kept himself so long in Favour, answered, *By receiving Injuries and ill Language, and crying your Humble Servant for them.*

He that values himself upon Conscience, not Opinion, never heeds Reproaches. When I am ill spoken of, I take it thus, if I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have, I'll mend.

If a Jewel be right, no matter who says it is a Counterfeit: If my Conscience tell me that I am Innocent, what do I care who tells the World that I am Guilty?

Malice may spit her Venom at me, but cannot hurt me: A Scandal is only a slight stroke upon the Party injured, and returns with greater force upon

upon him that gave it; like Arrows that are shot into the Air, and fall back to the Earth again.

Never speak ill of any Man; if of a good Man, it is Impiety; if of a bad Man, give him your Prayers.

Never carry a Sword in your Tongue to wound the Reputation of any Man.

The Anger of a Talking, Noisy Person is not much to be regarded; but have a care of provoking a close and reserv'd Enemy; for there may be Danger in it.

There were too young Men that in their Cups fell very foul upon *Dyonisius* the *Elder*, for his *Tyranny*. He invited them *both* to Supper; and perceiving that one of them prated freely and foolishly, but the other drank warily and sparingly; he dismissed the former as a drunken Fellow, whose Treason lay no deeper than his Wine, and put the other to Death as a Close and a Disaffected Traytor.

Zeno being demanded how he behaved himself when he was reviled? He said, *As an Ambassador dismissed without Answer.*

Whosoever is vexed at a Reproach, would be proud if he were commended.

A Conceit upon a Squint Eye, a Hunch Back, or any Personal Defect, passes for a Reproach, and why may we not as well hear of it as see it?

Calumny to a Virtuous Person, is no more than a Shower into the Sea.

When *Petilius* and *Quintus* accused *Scipio* of many Crimes before the People; On that very day (said he) *I conquered Hannibal and Carthage: I for my part am going with my Crown on to Sacrifice in the Capitol, and let him that pleaseth Vote upon*

upon me. Having thus said, he went his way, not regarding them or their Accusations.

There is nothing so irksome to me, as to hear one Man Back-bite another : *Mnemon* hearing of a Mercenary Soldier outrageously exclaiming against *Alexander*, he lent him a Blow with his Launce, saying, *He had hired him to Fight against Alexander, not to Rail at him.*

If any one tells me such a Man slandered me thus and thus, I never Apologize for my self, but answer him again only thus, *He knows not my other Faults; if he did, he would never have reckoned only those you tell me of.*

There is no Protection against a depraving Tongue, it's sharper than *Actius* his Razor; I had rather stand at the Mercy of a *Basilisco* or *Serpentine*, than the Fury of an Outragious Tongue.

'Tis Kingly to do well and hear ill: if I can but act the one, I shall not much regard to bear the other.

Let your Discourse of others be fair; speak ill of no body. To do it in his Absence is the Property of a Coward that stabs a Man behind his Back; if to his Face, you add an Affront to the Scandal; he that praises, bestows a Favour, but he that detracts, commits a Robbery, in taking from another what is justly His; every Man thinks he deserves better than indeed he doth; therefore you cannot oblige Mankind more, than to speak well: Man is the greatest Humorist and Flatterer of Himself in the World.

I have observed, that no Men are so ready to fully the Honour and Reputation of others, as those who deserve the worst themselves; yet I have so much Charity for them, to believe that many times they do it not so much out of a Principle

Principle of Malice, as thereby to gain a Reputation of Virtue and Justice: Wherefore if any Person shall speak ill of you, never disquiet your self; but endeavour to live so virtuously as the World shall not believe that to be true which is reported of you; and you must understand, that many speak ill, because they never learned to speak well.

Your own Innocency will be a Back of Steel unto you, and a clear Soul, like a Castle against all the Artillery of depraving Spirits, is impregnable; however it will be your Wisdom to carry a Counterpest or Antidote about you against the Poison of Virulent Tongues.

It was a Notable Instance of Prudence and good Government in a Nobleman of our own. A Doctor of Physick gave him the Lye; and the Earl very temperately told him, That he would take any thing of him but Physick. This was a noble Gallantry of Spirit; for a Lye, like false and counterfeit Mony, though a good Man may receive it, yet he ought not in Justice to pay it.

I am not much concerned what the Common People think of me: Nay, if they tell me I am a Fool: I can have the same Sentiments with that great Chancellor, who when Cardinal *Woolsey* told him he was the veriest Fool in the Council; God be thanked, said he, that my Master hath but one Fool here. I do desire to honour my Life, not by other Mens Opinions, but by own Actions. *Si vis beatus esse, cogita hoc primum contemnere, & contemni; nondum es felix, si te turba non deriserit.*

Make your self agreeable to all; for there is no Person so contemptible but it may be in his power to be your best Friend or your worst Enemy: No Enemy is contemptible enough to be
be

be despised, since the most Despicable command greater Strength, Wisdom and Interest than their own, to assist in the Designs of Malice or Mischief. The Eagle is not safe in the Arms of *Jupiter*, the Day she offends the little *Beerle*. Have a care of an Ox before you, of an Ass behind you, and of the Priest on either side of you. If you do Courtesies to a Hundred Men, and disoblige but one, that one shall be more active to your ruin, than all the other shall be to serve you. Therefore if you will gain respect, turn Usurer, and make all Men enter into Obligations to you. The World is a Shop of Tools, of which the Wise Man only is the Master.

S E C T. X.

Of Passion.

A Wise Man is a great Monarch, he hath an Empire within himself; Reason commands in chief, and possesses the Throne and Scepter. All his Passions like Obedient Subjects do obey; though the Territories seem but small and narrow, yet the Command and Royalty is great, and reaches farther than he that wears the Moon for his Crest, or the other that wears the Sun for his Helmet.

*Latius regnes avidum domando Spiritum, quam
Si Lybiam remotis Gadibus jungas,
Si uterque Penus serviat uni.*

Passion

Passion and Reason are a kind of Civil War within us, and as the one or the other hath dominion, we are either good or bad.

He that can subdue his Passions, shall obtain a more glorious Victory than if he placed his Standards in the farthest Confines of *Asia* and *Africa*, and his Triumph is more renowned, than if he had overthrown the *Medes* and *Persians*.

Fabius had never conquered *Hannibal*, if he not first overcome himself.

They which have Conquer'd Nations; driven Armies before them; and subdued all open Enemies, they have been Conquered by their Passions without any Resistance.

Alexander when he was Master of the World, was yet a Slave to his Passions; and was led in triumph by them.

If you can but tune your Passions, and reduce them to Harmony by Reason, you will render your self as pleasant and easy, as the Birds and Beasts were in *Orpheus's* Theatre, when they listened to his Harp.

As you are a part of the Universe; I would not have you by any disorderly and irregular Passions to disturb the Harmony of it, and become a Jarring String in so well tuned an Instrument.

Heap up Gold, gather together Silver, and raise Pyramids of Honour; if you do not compose the disorders of your own Mind, stint your Desires, and deliver your self from Fears and Cares, you do but rack Wine for a Man in a Fever.

The way to secure your Passions, is to subdue your Desires; if they be ill, not to permit them Advance; if good, so to moderate them, as not to expect for the future a greater favour than the nature of the thing, and the inconstancy of Fortune will permit, always ballancing what you
hope

hope for, with what you fear; for a wise Man ought to live no more in hope than in fear, nor put it into the power of Fortune, to take any thing from, or add any thing to his Felicity.

It's the greatest Dominion to rule one's self, and to govern our Passions is the Triumph of Wisdom.

I will never gratify my Enemies so far, as to shew my self concerned in any Passion.

A Mind transported with Passion, rejects the best Reasons, and retains the worst Opinions: like a Bolter which lets the Flower pass, and keeps nothing but the Bran.

A wise Man makes all his Passions subservient to his Reason.

Of all Passions there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of Anger, other Passions solicit and mislead us, but this runs away with us by force, hurries us as well to our own as to anothers ruin; it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges it self upon the Innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offences to be capital, and punisheth an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, infamy or death: It allows a Man neither time nor means for defence, but judges a cause without hearing it, and admits of no mediation: It spares neither friend nor foe, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into a perpetual state of war.

Look upon an angry Man in the fit of his rage, and you may see all *Africa* and it's prodigies in him; he is more savage than the Tygers there; blow him into a flame, and you may see *Volcanos*, *Herecanes* and *Burascers* in him.

When you are in the highest rage and fit of Anger, presently run to your *Looking-glass*, there you shall see your Blood boiling with Choler,
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your Eyes sparkling with Fire, your Hair standing an end, your Face distorted with Menacing Postures, insomuch as the Spectacle of your own Deformity will render you frightful to your self. In this Paroxysm of Rage, the best Antidote (that I know) against the malignity of this Distemper is, to apply Lenity to it, that will recompense all again, becalm the Mind, and keep it in such a becoming Temper, that it's not moved in it self, nor suffers any passionate eruption or sally of the Spirits and Blood into the other Members that may cause any the least Indecorum.

The torrent of Passions are like troubled Waters in a great Tempest: Reason will be your best Pilot to bring you into a safe Port; but you must have a care you do not increase the Storm by any unwary Word or Action, or kindle a Fire while the Wind is in a Corner, which may blow it on your Face.

It was *Pythagoras's Symbol*, Cut not Fire with a Sword; advising not to exasperate an angry Person, but to give way to him.

Have not to do with any Man in his Passion, for Men are not like Iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Give place to the Torrent of Fury, and let it have its full Course; when it's at the highest, it will turn again, and then you shall have the Tide as strong with you, as before it was against you.

I fear unruly Passions more than the Arrows of an Enemy, and the slavery of them, more than the Fetters of a Conqueror.

There is no surer Argument of a great Mind, than not to be transported to anger by any Accident whatsoever: The Clouds and Tempests are formed below, but all above is Quiet and Serene,

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which

which is the Emblem of a brave Man, that masters all Provocations, and lives within himself.

Obviate the first motion of Passion; if you cannot resist the First, you will far less resist the Second, and it still grows worse and worse; for the same Difficulty which in the beginning might have surmounted, is greater in the end.

Passions are the Elementary Humours of the mind; so soon as they begin to be turgid and exceed, the Mind becomes sick, and if the Distemper rises to the Mouth, and breaks into Anger, it betrays the Tower of Reason to the fury of an insulting Passion: When once your Passions are known, all the Avenues and Sally-Ports of the Will are discovered, and by consequence may be commanded. And therefore I do advise you to try in the first place to subdue your Passions, or at least so artificially to disguise them, that no Spy may be able to unmask your Thoughts; here to dissemble is a great Point of Prudence; for by this means you so cunningly hide all your Imperfections, that no Eye shall be able to discover them.

You must keep your Passions in your Power, as *Ulysses* did the Winds in his Bottle, and deal with them as we do with Mad-Men, keep them in Chains for fear of Mischief; for otherwise a Wild Beast is not so ungovernable.

Some Persons are above our Anger, others below it; to contend with our Superiors is Indiscretion, and with our Inferiors an Indignity.

Anger may make dull Men Witty, but it keeps them Poor.

As *Diogenes* was disputing of Anger; an insolent young Fellow, to try if he could put him besides his Philosophy, spit on his Face. Young Man, said *Diogenes*, this doth not make me angry yet; but I am in some doubt whether I should be so or no.

Be

Be circumspect in every thing you speak or do, as if your Enemies stood at your Elbow, and overlook'd every Action; this will beget in you vehement Desires and earnest Endeavours of the restraining your disorderly Passions; this will fill your Mind with good Thoughts and Resolutions to proceed in a virtuous course of Life.

Passions are a great deal older than our Reason; they came into the World with us, but our Reason follows a long time after.

There is not a more effectual Remedy against Anger, than Time and Patience.

A Servant of *Plato* having committed a great Fault, *Speucippus*, says he, do you beat that Fellow, for I am angry; so he forbore striking him, for the very reason that would have made another Man do it.

When I see my Friend in a great Rage against any Person, I pretend to be Angry too; and I join with him not only in the Opinion of the Injury, but in the seeming Continuance of the Revenge; by this means I get time, and by advising some greater Punishment, I put off the present, and so abate his Fury.

The first step to the Moderation of Passion, is to perceive that you are falling into Passion; by that means you enter the List with a full power over your self, and may consider how far it's necessary to give your Resentment; with this *Reflection* you may be Angry, and put a stop to it as you please.

If your Passions are duly considered, you should need no other Cure than the Consideration of them; let the first fervour abate, and the Mist which darkens the Mind will be either lessened or dispelled.

It's a sign of a rich stock of Sense to know how to prevent and correct ones Humour; since it's a

Disease of the Mind, wherein a wise Man ought to govern himself as in a Distemper of Body.

Take away the cause of Passion, and you will never fall into Passion. When a Stranger brought *Cotis* some Earthen Vessels Thin and Brittle, but delicately shaped and admirably adorned with Sculptures, he requited the Stranger for them, and then brake them all in pieces; Left, said he, my Passion should provoke me to punish excessively those that should break them.

He that would exercise a Power profitable to himself, and grievous to no body else, let him practise it upon his Passions.

Plato was about to strike his Servant, and while his hand was in the Air, he checked himself, but still held it in that menacing Posture: A Friend of his took notice of it, and asked him what he meant I am now, says he, punishing of an angry Man: So that he had left the Servant to Chastise himself, for he thought it was not fit that a Servant should be in his Power that was not his own Master.

To be angry at Anger, is almost the only justifiable Exercise of this Passion; for it's an Affection so unquiet and turbulent, that if it once seise us, it unmans us by the transports of Anger; Evils are not removed but made worse, and the very Anger does more hurt than the Injury we complain of; other Passions rise in us by degrees but this flashes like Gun-powder, blowing up all in a moment: Anger may glance into the Breast of a wise Man, but it rests in the Bosom of Fools. A good Man is never angry at any thing but at Sin; and he that is angry with this Sin, shall never Sin in his Anger.

If you be naturally disposed to Anger, frequent the Company of the Patient; by this means, without any Labour, you will attain to

a fit Temper; for Conversation is of great Moment: Manners, Humours, nay, Opinions are thereby insensibly communicated.

Never sink so below your self, as to let any Passion get the Better of you. When Passion enters in at the Fore-gate, Wisdom goes out at the Postern.

He who commands himself, commands the World too; and the more Authority you have over others, the more Command you must have over your self.

I cannot but admire at the temper of that *Persian*, who in his Fury, threatned the Tempest, and whipt the Sea.

I do not love to see a Passionate Man scourge himself with his own Scorpions, and in the midst of his innocent Contentments, fondly to give himself Alarms.

It's the infelicity of many Men, to break out into the greatest Passion upon the least occasion; not unlike that Gentleman, (tho' Learned, yet none of the Wisest) when seeing the Man at Plough, fell into a violent Distemper, and was much incensed against him, because he did not Plough *secundum artem*, in drawing his Furrows Mathematically, and in *Linea Recta*, as he said; a Friend of his standing by, told him, that he had little reason to be displeased, if he considered the small difference between *Errare* and *Arare*.

I am not troubled, if I see a Bütter-fly in the Air, and cannot catch it.

Be thou like the *Caspian* Sea, which is said never to Ebb nor Flow.

'Tis more Prudence to pass by Trivial Offences, than to quarrel for them; by the last you are even with your Adversary, but by the first above him.

S E C T. XI.

Of Injuries and Revenge.

When I have an Injury done me, I never set the Beacon a Fire, nor am I troubled : I consider who did it ; if my Kinsman, he did it ignorantly ; if my Friend, he did it against his Will ; if my Enemy, it's no more than I expected ; I ever put a fair Construction upon any thing that happens to me.

Archelaus, when one sprinkled Water upon him, and his Friends aggravated the Crime ; *You are mistaken*, said he, *he did not sprinkle it upon me, but some other Person he took me to be.*

I have often found by Experience, that I have fallen into no great Inconveniencies when I have taken Wrongs patiently.

And we shew our selves greater than our Adversaries, when we let the World see that they cannot Trouble us. When Children and Fools do the same things to us that we fret at in others of more advanced Years, we pass them without a Frown, which shews, that 'tis not the acts done us by our Enemies ; but our own Resentment that injures us.

I bear the Injuries of others, with the same patience that a Physician doth those of a Phrenetick Patient : I can patiently sustain all outrageous Insults against me ; my desire is to arrive at Heaven, and I ever bless the Hand which shortens my Journey.

If an Injury be done me, and if I do my part, there's no hurt done ; it's in the Nature of an Enemy to do Mischief ; and it's my Duty to
require

requite Evil with Good: I make use of it for the exercise and trial of my Virtue; I confront it with the Innocency of my Life, and the security of a good Conscience; I am not much moved, but keep my self still chearful, and fixed in my Station.

A Man that walks in the Streets of a Populous City, must expect to meet with a slip in one place, a stop in another, a dash of the Kennel in a third; just such are the Adventures of Life, and with the same consideration are they to be undergone.

So long as there are bad Men in the World, there will be Villany in it; and he that is resolv'd to fret himself for whatsoever he sees amiss shall never have one quiet hour while he Lives.

I would have you practise to be a good Wrestler; which will teach you to stand firm, whatever befalls you.

If you are injured, you do your Adversary too much Honour to take notice of it; and think too meanly of your self to revenge it; let me advise you to dissemble an Injury, when you have not the Power to revenge it; and generously to forgive it, when you have the means to do it.

'Tis a noble way of Revenge to forget Injuries; for Resentment doth but encourage that Malice which Neglect would dissipate. *Lewis the Twelfth of France*, being advised by some of his Council to punish such as were Enemies to him when he was Duke of *Orleans*; answered like a Prince, *That it did not suit with the Glory of a King of France, to revenge the Injuries done to the Duke of Orleans.*

In Revenge we act the Executioner, but it belongs to a King to Pardon: In the one we bestow a Favour, but in the other we betray our Infirmary.

He that pardons proclaims in so doing, that he fears not his Enemies; but Revenge implies a fear of what we desire upon that account to lessen.

He that is naturally revengeful, keeps his Wounds open; which otherwise would close of themselves.

When I am more powerful than he that injur'd me, I never take advantage of him, for that is as mean, as for an armed Man to force his Enemy to fight when he hath no Weapon; and if I have no power to repel it, I never storm, for Choler without Power, is like a wind that makes a noise, but cannot hurt.

Pardon is a Glorious kind of Revenge; I think my self sufficiently revenged of my Enemy if I pardon him. *Cicero* did more commend *Cesar* for pardoning *Metellus*, than for the great Victory obtained against his Enemies.

I prefer the Glory of pardoning before the pleasure of a Victorious Revenge; for sometimes former Revenge hath been the cause of future Repentance; and the pleasure of doing Evil, turns into the displeasure of having done it.

It's the work of Prudence to prevent an Injury; and of a great Mind, when done, not to revenge it: He that hath Revenge in his power, and does not use it, is the great Man: It's for low and Vulgar Spirits to storm and transport themselves: Subdue your Affections: To induce Injuries with a brave Mind, is one half the Conquest.

I Honour *Epictetus* more for his Ἀνέχῃ καὶ ἀνίχῃ, Bear and Forbear, than if he had built a Pyramid.

He that doth an Injury to another, doth it to himself, and it's many times repaid with full Interest.

Once upon a time the Lyon being very Sick, all the Beasts of the Field came to visit him, only the Fox did neglect to do his Duty; the Lion much admired the unkindness of the Fox; the Wolf told the Lion, *That many times he spake to the Fox to wait upon him, but could not prevail;* and represented it with all disadvantages to the Fox, insomuch that the Lion was much displeased; whereupon the Lion sent a Summons to the Fox, who appeared; and being asked by the Lion, why he would not give him a Visit knowing he was so ill; the Fox told the Lion, *That he had been much troubled that his Majesty had not been well, and had consulted all the Physicians for some Cure for him, who unanimously did agree that there was nothing better, or would sooner deliver him from his Distemper which was upon him, than to get a fat Wolf and flea him alive, and lay the Skin hot to his Body:* The Lion thanked the Fox for his care and regard of him. In some short time after, the Wolf came to wait upon the Lion, the Lion ordered him to be apprehended, and to be flead, and laid his Skin hot to his Body, according to the Direction of the Fox; by that means the Lion was perfectly recovered, and the Fox quitted Scores with the Wolf for his ill Office done him to the Lion.

Do Injury to no Man though never so mean, for once in Seven Years he may have an Opportunity to do the greatest Man much good or harm.

At a time a Mouse troubled a Sleeping Lion, and disturbed him, and happen'd to fall under his Paw; he desired the Lion to spare him, he was but a Mouse, and yet might live possibly to

do him a kindness : But howsoever he was not worth his Indignation ; thereupon the Lion let the Mouse go. Sometime after the Lion was taken in a Net, the Mouse hearing of it, in Gratitude came and eat asunder the Net, and delivered the Lion, who for all his Greatness could not deliver himself.

I shall commend unto you St. Bernard's Legacy, which if Story speaketh Truth, was engraven upon his Tomb : *Tria vobis fratres observanda relinquo, quæ ut potui observavi. Primo, nemini Scandalum feci ; si quando incidit, sedavi ut potui. Secundo, Minus semper sensui meo quam alterius credidi. Tertio, læsus de ladente nunquam vindictam petii : Ecce Charitatem, Humilitatem & Patientiam vobis relinquo. Brethren, Three things I leave unto you to be observed, which as I was able I observed. First, I never gave offence to any ; if at any time it happened, I pacified it as well as I could. Secondly, I always gave less credit to my own Sentiments than to those of others. Thirdly, Being injured, I never revenged it ; Behold, I leave unto you Charity, Humility and Patience.*

When you have an Injury done you, consider what it is that disturbs you ; it's not the thing it self but Opinion ; remove the Opinion, and you will not think your self wronged : Nothing can hurt you, except you joyn with it to hurt your self : The Mind is safe and unaccessible, and out of the reach of Injuries ; the thing we complain of is without us, and stands still and quiet ; it's from Opinion within us, from whence the Troubles and Tumults do proceed ; we make our selves more Injuries than are offered us, and the apprehension of wrong doth us more harm than the smartest part of the Wrong.

Catch

Catch not too soon at an Offence, nor give too easie way to Anger; the one shews a weak Judgment, the other a perverse Nature.

Hath any Man wronged you? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the Work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished: He is below himself that is not above an Injury.

The best Remedy of an Injury, consists in the forgetting of it; but many times we forget the Remedy, and those things are best remembered, which ought most to be forgotten: A Fool struck *Cato*; when he was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it, for saith *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non ignoscere quam agnoscere.*

Hath any wounded you with Injuries? meet them with Patience; hasty Words rankle the Wound, soft Language dresses it, Forgiveness cures it, and Oblivion takes away the Scar.

King *Antigonus* one Night hearing some of his Soldiers railing against him, when there was but a Hanging betwixt them; putting it gently aside, *Soldiers*, says he, *stand a little farther off for fear the King should hear you.*

When an ill Office is done me, I am not displeased, because it shall not be in the Power of my Enemy to make me angry, or put me into Passion; I pardon others, as though I did daily offend my self; and so abstain from offending as though I pardoned no body.

All the Art that I use to vanquish my Enemies, is, to do them all the good I can.

If you be displeased with every Peccadillo, you will become habitually froward: Learn to be patient, by observing the Inconveniencies of Impatience in other Men.

If you have any Infelicity upon you, by your Impatience you supper-add another to it: He
who

who submits to his Passions, at the same time is a Slave to many Tyrants. I prefer the freedom of my Mind, and the Serenity of my Soul (not clouded with Passions, before the Empire of the World.

When I am injured, I never complain, for I have observed that Complaints do rather excite a Passion to offend us, than a Compassion to comfort us; they make way for those that hear them, to do the same to us, that those have done of whom we complain; and the knowledge of the Injury done by the first, serves the second for an Excuse; and complaining of past Injuries, gives occasion for future.

It will be the Test of Prudence in you, without any Passion, to endure the Injuries and Follies of other Men; if you cannot endure them in others, you make them your own: for first you lose your Judgment, and then offend your self; and so Passion will precipitate you into that ill which you would avoid.

If any Man doth me an Injury, I am not disturbed, but must pity him; for he is the first offended, and receives the greatest Damage, because in this he loseth the use of Reason.

The severest Punishment of an Injury, is the Conscience of having done it; and no Man suffers more than he that is turned over to the Pain of a Repentance; it's better to compose Injuries than revenge them, for the Revenge of one Injury does expose us to more.

If you have at any time a purpose to take Revenge, fall upon your greatest Enemy first, and begin with your extravagant Rage and Fury.

If an Injury be done me, I am never troubled at it, for he that doth me an Injury doth it either for his Pleasure or Profit; and why should I be displeased

displeased if he loves himself better than me? If any doth me an injury out of ill nature, it's but like the Brier and Thorn, which do prick and scratch because they can do no otherwise.

Every Day I meet with Bravo's, false and perfidious Persons, but they can do me no harm, because 'tis not in their power to disquiet me, or to make me act any thing dishonourable: Neither am I angry or ill affected toward them, because they are by Nature near unto me; for they are all my Kinsmen by Participation of the same Reason and Divine Particle: If at any time I have an Injury done me by them, I convert it to my own advantage, I know how to avoid them; and they discover to me my own weakness, where I may be assaulted, therefore I study to fortify that place: And if an Ass doth kick me, (as many times he doth) I never trouble my self to bring an Action against him for't.

For all Injuries and Designs against me, I am no more concerned, than *Alexander* was, who received in one Hand the Drink which his Physician *Philip* brought him, and with the other shewed him the Letter by which he was advertised, that *Darius* had promised him great Rewards to Poyson him. Injuries are never cancelled with new Favours, especially when the new Favours are less in value than the wrongs done: Favours are written in Glass, but injuries ingraven in Marble.

Study the Buckler as well as the Sword, so you will be as good at Suffering as at Acting.

I speak this to you, not that I would have you without sense; for *Chi la fa Pecora, il Lupo la mangia*: He who maketh himself a Sheep, the Wolf will devour him.

It

It was a Maxim worthy of *Cesar's* Gallantry,
Nec inferre, nec perpeti.

Gulfardo made hot Love to *Ambrosia*,
Gasparvolo Sagestraccio, a Rich Merchant's
Wife, and after several Dodges and put offs he
came to the peremptory Point with her at
last, Whether she wou'd Touch or not; she con-
sented in the Conclusion, that upon Condition
he should swear Secrecy, and make her a pre-
sent of Two Hundred Crowns, which she had
great Occasion for. *Gulfardo* came to her
Terms, and sent to know when he might come
and bring the Money with him; Her Answer
was this, That her Husband was suddenly to
take a Long Journey, and he should hear from
her so soon as he was gone, and then let him
come and welcome, and bring the Crowns a-
long with him. *Gulfardo's* Love for the Wo-
man did not hinder him from abominating so
Mercenary a Prostitute; so that as he resolv'd
on the one Hand to make the best of his Mercat,
he set his Wits at Work on the other how to be
even with her.

A Day or Two before the Husband left the
Town, *Gulfardo* went and borrow'd Two
Hundred Crowns of him; and the Husband had
no sooner turn'd his back upon his Wife, but
Gulfardo had presently notice of it, with an In-
timation that all Things were now ready for
him, but still minding him not to forget the
Money. *Gulfardo* upon this Hint makes *Am-
brosia* a Visit, with a particular Friend in his
Company; so soon as the formality of the first
Greeting was over, Madam, says *Gulfardo*, I
have brought Two Hundred Crowns here for
your Husband, and I think I had e'en as good
leave them in your Hands, why, so you may,
says

says *Ambrosia*, and my Husband shall give you a Receipt for them, but let me be sure they be right first, so she counted them over and laid them by.

The Friend's part being now over, he was too much a Gentleman not to Withdraw, and leave the Two Lovers to themselves. The Story says they were very kind, and this Game lasted till the Husband came back again.

Some Two or Three Days after his Return, while he and his Wife were standing at the Door together, *Gulfardo* passing by with the same Friend again, as by Chance, took the Opportunity of Saluting *Gasparvolo*, and thanking him for the Two Hundred Crowns he lent him before he went out of Town. But as it fell out I had no occasion for them, and in Three or Four Days I delivered them back to your Lady for you; this Gentleman was there, Madam, when I delivered them. Oh Lord! Husband, says she, 'tis very true, and if there be any Faith in a Woman, it was quite out of my Head; Well Sir, says *Gasparvolo*, I will give you a Discharge, and shall be ready at any time to serve you in a greater Matter.

One *Ricciardo Minutolo* had an excellent Woman of his own, and yet fell desperately in Love with the Wife of *Philipello Fighinolsia*, whose name was *Catulla*, a Person tender of her Honour to the uttermost Scruple; but at the same time jealous to the Degree almost of Idle-headed. When *Ricciardo* found her impregnable, and no good to be done upon her by the common Arts and Methods of Courtship and Address, he bethought himself of changing his Battery, and falling to work upon her Jealousy, and the Course he took was this.

He

He gave it out that betwixt Necessity and Philosophy he was now become Master of himself again, besides that he had a fresh Woman in his Eye, where his Love wou'd probably turn to better Account, but he carry'd it fair all this while to *Catulla*, as in Discretion and good Manners he was bound to do; Playing his Game so Artificially, that every thing he said or did, passed for Earnest.

It was now the chearful Time of the Year, when the Sparks and the Ladies went commonly a Merry-making to the Sea side. *Ricciardo* hearing that *Catulla* was to be of the Party, resolved to make one himself too; the whole Company bidding him Welcome, and *Catulla* amongst the rest. He carry'd so much hast and Business in his Face, that the Ladies cou'd hardly get him to stay among them, especially falling upon the Subject of a new Mistress he had got, which put every body to the Guess, who and who it might be: He took up such a form of Gravity upon this Discourse, as if he had not known which way to look. As the Company were walking and talking promiscuously one with another, it fell to *Ricciardo's* and *Catulla's* Lott to be together, and in that interim, *Ricciardo's* bolting out an unlucky Word of an Amour of *Philipello's*, put *Catulla* to such a stand as if she had been Planet-struck; and after a short Pause, she brake out into this Exclamation, Ah! *Ricciardo*, says she, for the sake of the Woman thou lovest best in this World, expound this Riddle to me.

Madam, says he, I can refuse nothing to the Power of that Adjuration; but you must give me your Oath then, neither directly nor indirectly to discover the whole or any part of what

what I shall tell you, to your Husband, till I shall make the Truth of it appear to your own Eyes: By all that is Sacred, *Ricciardo*, says she, I Swear it.

Why then Madam, says he, your Husband makes Love to my Wife, whether in Revenge of the Passion I had for his, or for what other Reason I know not, but there passes not a day without a Letter or a Message to her, and the Words I put in her Mouth she sends him back for an Answer; she has held him so long in hand at this rate, that he had the Face yesterday to press her to a final Resolution, and proposed a secret Meeting with her at a *Bagnio* that he had provided for that Purpose. Madam, says he, the time was when I wou'd not have run the Risque of displeasing you to have gained the whole World, but these foolish Tenderneesses are now over, and this is not an Intrigue for me to take much Pleasure in, so that partly to be even with him, and partly to do you Service, I made my Wife promise him a Meeting betwixt Twelve and One at the *Bagnio* as he directed. You cannot imagine all this while that I'll prostitute my Wife, but I only tell you this to the end, that if you shall think fit to supply her Place it may prevent a thousand Inconveniencies, but by the way, remember your Oath. Well, well, *Ricciardo*, (says she, in a transport of Jealousie) come of it what will I'll take your Wives part upon me, and by the same Oath over again, I will be as good as my Word.

The Mistress of the *Bagnio* was no better than a Bawd, and so much a Confident of *Ricciardo's*, that she took his Instructions about the Room, the Bed, the Bath, and every thing else according to his Appointment: *Catulla* went home

towards the Evening in a most Infociable Humour, and found her Husband (as she fancy'd at least) in a worse. The Thought of the next days Adventure kept her waking all that Night, and in the Morning up she gets betimes, and about Noon away she goes, with her Maid-servant to wait upon her to the Bathing-House. Pray Mistress, says *Catulla* to the Woman of the House, is *Philipello* here? Madam says she, if you are the Woman he looks for, you will find him in that Chamber there, pray go in; so on she went into a Chamber as dark as Pitch, and there was *Ricciardo* ready to receive her.

They had no sooner interchanged the Passionate Raptures of the first Greeting, but *Catulla* rung him such a Peal upon the Miseries of innocent Women, and the falseness and ingratitude of Men, that his very Ears were dinn'd at the Noise of it; No no, says she, Thou Monster of a Man, this is *Catulla*, and not the Wife of *Ricciardo*, that you expected here, and by all that's Holy, I'll make thy Infamy as publick as the Sun.

Ricciardo did all that was possible by fair Words and Caresses to lay the Storm, but to no Purpose at all: No no, says she, thou perjur'd Wretch, I am not so to be cokes'd and wheedled out of my Senses. Tell me, thou abandon'd Sot, is there not as much Youth and Beauty, as agreeable a Conversation, and as good Blood in the Veins of thy *Catulla* as in that Blowze thy Mistress! *Ricciardo* wou'd have been torn to Pieces before he wou'd have us'd me thus; but I'll do your Errand to him upon my Faith, and give you up to the Revenge of the whole Family.

This

This outrageous Fury went so far, that *Ricciardo* had no way left him to prevent a worse Mischief but to discover himself. Upon the first Word toward it, for she knew his Voice, she gave such a leap from him, and with such an Outcry, that if he had not immediately secur'd her in his Arms and stopt her Mouth, no body knows what might have come on it; but having her now under a kind of Force to give him the Hearing, he laid before her the whole State and Reason of the Case. Madam, says he, I am the unfortunate *Ricciardo*, you are dearer to me than my Blood; and consider, I beseech you, that what is done cannot be undone, your own Honour and Peace (nay and perhaps the very Life of your Husband, for it will come to a Quarel) are all at Stake, this Advice was accompanied with Words and Actions so moving and Generous, that the poor broken-hearted Lady could not but yield to the Reason of the Discourse; tho' that Conviction was not sufficient to support her under the Weight of that Calamity, for she went her way home without speaking one Word more; and falling soon after into a mortal Melancholy, she died of it. Upon the tidings of her Death, *Ricciardo*, being at that time a Widower, fell into such a Horror for what he had done, that he renounced the World upon't, and spent the short remainder of his days among the Woods and Deserts, in the Solitude of an *Hermite*.

S. E C T. XII.

Of Virtue.

I Shall commend unto your Practice that excellent Precept of *Pythagoras*, *Nil turpe committas, neque coram aliis, neque tecum; maxime omnium verere teipsum*: And believe it, a good Man will blush as much to commit a Sin in the Wilderness, as upon a Theatre. Those Defeats which Vice gives me, they are rather a Surprise than a Conquest, they overcome me not, but rather by my own inadvertency of them, I overcome my self; the less the occasion of Sin, the greater is the nature of it; and to justify a Fault, is a greater Sin than to fall into it: And let me tell you, Sin is Masculine, and begets the like in others; and many times like Venom, it infects the Blood, when the Viper is dead, which gave the Wound.

It's the triumph of a brave Soul, to have Sin in Power, and Virtue in Will; Virtue is the Sun of the Microcosm, and a good Conscience is its Hemisphere: There is nothing which setteth up a Throne or Chair of State in the Soul of Man but Virtue.

Virtue stands in need of nothing but it self, it renders Man Illustrious in this Life, and Glorious after Death; 'tis not Gray-hairs that begets respect, but a Life virtuously passed confers Glory. It's a strange Fatuity in Man, that he never takes thought how to *live virtuously*, but is very careful how to *live long*; when it lies in the power of Man to *live well*; but its out of his power to *live long*. It's the bounty of Nature
that

that we *live*, but of *Virtue* that we *live well*; which is a *greater Felicity* than *Life it self*.

An honest virtuous Man lives not to the World, but to his own Conscience; he as the Planets above, steers a Course contrary to that of the World.

It's no small Pleasure for a Virtuous Person to say to himself, Could a Men enter and see into my Heart, yet should he not find me guilty either of the Affliction or Ruin of any body, nor culpable of Envy or Revenge, nor tainted with Innovation, Sedition or Schism, nor spotted with the falsifying my Word; I have always lived upon my own, all my Desires have been terminated within my self, *Non te quasiveris extra*, hath been my Rule.

Therefore take care that the bright lustre of your Virtues may enlighten the whole Sphere wherein you move.

You may receive Honours from your Prince, but that is to be gallant in Livery; it's Virtue that is the only Nobility. I love Virtue in any Man, for it will secure me against any wrong from him, and will assure me of his good Wishes, if he cannot lend me his Assistance.

God would not bestow Heaven upon the *Romans*, because they were Pagans; but he bestowed the Empire of the World upon them, because they were Virtuous.

Alexander was not so truly Glorious for Conquering the *Indians*, as for refusing to force *Darius's* Fair Daughters; for in the one, he Conquered but those who were less than himself; but in the other, he conquered himself, who was their Conqueror.

A Vertuous Person looks upon the whole World as his Country, and upon God to be as
Witness

Witness and Judge of his Words and Deeds; he so governs his Life and Thoughts, as if the whole World were to see the one and to read the other.

He never opens the Door to the least Evil, for fear others which lie in Ambush should come after: He is much of the Nature of the Sun, which passeth through many Pollutions, yet remains pure as before: Rather than do an unjust Act, he will be Food for Cannon: Let Vice be robed in Cloth of Tissue, yet he discovers it.

He stands not more in awe of other Men than of himself, nor commits more Offences though no Man were to know them, than if all Men were to observe them.

Crimes, tho' they may be secret, can never be secure; nor doth it avail an Offender to be concealed from others while he can never be conceal'd from himself.

If I do nothing but what is honest, let all the World know it; but if otherwise, what doth it signify to have no body know it, so long as I know it my self? Sin is its own Torment, and the fear of Vengeance pursues those that escape the stroke of it: Nature hath set up Racks and Gibbets in the Consciences of vicious Persons.

He that is guilty of any enormous Sin, lives in perpetual Terror, and whilst he expects to be punished, he punishes himself, and whosoever deserves it, expects it; what if he be not detected? he is still in apprehension that he may be so.

The Wages of Sin is Death; it's poor Wages that will not make a Man live; as Virtue is its own-Reward, so Sin is its own Executioner.

The Soul of a wicked Man, is like Paper scribbled all over with the Characters of Vice; his Soul resembles the City *Poncropolis*, so called by King

King *Philip* after he had Peopled it with a Crew of Rogues and Vagabonds; He that looks diligently into the State of a vicious Man, will see the Canker at his Heart through all the false and dazzling Splendor of Greatness and Fortune: A Virtuous Man can never be Miserable, or a wicked Man Happy.

Men love the evil in themselves, yet no Man loves it in another; and though a Man may be a Friend to Sin, yet no body loves the Sinner.

Mankind is entred into a sort of Confederacy against Virtue; it's dangerous to be Honest, and only profitable to be Vicious.

We live in the rust of the Iron Age; Piety it self is in Exile, Integrity gone, and the Branches of the most flourishing Virtues are all lopped; its as rare in this Age to meet with a Virtuous Man, as it was formerly to meet with a Poet in *Plato's* Common-wealth.

It's Virtue that makes the Mind invincible, and places us out of the reach of Fortune, though not out of the Malice of it: When *Zeno* was told that all his Goods were drowned, Why then, said he, Fortune hath a Mind to make me a Philosopher: Nothing can be above him that is above Fortune; no Infelicity can make a wise Man quit his Ground.

If I were led in Triumph, I could bear the same Mind, and be as Virtuous and Great as the Conqueror, place me amongst Emperors, or amongst Beggars, the one shall not make me proud, nor the other ashamed; I can take as sound a Sleep in a *Grot* as in a *Palace*, and think my self as happy in a *Galley*, as in the *Elisian* Field.

Felicity is not in the *Veins* of the *Earth* where we dig for *Gold*, nor in the *bottom* of the *Sea* where

where we fish for *Pearl*, but in a *pure and virtuous Mind*.

Socrates being asked if he accounted not the great King of *Persia* Happy? *I know not*, saith he, *how he is furnished with Virtue*: Conceive that true Happiness consisteth in Virtue, not in the frail Donatives of Fortune.

Virtue hath an illustrious Theatre to shew it self in all Fortunes; a Man that is condemned (if he be innocent and doth not vex) he doth exercise the Virtue of Patience; if he be guilty and doth acknowledge himself so, he doth cooperate with Justice.

Good and Virtuous Men in this World suffer many inconveniences; but Virtue, like the Sun, goes on still with her Work, let the Air be never so cloudy, and finishes her Work.

*No Cloud whats'ever can obscure her light;
Virtue's a Glow-worm, and will shine by Night.*

A Virtuous Person in the thickest of his Misfortunes, is like a Quick-set-Hedge, the more he is cut and male-ha't, the better he thrives and flourishes.

A wicked Man is afraid of his own Memory, and in the review of himself, he finds only Appetite, Avarice or Ambition.

Vice hath its certain Period, after which it becomes desperate and incurable.

All the Virtuous Actions which I can hereafter do, will no more expiate my former Transgressions, than the not contracting new Debts can be accounted Payment of the old.

Though Virtue gives a ragged Livery, yet she gives a Golden Cognizance.

Those

Those that least practise Virtue in outward Appearance, cunningly make it the mark where- to all their Actions level, there must be the Signature of Virtue on the worst of Actions, otherwise they would not be passant, and receive Entertainment.

Virtuous Persons are by all good Men openly revered, and even silently by bad; so much do the Beams of Virtue dazle even unwilling Eyes.

The Heart of a Virtuous Person is a Paradise, into which the Serpent never enters, but receives a sudden repulse.

In Navigation we ought to be guided by the Pilot, in the course of Life by the Virtuous.

Obstrue quinque Fenestras, ut luceat domus; says the Arabian Proverb, *A Wise and Virtuous Man shuts his Windows that he may see the better.*

The smallest Defect or Fault in an accomplished Person, obscures the whole Orb of his Virtues.

He cannot transgress, but like the Eclipse of the Sun, every one takes notice of him.

A Virtuous Man is *Bonorum Maximus*, and *Magnorum optimus*.

You must labour and climb the Hill, if you will arrive at Virtue, whose seat is upon the top of it; it's a great encouragement to Well-doing, that when you are once in the Possession of Virtue, it's your own for ever.

It's easie to continue Good and Virtuous, but to become so it's hard; Nature doth not give Virtue, but it must be acquired, and it's a kind of Art to become good.

*Quid juvat innumeros scire atquo evolvere casus;
Si fugienda facis, & facienda fugis?*

If your Mind at any time seems to stagger, and be in suspense what to do, fix on some grave and good Man, and suppose him always to be present with you, and do all things as if he looked on; then because of the Reverence you bear to him, you will fear to offend or act any thing that is ill, for fear he would find fault with it.

If *Scipio* or *Lelius* were but in your Eye, you would not dare to transgress; why do you not then make your self such a Person in whose Presence you dare not offend?

Every Night I call my self to an account, What Infirmary have I mastered to day? By this Scrutiny I find my Vices abate of themselves, and I my self become better and more Virtuous.

I shall ever reverence the Memory of *Chilo*, for his *Nequid nimis*, who in Two Words hath taught us the *Summa totalis* of all Virtue.

I can be honest in the Dark, and Virtuous without a Witness; I have such an inbred Loyalty to Virtue, that I can serve her without a Livery.

Aristippus being asked wherein Philosophers excelled other Men, answered, *Though all Laws were abolished, we should be just and lead the same Lives*: And if Men would be Virtuous and Just, there need no Laws.

Virtue will make you Noble, without the help of Heraldry, and will get you Veneration without an *Apotheosis*; it will gain you Esteem, and Esteem to Virtue, is like a fine Air to Plants and Flowers, which makes them blow and prosper.

Let

Let Integrity be the ballast of your Soul, and Virtue the lading; you may be deprived of Honours and Riches against your Will, but not of your Virtues except you consent.

Demetrius Phalareus had 360 Statues erected by the *Athenians*, for his Governing their *Common-wealth* ten Years with great *Virtue and Prudence*: But when he saw those Statues which were raised by *Gratitude*, soon after destroy'd by *Envy*, he said, *They may pull down my Statues, but they cannot overthrow my Virtues for which they were erected.*

Change not Virtue's immortal Crown, for a whole Mine of Gold.

*Gold is uncertain; but what you possess
Is still your own, and never can be less.*

Boccalini Fancies a great Prince that had the Fortune to meet Philosophy naked, and wou'd needs, out of pure Modesty and Compassion, throw his Royal Mantle over her: But that illustrious Lady begg'd his Majesty's Pardon with all dutiful Respect, giving him to understand that she had no shame to hide, nor any Deformity to cover.

S E C T. XIII.

Of Friends and Friendship.

ONE Friend alone makes not a Paradise; therefore I desire few but Virtuóus Friends.

Out of your Acquaintance choose Familiars, and out of those pick Friends.

But let me advise you, never make a Coward your Friend, or a Drunkard your Privy-Counsellor; for the one upon the approach of the least danger will desert you; and the other will discover all your Secrets; both are dangerous to Humane Society.

Quod in Corde sobrii, id in Lingua ebrii.

Never make a Friend on the suddain; for tho' the first Affection makes the deepest Impression, yet that Love is held most Permanent which dives into the Soul by soft degrees of mutual Society, and comes to be matured by time: Friendships too soon contracted, like Plants which shoot up too fast, are not of that continuance as those which Nature takes more time for.

It requires time to consider of a Friendship before it be contracted; but that Resolution once taken, entitles him to my very Heart; I look upon my Thoughts to be as safe in my Friend's Breast as in my own.

A Friend is your very self, and so treat him: Do but think him faithful, and you make him so.

Do not make your self over to too many; Marriage which is the strictest of Friendships admits but one, and indeed inferior Friendship admits not of many more: The Tide of love cannot bear very high when divided amongst several Channels, 'tis great odds but that amongst many we shall be deceived in some; then we must be put upon the inconvenience of Repentance, which in nothing is so uncomely and inconvenient as in Friendship.

He that you mark out for your Friend, let him be a Virtuous Person; for an ill Man can neither long love, nor be long beloved, and the Friend-

Friendships of wicked Men are rather to be called Conspiracies than Friendships.

Every Man is capable of being an Enemy, but not a Friend, few are in a condition of doing Good, but all almost can do Mischief.

Friendship is a sacred Thing, and deserves our tenderest acknowledgments.

The World is united in Love, and Men by friendship; without which the Universe would be the most uncomfortable Desert in Nature; nor is there any Content upon Earth comparable to the Union of Minds and Interests.

Harmony of Temper, begets and preserves Friendship; but disagreeing Inclinations are like improper Notes in Musick, that serve only to spoil the Consort, and offend the Ear.

Where there is a Difference in Religion, there is rarely an Agreement in Affection; but if I meet with an Honest Just Man, let his Persuasion as to Religion be what it will, I can put him in my Bosom, without thinking of the Snake in the Fable.

A Friend is a great Comfort in Solitude, an excellent Assistant in Business, and the best Protection against Injuries: He is a Counsellor in Difficulties, a Confessor in Scruples, and a Sanctuary in Distress.

Amongst all Humane Injoyments, nothing so rare, so valuable, and so necessary as a true Friend.

The *Roman* Losses by Water or Fire, *Augustus* could quickly supply and repair, but for the Loss of his Two Friends he lamented them his whole Life after.

All things in the World are but Bawbles, except Old Friends to Converse with, and Old Books to Read.

A true and faithful Friend is a living Treasure, inestimable while we have him, and never enough to be lamented when he is gone; there is nothing more ordinary than to talk of a Friend, nothing more difficult than to find one; and no where more wanted than where there seems to be the greatest store: The greater a Man is, the more need he hath of a Friend, and the more difficulty there is both of finding and knowing him.

He hath made his first approach to Comfort, that hath gain'd an Opportunity of communicating his Thoughts; but he that wanteth a Friend to open his Grief unto, eats his own Heart.

In the kindness of my Friend, I sweeten the Adversities of my Life; by his Cares, I lessen my own, and repose under his Friendship; when I see any good befall him, I rejoyce, and thereby increase my own Happiness.

My Friend is a Counterpart of my self.

*Dum similis simili sociatur pax fit utrisq;
Ni mihi sis ut Ego, non eris alter Ego.*

I love my Friend before my self, and yet methinks I do not love him enough.

Therefore I cannot but hug the Resolution of that Philosopher, who when he was dying, ordered his Friend to be inventoried amongst his Goods.

When one came to *Alexander* and desir'd him that he might see his Treasure, he bid one of his Servants take him, and shew him not ἀργυρίῳ τὰ λατὰ his Mony, but τὰς φίλους his Friends; it seemeth, he put a greater value upon them, than upon all the Wealth which he had.

I am much pleased with *Pythagoras's* *Χοινὴ καὶ φίλων*, and many times wish that Property were exterminated out of the Family of Love; for it robs me of the happy injoyment of my Friend, and brings nothing but Trouble and Dissention among us.

Whatsoever I possess, my Friends may command; there is no relish methinks in the possessing of any thing without a Partner; if the Treasury of the *Samnites*, or the Territories of the Universe were offer'd me, only to keep them to my self, I would refuse them.

A Dish of Coleworts or Lupines with my Friend, is a Feast to me; when I eat alone, my Table, methinks, is a Manger, and my self in a Desert.

I have great Satisfaction in me to see my Friend pleas'd, but its much more to make him so.

When I consult the Comfort and Happiness of my Friend, I provide for my own: True Friends are the whole World to one another, and he that is a Friend to himself, is also a Friend to Mankind.

A Friend, like a Glass, will best discover to you your own Defects.

Phocion told *Antipater*, *You are deceived, Sir, if you would have me your Friend, and expect I should play the Flatterer.*

If my Friend falls into any notorious Vice, yet I have a regard for him; for tho' the Friend be gone, yet still the Man remains; and tho' he hath forfeited my Friendship, yet still I owe him my Charity.

I carry my self with a great *Decorum*, and singular regard to my Friend; but if I see him lash out into Vanity, I apply reprehensions to

him, as pungent and acute Medicines, with no other intent than the Recovery of the Patient.

It's no more honourable to do a Friend a kindness, than it's unworthy to omit a good Office when he stands in need of it.

True Friendship is made up of Virtue as a thing lovely; of familiar Conversation, as pleasant; and Advantage as Necessary.

Do good to thy Friend that he may be more thy Friend, and unto thy Enemy, that he may become thy Friend.

My Care is to speak well of my Enemies, but still to secure my Friend.

Next my Friend, I love my Enemies, for from them I first hear of my Faults.

It's better to decide a Difference betwixt our Enemies than our Friends; for one of the Friends will certainly become an Enemy, one of the Enemies a Friend.

If you have a good Friend, never wish him Riches or Honour; for if he hath them, he will either leave your Friendship or become your Enemy: This made the Emperor say, who had a Cardinal of the Court of Rome his great Friend, being advanced to be Pope, *That of a trusty Friend being a Cardinal, he would become a deadly Enemy being Pope*; and it fell out according to his Expectation.

If you cannot make a great Man your Friend, it's sufficient to keep him from being your Enemy: To fix your self in the Favour of a great Person, except he be Virtuous, is like the Mouse that built her Nest in the Cat's Ear.

Never seek for a Friend in a Palace, or try him at a Feast.

There are few Friends of the Person, but many of the Fortune: a Friendship of Interest lasts

no longer than the Interest continues; whereas true Love is of the Nature of the Diamond, it's lasting, and is hard to break.

Go slowly to the Feast of Friends; but make hast to them in their Misfortunes.

'Tis Commerce not Friendship, that hath respect to Advantages: Friends should not be like the Scales of a Balance, the one rising, upon the other's sinking; but rather like Numbers in Arithmetick, the lesser and greater helping and improving each other.

Never purchase Friends by Gifts, for if you leave to Give, they will leave to Love.

Love is built upon the Union of Minds, not the Bribery of Gifts; and the more you give, the fewer Friends you will have.

But I can admit the retribution of good turns, not so much for the Benefit, as that my Friend may have the Pleasure of doing a good Office.

An Enemy is better recovered by Kindness, than a Friend assured.

Have a care in making any Man your Friend twice, except the Rupture was by your own Mistake, and you have done Penance for it.

If the League of Friendship be once broken, then is the Cabinet of Secrets unlocked, and they fly about like Birds let loose from a Cage: And upon every Rupture between Friends, secret Enemies that lie upon the watch, blow the Fire; and when the War is once declared, old Friends become the worst of Enemies.

When you have made choice of your Friend, express all Civilities to him; yet in Prudence I would advise you to look upon your present Friend, as in possibility, to be your future Enemy.

Aristotle's *οἱ φίλοι ἔ φίλοι*, *Amici non amici*, makes me think, That he is a happy Man, that hath a Friend at his need : but he is more happy, that hath no need of a Friend.

He is none of thy Friend that draws thee into any thing which may be prejudicial to thy Credit or Estate ; neither art thou thy own Friend, if thou dost hazard either of them for another's concern.

Be slow to choose a Friend, and slower to change him ; courteous to all, intimate with few ; scorn no Man for his Meanness, nor humour any for their Wealth.

Vulgus amicitias utilitate probat.

Prosperity is no just Scale, Adversity is the only Balance to weigh Friends.

Therefore I pay much Honour to *Plato*, that when *Chabrias* his Friend being impeached for his Life, all deserted him but *Plato* : *Crobulus* the Sycophant met him accompanying *Chabrias* to the Tower, said unto him, *Do you come to help others, know you not that the Poyson of Socrates is reserved for you?* *Plato* answered, *When I fought for my Country, I hazarded my Life, and I will now do as much in duty to my Friend.*

True Friends are like Spirits and Sinews, the one moves with the other ; and the love between them ought to resemble *Templum fidei*, which was constantly clear, nothing feigned, and without any Coverture.

Friendship multiplies Joys and divides Grievs.

There are Persons, like *Crotto's* Mouse, which while he was in prosperity, it fed continually with him ; but his House being set on Fire, it fled

fled immediately from him; whereupon he observing the ungratefulness and incertainty of Trencher Amity, framed this Distick.

*Vixisti mecum, fortuna Matre: Noverca
Me fugis: At poteras aqua & iniqua pari.*

I never have forsaken my Friend, but when he hath first forsaken himself and Virtue (which was the true Lovers Knot that first united us;) and if at any time I renounced his Familiarity, yet in respect of my former intimacy, I retained an affection for him, and wish'd him well.

I do profess my self a Citizen of the World; and have such an aversion to any thing that is unkind, that I look upon an Injury done to another, as done to my self.

And many times when I have heard that my Friend was Dead, how have I drown'd my Eyes in Tears! And I could as passionately have wept over his Urn, as that *Grecian* Matron did for the loss of her Mother; but then I considered, it was more kindness in me than Prudence; for I might as reasonably have wept that my Friend was born no sooner, as that he should live no longer.

*All that we know of what is done above.
By blessed Souls, is that they sing and love.*

There was a couple of young Sparks, for Age, Birth and Breeding much alike, and their Names *Spinelloccio Tavena*; and *Zeppa di Mino*: These Blades living within a door one of another, were almost perpetually together; and a Brace of very handsome young Women they had to their Wives. The freedom of this Conversation

tion was made use of for the countenancing of an Intrigue betwixt *Spinelloccio* and the Wife of *Zeppa*, which came unluckily to be discover'd By a Mistake as follows.

Spinelloccio comes to the House of *Zeppa*, upon pretence of a neighbourly Visit, and asks the Wife if her Husband was at home, she tells him, no, taking for granted that he was gone out: So that the Coast being clear (at least as they imagin'd) away went they together and lock'd themselves up in a private Chamber. After some short stay there, *Spinelloccio* goes his way. Now as the Devil wou'd have it, *Zeppa* was all this while in a Closet in that very Room; and within distance of Seeing and Hearing whatever pass'd betwixt them. *Spinelloccio* was no sooner out of the House, but *Zeppa* bolts into the Chamber where he found his Wife setting her Head to rights again. Why, what's here to do, Sweatheart, says he? Why 'tis even as you see, says the Woman. Yes yes, Gossip, says the Husband again, I do see, and see more perhaps to my own Sorrow than you are aware of. They fell to Words: But to be short, the case was so clear, that the Woman threw her self at her Husband's Feet, and confess'd her Fault, begg'd Pardon, and withal told him the whole History of the Amour. Well! Wife, says *Zeppa*, do but as I direct you, and all shall be pass'd over yet:

Order the Matter so, says he, that *Spinelloccio* may be with you about Nine to morrow Morning when I am Abroad, and upon my coming home (which shall be soon after) contrive the locking him up in that Chest there, till I go out again. She pass'd her Promise, and was as good as her Word.

Spinelloccio

Spinelloccio came at his Hour, and *Zeppa* not long after him: The hint being taken, the Gallant crept into the Chest, the Wife locks it, and up comes the Husband and sets himself down upon it. Come Wife, says he, so loud that *Spinelloccio* might over-hear him, how long to Dinner? O, says the Wife, 'tis not I hope that time a Day yet, but we'll hasten it all we can. Ay, but what shall we do for some good Body to bear us Company; there's *Spinelloccio* dines Abroad, he tells me; but now I think on't, prithee get his Lady to make one, for a Man and his Wife alone makes no Musick.

The good Woman comes at the first Call, and *Zeppa* taking her by the Hand, and placing her by him upon the Chest, bids her heartily Welcome, and in the mean time gives his Wife a Wink to quit the Room. She was no sooner out of the Chamber, but *Zeppa* bolts the Door after her, which put the Woman into a frightful Exclamation! The Lord bless me, Sir says she, what do you intend to do? Is this your way of expressing a Friendship to my Husband? Have but a little Patience, Madam, says *Zeppa*, and upon my Honour you shall have no cause to Complain.

Your Husband dealt but yesterday with my Wife, as I intend this Morning to deal with his; and with these Eyes of mine, I saw the whole Scene, so that the same Liberty betwixt you and me upon this Occasion is but Justice in us both upon him, for abusing, as well your Bed as mine. The Woman had nothing to oppose to the Equity of the Thing, only she would make this in her Bargain, that the crossness of this Adventure should cause no Rupture betwixt the two Families. *Zeppa* Sign'd and Sealed to
this

this Condition, and promised her a Rich Jewel over and above. What pass'd afterwards *Spinelloccio*, who was in the Chest, best knows. When they came now to the performance of Covenants, *Zeppa* opens the Box and makes a Present of *Spinelloccio* to his own Wife. Look you Madam, says he, this is the Jewel I promis'd you. It's not my Business to tell how *Spinelloccio* and his Wife stood staring one at another upon this Surprize. Let it suffice that the Friendship was not only pieced up again, but so improv'd, that they were four Couples made out of two; for two Men had each of them two Wives, and the two Women had each of them two Husbands.

S E C T. XIV.

Of Frugality and Expences.

STudy not only to preserve your Estate, but justly to encrease it: Mony is the Heir of Fortune, and the Lord Paramount of the World.

Riches are the Keys to Greatness, and make the Access to Honour more easie and open: A Man without Money, is like a Wall without a Cross, for every Man to draw upon: let your Parts be never so great, without a Golden Tincture, you will be no more regarded than a Cuckow in June.

*Vita hominum Pelagus, Regina Pecunia nauta est,
Navigat infelix qui caret hujus ope.*

Hence it was, that there being a Contest amongst the most Eminent Poets for the Lawrel;
not.

not agreeing, it was referred to *Apollo*, who upon serious Advice gave it to an Alderman of *London*, because to have most Wealth was a sign of most Wit.

El senner dinero par un gran Cavallero.

*Jews, Turks and Christians several Tenets hold,
Yet all one God acknowledge, that is, Gold.*

'Tis storied, that a Noble Man of *Venice* made his Address to *Cosmo de Medicis*, Duke of *Florence*, and signified to him, that he understood his Highness had the Philosopher's Stone, and desired to see it. 'Tis true, saith the Duke, but my Elixir is this, never to do that by another, which I can do my self; not to do that to *Morrow*, which I can do to *Day*; not to neglect the least things. The *Venetian* thanked his Highness, and took his leave of him; and by the Observation hereof, became the wisest and richest Man in *Venice*. If you purpose to be Rich and Wise, take this *Elixir*.

I know a generous Man least regards Money, but when he hath it not, he wanteth it most; and the most excellent Person, without an Estate, is like a Ship well rigg'd, but cannot sail for want of Wind; if your Estate be but small, come seldom into Company; but when you do, let your Money go freely.

If your Means suit not with your Ends, pursue those Ends which suit with your Means.

Have a care you do not imitate his Fortune, who labouring to buoy up a sunk Ship of another's, bulged his own Vessel.

Make other Mens Shipwrack, Sea-marks to your self.

Belisario

Belisario became Blind, that others might receive sight; and the Moon of *Spain* fell *De Luna.* into an Eclipse, that it might give light to many.

Those Men which have wasted their own Estates, will help you to consume yours: These like the Fox in the Fable, who having lost his Tail, persuaded others to cut off theirs as troublesome.

It was a smart Reprimand of Queen *Elizabeth*, who being invited by a Noble Man (that had spent great part of his Estate) to his House, which was very Magnificent, and over the Portal of the Door was written in Capital Letters, *Omnia Vanitas*: the Queen coming into the Court-Yard, and near entering the House, asked the Noble Man what that was which was written above; he told her; the Queen asked him what was the reason that he made his *Omnia* so short, and his *Vanitas* so long?

I have read there was a Goddess fastned to an Oak in a Grove, who for a long time had many Worshippers; but when the Tree was ready to fall, none would come within the shadow of her Statue.

Love and Respect are rarely found in lost Fortunes; and Adversity seldom meets with the returns of Friendship.

That which we call Kindness or Affection, is Interest; and we love one another only for our own Ends.

Charity, though a Saint, is yet without an Altar in the World; you will meet with many Men, which have much of the Heliotrope in them, which opens in the Sun-shine of Prosperity; but towards the Night of Adversity, or in Stormy Seasons, shuts and contracts its self.

And

And believe me, none will be so severe Enemies to you in Adversity, as those that in Prosperity have been your Friends.

Never spend presently, in hopes of future Gain: Merchants, during the Adventure of their Goods, do not increase in Domestick Expences, but fearing the worst, assure what is in hand.

Money in your Purse will credit you, Wisdom in your Head adorn you; but both in your Necessity will serve you.

A Masser en Saison, despenser per raison, font la un bonne Maison.

A seasonable Gathering, and a reasonable Spending, make a good House-keeping.

The *Venetians* make an Arch of Saint Mark's Church their Treasury, and their reason is,

*Quantum quisque sua Nummorum servat in arca
Tantum habet & Fidei---*

Balance your Expences by the just weight of your own Estate, and not by the poise of another's spending.

It's good Advise of the Philosopher, Measure the Stone by your Rule; and not your Rule by the Stone.

Prodigality is of the nature of the Viper, and eats out the Bowels of that Wealth which gave it Birth: Frugality and Industry are the Two Hands of Fortune.

Certain young Men being reproved by Zeno for their Prodigality, excused themselves saying, *They had Plenty enough out of which they did it:*
Will

Will you excuse a Cook, saith he, that should oversalt your Meat, because he hath store of Salt?

Prodigals may be compared to Fig-trees growing upon a Precipice, whose Fruit Men tast not, but Crows and Vultures devour.

Prodigality is ever attended by Injustice and Folly.

Keep a Mean, and a Mean will keep you ; if you go beyond that which is necessary, you must have first a Shoe buckled with Gold, then a Velvet Shoe, then an Embroidered one, for the thing that once exceeds the Mean, runs eternally without Limitation.

A good Layer up makes a good Layer out, and a good Sparer makes a good Spender. No Alchimy to saving.

Diogenes asked a Thirsty-Man but a Half-penny, of a Prodigal a Pound, *The former*, he said, *might give him often, but the latter would shortly have nothing to give.*

Getting is a Chance, but keeping a Virtue.

He that is sparing in every thing is a Niggard; he that spares in nothing, is Profuse : I love to spare in things least necessary, that I may be the more Generous and Liberal in what is most required in my Station.

He that is profuse in some kind of Expence, must be saving again in some other ; for he that is lavish to all Purposes, will with much difficulty be preserved from Decay. Get a habit of Frugality, for that will gain as well upon your Mind as upon your Estate.

A Man ought warily to begin Charges, which once begun will continue ; but in Matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

By Four things is an Estate kept ; First, by understanding it : Secondly, by not squandring it away

away before it comes in ; Thirdly, by frequent reck'ning with his Servants ; Fourthly, by keeping a quarterly Audit.

If out of Kindness you have lent Money to any Person, let him not continue it over-long, for the Interest of an old Debt is usually paid in ill Language.

At the first entrance into your Estate keep a low Sail ; you may rise with Honour, but you cannot decline without Shame.

Plato seeing a Young Man of a good Family, who had spent all his Estate, sitting at the Door of an Inn, feeding upon Bread and Water, he told him, *If you had dined temperately, you need never to have supped so.*

Young Gentlemen think it good Policy to wear their Lands upon their Backs, to see that no wast be done by their Tenants.

Make not the Sail too big for the Vessel, lest you sink it.

I would advise those who have the World before them, to be good Husbands betimes, for it's too late to spare at the bottom, when all is drawn out to the Lees.

I have seen some Persons who have had great Estates left them, to break their Fast in Plenty, Dine in Poverty, and Sup in Infamy.

That which by sparing is saved, may with Industry be Improved ; and what is so improved, may be again spared ; Frugality alone is but simple getting, but joyned with Industry is double.

The way to much is by a little ; for the greatest Sum, which can be imagined, began in a Penny : It's worth the minding how much he had for his Horse, who sold him but for a Half-peny a Nail doubled.

Add

*Add many lesser Numbers in Account,
Your Total will to a great Sum amount.*

A little Estate is a great while the getting; but a great one is soon gotten; for when a Man hath raised his Fortune to a considerable pitch, he grows rich apace.

S E C T. XV.

Of Riches.

I Was never born to be rich; and it is no great matter; for the more a Man hath, the more he wanteth.

Riches were desirable above all things, if they brought Content, as well as Content brings them; if we covet them for necessary Uses, he that needs the fewest things is the richest Man, and comes nearest to the Fulness of God himself, who wants nothing.

The common Gifts of Fortune are the Lot many times of the unworthiest of Men; but a Man's own solid worth is that which begets him Glory: Nobility and Riches are reputed to make Men happy: yet deserve not much to be commended, being derived from others: Virtue and Integrity, as of themselves they are lovely; so do they also give a singular lustre to the most excellent Person.

Crassus accounted him a Rich Man, who had an Estate to maintain an Army; but he that hath an Estate to maintain an Army, had need of an Army to maintain that Estate.

Get

Get the Possession of the whole Earth, and yet (as *Archidamus* told *Philip of Macedon*) if you measure your own Shadow, you shall not find it one jot longer than it was before.

When the Prophet *Zechary*, chap. 6. saw the Vision of the Four Empires, he asked of the Angel, *Qui sunt isti?* What are these? Who told him, *Isti sunt quatuor venti*; These are the Four Winds: To shew, that all the Riches and Glory of the World, are but a blast.

Christ himself gave us to understand what esteem we ought to have of Riches, when he gave *Judas* the Bag.

Providence hath placed all things that are for our Advantage, near at hand; but Gold and Silver, Nature hath hidden in the Bowels of the Earth, and they were mingled with Dirt till Avarice and Ambition parted them.

To be content is to be Rich; and this is an Estate that any Man that will may make himself Master of. To be Rich, is not to increase your Estate, but to retrench your Desires. You are not rich or poor by what you possess, but by what you desire; for he is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough; nor he poor that hath but little, but he that wants more. He to whom a little seemeth not enough, a great deal will seem but little.

The bravest Minds might be content with a little; but they stand upon their Honour, and other Men make them pay for it.

If you have more than you use, you have more than you need, and only a Burthen to you: If you be solicitous to increase your Wealth, you lose the true use of it; there is nothing your own, but what your self makes use of: And I must tell you, a Rich Fool is but a Wise Man's Treasurer.

Con;

Consider the Life of Man, how full of Vexatious Thoughts it is; with thinking, first, how to get Riches, and then how to keep them; afterward how to encrease them, and then how to defend and preserve them; and yet in the conclusion, all vanishes and falls to pieces.

The Rich Man, betwixt the Desire of Getting, and fear of Losing, lies exposed to all the Assaults of Fortune: The poor Man is Rich even in his Poverty, his Desires are squared to his Necessities, he fears nothing, because he hath nothing to lose that he cares for.

The fear of losing our Riches, is a great trouble, the loss of them a greater: and its yet made greater by Opinion. Nay, in the case of no direct loss at all, the Covetous Man loses what he doth not get.

It was *Avarice* that made *Theft* so *Capital a Crime*; it having with us a greater Punishment allotted to it than *Adultery*: Why *Adultery* should not be punished with *Death*, as well as *Theft*, I know no reason but only this; whereas Man *accounts* of his *Wife*; but only *Flesh* of his *Flesh*, and *Bone* of his *Bone*; he values his *Coin*, as the *Soul* of his *Soul*.

Virtue, which is the universal Medicine against all the Distempers of the Mind, contributes no more to the cure of this Phrensie of Covetousness, than *St. Bellen's Key* did to the cure of Mad Dogs, when the *Priests* burnt them on the Forehead with it.

In the whole *Pharmacopœa* there is no Receipt against this Disease.

The New World hath in a manner outdone the Old, for it hath sown Covetousness in our Minds, and hath quite extinguished Love and Kindness amongst Men, for all are wretchedly in love with Gold. A

A Covetous Man seems to be profuse by what he possesses, when he is the most sordid Wretch, if you consider what he uses and enjoys.

Riches well gotten are not altogether to be contemned; but he that grows rich at the cost of his Honour, loses more than he imagines.

Nature hath not confined our Happiness to great Fortunes alone; I can laugh and spend my time merrily, and yet am no Duke or Peer.

To desire little makes Poverty equal with Riches; he who wants, is not rich; nor he who wants not, poor; Riches are to be measured by their use: I cannot call large Possessions Riches, but so much as is necessary; and that which is necessary every Man may have, which is the Riches of Nature.

A little Wealth, will suffice us to live well, and less, to dye happily.

It's better to have enough, than to have much: He that hath much, desires more; which shews that he hath not yet enough; but he that hath enough, is at rest.

Alexander after all his Conquests complained that he wanted more Worlds; he desired something more, even when he had gotten all; And that which was sufficient for Human Nature, was not sufficient for one Man.

Cleobulus's Μέγρον δεινόν, a Mean is Best; and is to be prefer'd before an Imperial Crown, or the rich Mines of the *Indies*.

You may come to be rich by being poor in Desires: I account no Man richer or greater than my self, except he be more Virtuous.

I value *Apuleius's* Ass no more for his Gold, than I do *Alexander's* Great Horse for his Trappings.

What

What are Riches and Honour, but a superficial Fucus, or Varnish, to dazle the Eyes of Children or Fools? I desire to live in this World, so as it may hang about me like a light Garment, and not be tied too close to it.

A Rich Man is no way happier than another Man, but that he hath more Opportunities ministred unto him of doing more good than his Neighbour.

Riches and Greatness add nothing to me, but to illustrate my Humility.

Should a Courser that is adorned with Trappings of Gold and Purple, and carries a General in Triumph to the Capitol, take a Pride in the Arches, the Shouts and Acclamations of the People? Or rather complain of his Accoutrements, which are a burthen rather than an Ornament to him; Gold as it's glorious, so it's ponderous to. Alas, there are few that talk with you, but with your Fortune only; few that make Obeysance to you, but to the Dignity you bear; therefore no share remains to you, no more than to the Steed, but the pains and burthen.

Riches were invented for the ease and commodity of Life; but as Man hath made them, they serve for the greatest Trouble and Vexation; he that hath them in the greatest abundance, hath the greatest Cares, and ever the greatest Losses.

Nothing is richer than a poor Man; this I find in my self, who have not much; but while I enjoy a quiet and serene state of Mind, I possess the Treasures of the Universe.

All Men are Idolaters, some of Honour, others of Riches; I bless my Stars, I never bowed my Knee to any of those Idols.

Mony

Money is useleſs to me, any farther than to ſupply my wants : it was made to ſerve me, therefore I never act ſo below my ſelf, as to ſubject my ſelf to my Servant.

My Soul is too noble an Apartment to be filled with traſh ; 'tis a Monſtroſity in Nature, to be in love with Droſs.

Themistocles finding himſelf tempted to look upon great Treafure, bluſhed at his Error ; and turning to his Servant, ſaid, *Take thou That Money, for thou art not Themistocles.*

Bias made himſelf rich, by abandoning his Goods ; and his *Omnia mea mecum porto*, hath raiſed him a glorious Pyramid of Honour to all Poſterity, and ſet him under a Canopy of Immortality.

Tacitus obſerves, that *Vespasian* had equalled the greateſt of the *Roman Heroes*, if his Avarice had not leſſened his other Virtues.

Persens, out of love to his Treafures, loſt both his Kingdom and thoſe too ; being led in Triumph, in the Company of his Coffers, by a *Roman General*, who gloried, and is yet famous for having died almoſt a Beggar.

It was a brave Speech that *Evander* uſed to *Aeneas*.

*Aude hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo---*

The rich Man lives happily, ſo long as he uſeth his Riches temperately ; and the poor Man, who patiently endureth his Wants, is rich enough.

Methinks, when I ſee a poor Man drink out of his Hand, I could with *Diogenes*, throw away my Diſh ; and many times wiſh with *Crates*, *That the Stones were Bread, as well as*

the Water Drink, that we might have a certain Provision by Nature.

What is beyond that which is purely necessary to me, is useless; if I have a Groat in my Purse, I am a Debtor to Providence for its Kindness: If my Cloaths be sufficient to defend me from Heat and Cold, or my House from Wind and Rain, I expect no more; if I find any thing beyond, I can behave my self with Indifferency; I value not the Treasure of the *Samnites*, or the Delicacies of *Apicius*; neither would I, (if it were in my power,) with *Dionysius* the *Sicilian*, reward those who could invent any new pleasure.

I am not ambitious with *Scipio*, to be *Magnus*; or with *Fabius*, to be *Maximus*; nor do I affect great Riches or Honours, but look upon them as pretty little Toys and Nuts, which Fortune throws out to Men; just as we do to little Children, pleasing my self with tasting now and then one, which some Accident hath flung even to me too; whilst that others are struggling and contending who shall get the most.

Abundance is a Trouble, Want a Misery, Honour a Burthen, Advancement dangerous, but Competency a Happiness: I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want; and I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire; yet many times I admire my self at a greater rate than I deserve; not thereby to detract from my Neighbour, but to heighten my Debt to my Maker.

He lives well, that lives in Peace; and he is safely great that is great in his own Virtues. I do not admire Estates or Territories; for seeing Man is born Lord of all the World, I will not retrench my own right, by glorying in so little

a part of it, as that which will happen to my share.

I am not much delighted with the Regalios or Gaity of the World; I can do by them, as Princes do by great Banquets, look on them, and touch them, and so away: There was no Magick in that beautiful Face of *Darius's* Lady, which could have enchanted me; neither could the Eyes of *Cleopatra* have triumphed over the Powers of my Soul, as they did over *Cesar* and *Anthony*; for this I am beholden to my Stars; *Saturn* was Ascendant in my Nativity; I am but slow and dull, yet I can say at any time with a good heart, that Verse which *Cleanthes* hath made Famous.

Ἀγαστέ μεζὺ τῷ οὐ πεπεσμένῳ.

*Quocunque voles Jupiter, me ducito,
Tuque necessitas.*

For a Wilderness to me is as pleasant, as the Land of Promise; my Mind can find an Hermitage every where, and in the most numerous Assemblies of Men, in the greatest Cities, I very frequently find my self in a Desert.

When I hear the Nightingale sing in a Wood (where I often retire) I do envy her Happiness, because she is perched on the Pinnacle of her highest Felicity; free from Care and Toil, and entertaining her self in her Solitudes with her own Musick and warbling Notes.

Content is the *Elixir* of my Life; the true Philosopher's Stone, which infuses a Golden Tincture into all inferior Metals; and cures all the Diseases of my Soul, by reducing it to a right temper.

Of all Persons, I look upon them to be happy, who have their Estates in their own Hands, (I mean Labourers) for as they never gain much, so they are sure never to want but little.

However, let me advise you to make use of your Estate while you live; for when you dye you shall leave it to the greatest Enemies you have; who wished your Death when you were living.

And when you are Dead, you are no more concerned in that you shall leave behind you, than you were in that which was before you was born; therefore get well to live, and study to live well.

What madness is it to enrich a Man's Heir, and starve himself, and to turn a Friend into an Enemy? for his Joy will be proportioned to what you leave him,

Who shall receive the Interest of your Mony? Those that laugh at you for keeping your Coin for others to enjoy it.

Many times, with *Chaucer*,

*I scratch my Head where it doth not itch,
To see Men live poor to Die rich.*

I have often observed, some Men to enjoy less of all kind in their Riches, than others do in their Poverty.

*Ambitiosus honos, & opes, & tada voluptas,
Hec tria, pro Trino numine, mundus habet.*

I am of *Thales's* Opinion, that a Philosopher may be rich if he will; but a Man must not learn Philosophy to be Rich, but must get Riches to Learn Philosophy; for to the Poor,
the

the Cabinet of Nature is never opened; yet he that hath it is the Child of Providence.

Honour and Riches are the Two Wheels upon which the whole World is moved; these are the Two Springs of our Discontent.

I desire not great Riches, but such as I may get Justly, use Soberly, distribute Chearfully, and leave Contentedly.

S E C T. XVI.

Of Ambition and Great Places.

AMbition is never so High but it still thinks to mount, and that Station which lately seemed the top, is but a Step to her now; and what before was great in desiring, seems little, being once in Power.

He that is a Tribune would be a Prætor, the Prætor a Consul, never reflecting upon what he was, but only looking forward what he would be.

Ambition is that *Ixion's* Wheel, *Phaeton's* Chariot, and *Icarus's* Wings feigned by the Poets; through Ambition, only the Three Parts of the World could not fill the Three Corners of *Cesar's* and *Pompey's* Hearts.

*Hæc Crassos, hæc Pompeios evertit, & illum.
Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites.*

The whole World was not Elbow-room enough for the Ambition of *Alexander*.

Ambition puffs up with Vanity and Wind :
He that is ambitious will be tormented with
Envy at any Man that gets before him ; for in
that case he that is not first, is last.

Some Men are so ambitious of Honour, that
they had rather not be Good, than not Great.

Julius Caesar when he stood in Competition
with *Q. Catulus* for the Pontificate, his Mother
dissuaded him from it ; He told her ; *That e'er
Night he would be either the greatest Man in
Rome, or be banished out of it.*

I do not desire to advance to the Meridian of
Honour, that's but to undertake a Voyage to
the Globe of the Moon, from whence I can
expect no other Benefit than the danger of
its Influences.

He who flies too near the Sun of Honour,
Ambition will melt his Wings.

An Ambitious Man will do any thing to rise,
and when he is up, must do all things that are
worse, or else I know his Fate.

Ambition rides without Reins ; wherefore
have a care lest you catch a Fall.

God gives Wings to the Ant, that she may
destroy her self the sooner.

And many Men, like sealed Doves, they study
to rise higher and higher, they know not whi-
ther, little considering, that when they are
mounted to the Solstice of their Greatness,
every step they set is paved with Fate ; and their
Fall, how gentle soever, will never suffer them
to rise again.

Let it be your Ambition to be Wise, and your
Wisdom to be Good : Reject Faction and Sedi-
tion, and you are like a Ship in the Harbour, safe.

A Wise Man, like *Empedocles's* Sphere, is
round, and all like it self.

What

What is Honour, which the Ambitious Man seeks after? It's but a short-liv'd *Ephemer*; it's like a Rose which in the Evening makes its Tomb of the Scarlet, of which in the Morning it made its Cradle: And where is that Dignity which the next Moment may not be laid in the Dust?

The Fortune of the greatest Men run not up on the *Helix* that still enlargeth, but on a Circle, when arriving to their Meridian, they decline in Obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again.

The World is a Comedy, the best Actors are those that represent their Parts most naturally; but the Wisest do not always act Kings and great Lords, and are seldom the Heroes in the Play.

Advancements and Honours are not given according to Merit, but Pleasure, and Fortuitously: *Philip Comines* tells us, that at the Battle of *Mont'hery*, fought between *Lewis* the XI. of *France*, and *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, some lost their Offices for flying, which were bestowed upon others that fled Ten Leagues beyond them. *Luynes* from a Gentleman in *Decimo Sexto*, was made a Duke, a Peer, and High Constable of *France*.

Euripides, when his Father told him he was Knighted, made his Reply, *Good Father, you have that which every Man may have for his Money.*

How many Players have I seen upon a Stage fit to be Noble-men, and how many Noble-men fit only to represent them? Why, this can Fortune do, she makes some Companions of her Chariot, who for desert should be Lackies to her Ladyship.

The wisest Heads are not always the greatest Favourites of Fortune; it's Satisfaction enough to them to deserve, though not to enjoy the Favours of Fortune, and being enriched with higher Donatives, cast a more careless Eye on the vulgar parts of Felicity.

Many times it's in States as in the Balance, *Gravia descendunt, Levius ascendunt*; but like Apes, the higher they mount, the more they discover their Nakedness; and at best they are but the Royal Stamp set upon base Metal; the King may give them Honour, but not make them Honourable.

He who groweth great on a sudden, seldom governeth himself in the change: Extraordinary Favour to Men of weak or bad Deserts, doth breed Insolency in them, and Discontentment in others, Two dangerous Humours in a State.

When you are mounted to the *Zenith* of Glory, the least wrong step Casts you to the *Nadir* of Misery and Infelicity.

Consider in what great Honour and Reputation lived *Parmenio* with *Alexander*, *Eusebides* with King *Ptolomy*, *Aratus Signonius* with *Philip* of *Macedon*? What an illustrious and renowned Captain was *Actius* in Grace and Authority in the Days of the Emperor *Valentinian*? Consider, I say, the Requital and Infelicities of these gallant Persons for their noble Actions and Services, Men that had seen the Scenes of the greatest Actions in the World, yet every one of them might have said,

*Tantum mihi premium laborum
Sunt sapere & Pœnitere.*

And.

*And now for all my Labour what's the Prize,
But late Repentance and to grow Wise?*

Men in great Places, must meet with some strokes of Misfortune, from the ruder Ages they live in; as the highest Mountains are most subject to the Storms of Thunder, and the Battery of Hail; so those that are placed on High, are set up as Buts for Envy and Malice to shoot their Arrows at.

Those who are culminant, and in the Orb of Glory, must consider that Princes Favours are Perillous, and that it's a difficult thing to stand long firm on the Ice; and if his Feet begin to slip, his own weight will down with him; and when he is fallen, a whole Volley of Accusations are discharged upon him, and every Action of his examined and urged according to the Passion of the Complainants, and must be sure to hear of more Faults than his own.

Demosthenes, after a long Government in the Commonwealth, is reported to confess to his Friends, who came to visit him; that if, at the beginning, Two ways had been proposed before him, the one leading to the Tribunal of Authority, the other to his Grave; if he could have foreknown the Evils, the Terrors, the Calumnies, the Envy, the Contentions, the Dangers that Men in such Places must Customarily meet with, that he would much rather with Alacrity, have posted on to his Sepulchre than to his Greatness.

Plenitudo potestatis est plenitudo tempestatis.

A Man in great Place had need of a generous Patience to bear the Calumnies and Malice of

others: It will be Prudence in him to have some Ambitious Person about him which may serve as a Skreen to keep off the Indignities and Affronts which may be offered.

He that is advanced to Grandeur, must necessarily contract Envy (which is the Canker of Honour,) for Advancement's like the growth of lofty Trees, which casting a great Shadow, hinder the young Plants from increasing, it makes Envy in the Grantees, and Despair amongst Equals.

Honour being desired of many, upon Necessity he that aspires to it, must for his Advancement, be envied by many, and for his Authority hated; tho' all Things be well managed, yet they persuading themselves that they might be better acted, and fearing they might be worse, conspire the ruin of him that doth enjoy it.

The greatest in Trust, of Publick Affairs, are ever shot at by the aspiring of those who deem themselves less in Imployment than in Merit. Great ones may secure themselves from Guilt, but not from Envy.

The Malicious are never without some secret Trains and Mines to turn Envy and Hatred upon the Ascendent and Man of Honour.

He that is in great Place, had need have as many Eyes as *Argus* to watch, as many Hands as *Typhæus* to dispose and order Things, and as many Arms as *Briareus* to defend himself against Calumny and Malice.

Greatness stands upon a Precipice, and if Prosperity carries a Man never so little beyond his poize, it over-bears him, and dashes him to pieces.

It's much safer and quieter living upon the level, than by laborious climbing up the craggy Rocks of Ambition, to aspire to Sovereignty.

The rising to Honour and great Place, is many times by winding Stairs, and it's rarely but there is a mixture of Good and Evil Arts: If you be just in your Place, you displease the People; if unjust, God; and more Men are undone for their Virtues, than for their Vices.

*How desperate is our Fate,
What hazard do we run?
We must be Wicked to be Great,
And to be Just, Undone.*

Those that are carried away with the Whirlwind of Ambition, when they are raised to great Place, their Motto is *Sursum*, and the first Thing they practise besides their Pride, is to forget all their Friends; this made an *Italian* Gentleman to write to a great Friend of his upon his Advancement to be Cardinal; *That he was very glad of his Advancement for the Cardinal's own sake, but was sorry that he had lost so good a Friend.*

The Ambitious Man to mount to Honour, cringes to all People, but so soon as he is mounted, it's usual with him to take his Revenge by huffing every Body; his Employment requires that he should be free to all Men, but his Pride and ill Humour makes him acceptable to no Man.

Ambitious Men are of all Men most miserable, for they are wholly taken up with expectation of future Things; and they being uncertain, are perpetually afflicted with anguish of Mind and Fears; and at last perceiving they are fallen

fallen from their Expectation, which their Hopes held out to them, they become most grievously perplexed.

Cares and Infelicities are Attendants in ordinary to Greatness; High Regions are never without Storms: Honours, like great Ships, are ever laden with Troubles and Cares.

If those that are mad after Honour and great Place, could but look into the Hearts of those that now enjoy them, how would it startle them to see those hideous Cares and Crimes that wait upon Ambitious Greatness?

It's true, they have now and then their Delights, but not without heavy and anxious Thoughts, even in their Enjoyments; their Felicities are full of Disquiet, and not Sincere; and they had need of one Pleasure to support another.

Every Misfortune of Men in great Place, commonly procures them as much Dishonour as if they had been Perfidious in their Practice, and their unhappiness is deemed for Crimes.

The most Illustrious State, how Glorious soever it's in Shew, hath at the bottom of it only Anxiety and Care: Princes Palaces and Temples of Honour, are but empty Names.

He that is in publick Place is by Duty a publick Servant; otherwise it may be said to him what the old Woman said to *Adrian* the Emperor, *Renounce then thy Place, as thou dost thy Duty.*

Men in great Place are Strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of Business, have no time to tend their own Welfare: for *In Magna Fortuna, est Minima Libertas.*

A Life without Rest is painful, like a long Way wherein there is no Inn.

The

The Front of the Palace of Honour is Splendid and Magnificent, but the back Parts are not so: The Entry into Dignities is crowned like a Victory, but the *Exit* many times Tragical; and he that enters by the Gate of Favour, commonly comes out by the Door of Disgrace.

It's strange for Men to seek Power and lose Liberty, or seek Power over others, and to lose Power over a Man's self; the rising into a high Place is Laborious, and by Pains they come to greater Pains, and by Indignities to Dignities.

What is Grandeur but *Speciosa Molestia*? They who look upon a Diadem, and the Lustre of the Jewels set in it, may apprehend somewhat to delight their Eyes, but could they but understand how many Cares are lodged and concentred within the Pale and Circle of the Crown, I may say in the Words of a great King, *They would scarce take it up for the wearing, tho' it lay in their way.*

It was no doubt a sad Experience which wrang those Words from *Cæsar's* Mouth, *When you would express a Mass of Cares and Crosses, Cōgita Cæsarem, think upon Cæsar.*

And tho' you see them send out great Navies, command Legions, and compassed with Faithful Guards, yet you must not think they all live quiet, or do partake of real Pleasure, for all these are but ridiculous Pageantry and real Dreams: Fears and Cares are not Things that are afraid of the Noise of Arms, nor stand in awe of the brightness of Gold, or splendor of Purple, but boldly intrude themselves into the Hearts of Princes and Potentates; and like the Vulture which the Poets talk of, gnaw and prey upon their Hearts.

What:

What are all Titles of Honour? They are nothing but a more glorious Sound: Equipages of Honour, tho' they may seem Splendid and Illustrious, yet our Understanding tells us they are only out-side.

When we shall put off this Robe of Mortality, and walk among the Stars, and shall from the Theatre of Heaven look down upon Earth, how shall we be surpris'd to behold the Palaces of Princes, the Pageantry of the Court, the Pismires of Ambition, and the Fantasticoes of Honour?

I am a Man of no Title, yet I am Great, and make a good Figure in my own Microcosm, for I am Master of my self.

It's Wisdom in him that hath been exalted in the Sphere of Honour, and hath acted Things of Grandeur, to secure the Glory of them to withdraw in time; a continued Prosperity is always to be suspected.

It's the Policy of a cunning Gamester, to give over while he Wins; when Prosperity is a Game, nothing is so certain as ill Luck.

It's better to sit down with Honour, than to attend the Changes of an unconstant Fortune.

Charles the Fifth, that eldest Son of Glory, triumphed over the World by his Fortune, and at last by a glorious Retreat, triumphed over Fortune, by moderating his Ambition.

Fortune's like Pyrates that wait for Vessels till they are full Fraught; the Counter-plot must be to take some Port betimes.

I much honour the Bravery of that *Roman*, who said, He had obtained all Dignities before he desired them, and had left them all before they were desired of others.

I desire no Honour nor Preferment, for that would declare that I prefer more what others can bestow, than what I possess my self: nothing can make me greater, being Virtuous: I am high enough, if I stand upright; I am not born under *Sol* to love Honour, but under *Jupiter* to love Business; Humility shuns Honour, and is the way to it.

I am not ambitious to have a rich *Mausoleum* when I am Dead, a stately Sepulchre, or a beautiful Urn for the Repose of my Body, or that my Name should be engraven in Brass or Marble; if Providence shall bless me that I may have a little Stone to cover me, I desire this Word for my Epitaph, may be Engraven upon it,

E V A S I.

I have escaped all Honours.

There was a delicate smooth Brook betwixt a Wood and a Meadow, that serv'd both Birds and Beasts for a common Rendezvous, as well for Conveniency as for Pleasure. Among other Conversations there was a mighty Kindness struck up betwixt an *Ermin* and a *Hern*, and in great Admiration they were at the Plumes of the one, and the Furr of the other. As they were one day discoursing upon this Subject, there happen'd to pass by them a Cavalier, bravely Mounted and Accoutred in a Velvet Cap, set up with a Tuft of *Hern* Tops, and a Coat of the same Stuff, lin'd with *Ermin*. Pray will you mind that Blade, says the *Hern*, how he Vapours in our Livery. Ay ay, says the *Ermin*, that Coat of his has cost our Family Dear, so it has says the other, and it makes my very Heart

Heart ake to think how many of our Peoples Lives have been sacrificed to that Wretche's Vanity and Pride ; but they that have no Friends at Court, either with the Eagle or the Lion, must sit down with the Loss, and have no remedy but Patience. But keep up a good Heart however, for all this, says 'tother, for there is one that is more above them than they are above us, and one that will avenge our Cause, when we least think on't.

S E C T. XVII.

Of the Art to be Happy.

TO be Happy is a blessed State ; and that every Man may have if he pleases.

If you will be Happy, correct your Imagination by Reason, reject Opinion, and live according to Nature.

Tranquillity of Mind, and indolency of Body, are the compleat Felicities of Life.

Happiness consists not in Sovereignty, or Power, or in great Riches ; but in a right composition of your Affections, and in directing all your Actions according to right Reason.

There are two principal Diseases of the Mind, Desire and Fear : Temperance is my Buckler against Desire ; Fortitude against Fear : The one supports the Mind, when it desires ; the other exalts it when it fears.

It's Reason which rescues us from the Violence of Desires and Fears, and teacheth us temperately to sustain the Injuries of Fortune, and shews us all the ways which lead to Quiet and Tranquillity.

So order your self, that you cut off all vain Desires, and contract your self within the Boundaries of Nature, which are Necessaries; they are so few and small, as hardly any unkindness of Fortune can rob you of them; they that covet Things useles and superfluous, enjoy not even those that are Necessary; every Place yields enough for Necessaries, and no Kingdom is sufficient for Superfluities; it's the Mind that makes us Happy in a Desert.

It's the Infelicity of many Men to covet the greatest Things, but not to enjoy the least; desire of that we neither have or need, takes from us the true use and fruition of that we have already.

I always set before me that *Delphick Oracle*,
Nil nimium Cupito.

Whatsoever I desire, I always have; because I desire nothing but what I can have.

Where our Desires are Unreasonable, we must expect Disappointments.

To be moderate in your Desires, is an instance of Prudence; and not like *Sannio* in the Comedy, *Spem pretio emere.*

I am never troubled for what I have not, but rejoyce for what I have.

He is richest who is contented, for Content is the Riches of Nature.

I can be as Content, and think my self as happy in a Galley, as in Paradise; nothing is so pleasant to me, as a serene and secure State of Mind, not distracted with any Passions.

A contended Mind is more worth than all the Spice and Treasure of both the *Indies*: and he that is Master of himself in an Innocent and Homely Retreat, enjoys all the Wealth and Curiosities of the Universe.

An inward Peace of Mind does more than atone for the want of outward Felicity.

I envy the Happiness of none, because I am contented with my own.

I covet nothing; I had rather beg of my self not to desire any Thing, than of Fortune to bestow it: If I might have the whole World for asking, I would not desire it.

What are Riches? Riches are but Cyphers, it's the Mind that makes the Sum: What am I the better for a great Estate, if I am not contented with it? The desires of having, will quickly take away all the Delights and Comforts in possessing; *Alexander* upon his Imperial Throne, with a Restless and an Ambitious Mind, is in a worse Condition than *Diogenes* in his Tub.

He that doth not think his own Estate, how little and small soever, to be sufficiently ample, though he should become Lord of the whole World, will ever be miserable; for Misery is the Companion of Want; and the same vain Opinion which first persuaded him, that his own Estate was not sufficient, will continue to persuade him that one World is not sufficient, but that he wants more and more to infinity.

If in the Lottery of the World, it be my Fortune to draw a Prize, I am not proud of my good Luck; if I draw nothing but Blanks, I am not troubled at my ill Fortune.

If all the Glories and Excellencies in the Universe were contracted into a Point, they would not be worth the Thoughts of a brave Soul.

Let my Cloaths be never so Fine and Rich, (which is the Pride of others) they add nothing to my Content, but much to my Grief; when I consider they were first made to cover my Shame and my Nakedness.

I can wear a Thred-bare Cloak, with as much satisfaction as if it were Fresh, and made of the finest Wooll: I never heard that an Imperial Crown cured the Head-ach, or a Golden Slipper the Gout.

A Fever is as troublesome upon a Couch of State, as upon a Flock-Bed.

I feel no want of Scarlet, Diamonds, Pearls, Jewels or Rich Embroidery, so long as I have but coarse and easie Garments to keep away the Cold.

He that bounds his Desires is happier than all the Mines in *Peru* can make him. I can be as content in *Ragusa*, as in the *Seraglio*. I value not a *Sicilian* Table to eat at, or *Dionysius's* Chamber of State to Sleep in; let me have a Dish of Coleworts to my Dinner, and a Truss of Straw at Night to Sleep on, and I shall not envy the Grand Seignior.

As a Wise Man ought not to desire any thing that is superfluous, but confine himself to Necessaries; so a brave Man must not suffer the tranquillity of his Mind to be disturbed by any Calamity or Adversity whatsoever.

The World may make a Man Unfortunate, but not Miserable; that is from himself.

No Man can be happy that doth not stand firm against all Contingencies; and say to himself in all Extremities, *I should have been content, if it might have been so, or so; but since it's otherwise determined, God will provide better.*

He that will live happily, must neither trust to good Fortune, nor submit to bad; he must be prepared against all Assaults.

A wise Man will be happy in all Conditions; for he subjects all Things to himself, because he submits himself to Reason, and governs himself by Wisdom, not Passion.

He that is not content in any State, will be content in no State, for the Fault is not in the Thing, but in the Mind.

A brave Man hath Fortune under his Feet: To be troubled as little as may be, is an useful Science, and the Sum of all the Happiness of our Life.

I only enjoy that which is present; I have no regard to the future, for that may not be: Hopes or Fears never perplex me; I rest satisfied with what I have, and by that means want nothing.

I never torment my self afresh with the Memory of what is past, or afflict my self with the apprehension of Evils to come; for the one doth not now concern me, nor is the other yet come; and there may be Remedies provided for the Mischiefs to happen, for they give us warning by some Signs of their approach.

It's folly to fear where there is a Remedy: He that troubles himself sooner than he needs, grieves also more than is necessary; for the same weakness that makes him anticipate his Misery, makes him enlarge it too: the Wise
forti-

fortify themselves by Reason, and Fools by Despair.

It's a ridiculous thing to be miserable beforehand, for fear of Misery to come; for a Man loses the present, which he might enjoy in expectation of the future: Nay, the fear of losing any thing, is as bad as the loss it self: Miseries are endless if we stand in fear of all possibilities.

When I am surprized with the fear of any Misfortune, I a little qualify my fears with Hopes; this serves to palliate my Misfortune, though not to cure it.

Never antedate your own Misfortunes; it's time enough to bear Misfortunes when they come; the ills which you fear you may suffer, you suffer in the very fear of them; and there is not any thing that you fear, which is so certain to come, as it's certain that many things which you do fear, will not come to pass.

Why should you torment your self at present, with what, perhaps, may happen out Forty Years hence? This Humour is a kind of a voluntary Disease, and an industrious Contrivance of your own unhappiness, and to complain of an Affliction that you do not feel.

'Tis time enough to lament when the Mischief is come, and in the interim to promise your self the best; what do you know but something may delay or divert it?

The Moor *Abul*, Brother and Heir to the King of *Granada*, being taken Prisoner in *Solobenia*, to beguile his Misery, used sometime to play at Checks, (a true representation of the Game of Fortune;) he was no sooner set down, but in comes a Courier to tell him he must prepare himself to Die; Inexorable Death comes
al-

always post : the Moor desired him to respite for Two Hours ; the Commissary thought it too long, but yet granted him leave to play out his Game ; he play'd and won both his Life and the Kingdom ; for before the Game was ended, another Post arrived with News of the King's Death, whereby the City of *Granada* presented him with their Keys.

No Man hath reason to complain when we are all in the same condition ; he that escaped might have suffered ; whatsoever may be any Mans lot, never complain if it be your own.

I am prepared against all Misfortunes and Infelicities, expecting whatsoever may be, will be.

Must I be poor ? I shall have Company : Must I be banished ? I'll think my self born there ; and the way to Heaven is alike in all Places.

Have I any Injuries done me ? they are but so many Robes of Honour, which I can chearfully wear ; and out of the greatest Infelicities, I can raise Trophies, and a Triumphal Arch : I have this comfort in my Misfortunes, that wherefore ever I go, I have the same Nature, the same Providence, and I carry my Virtues along with me.

If I have lost any thing, it was adventitious ; and the less Mony, the less Trouble ; the less Favour, the less Envy : Is your Treasure stolen ? it's not lost, but restored ; he is an ill Debtor that counts repayment loss. What is it that I labour, sweat, and solicit for ? When it's very little that I want, and it will not be long that I shall need any thing.

What-

Whatsoever happens to me, I am never surprized at it; for I have ever in my Thoughts, that whatsoever may be, will be; and that which may fall out at any time, may fall out this very Day.

All Infelicities and Sufferings are easie to me, because I make them familiar to me in my contemplation; what wonder is it to lose any thing at any time, when we must one day lose all?

When I see any infelicity to fall upon another; I conclude, that though the Mischiefe fell upon another, it was levelled at me: when there are so many Thousands of Dangers hovering about us, what wonder is it if one comes to hit me at last?

Calamity and Affliction can never shake or disturb a brave Soul.

I can patiently undergo the *Tympanism* of the *Greeks*, or the *Petalism* of the *Athenians*; and can triumph more for the honour of my Suffering, than I am concern'd for the pain I suffer; for this I am beholden to those gallant Heroes, *Metellus*; who suffered Exile resolutely, *Rutillus* chearfully, *Cato* Death constantly.

Phalaris's Bull, and a Bed of Roses are all one to me; I must confess while I am in the Bull, by reason of my Body, I may drop a Tear, and send forth a Groan; but my Mind is impassable above all Grief or Pain,

It's the excellency of a great Mind to triumph over all Misfortunes and Infelicities.

He that gallantly encounters Misfortunes and the Infelicities of the World, is as valiant as *Hector*, and may stand in competition with *Cesar* for his Virtues and Bravery.

All the Distempers of this Life, if they be long, they have their intervals, and give us some ease; if short and violent, either they dispatch us, or consume themselves; so that either their respite makes them tolerable, or the extremity makes them easie.

Misfortunes and Troubles should no more disturb or break a Courageous Heart, than those Rods hurt the Noble *Persians* Skins, which whipped their Cloaks instead of their Bodies: A generous Spirit must resist all Encounters constantly, as the Rocks do the Waves of a great and tempestuous Ocean.

Misfortunes are a kind of Discipline of Humanity.

There are Tempests and Hurricanes in the Life of Man; it's prudence to put into a safe Harbour to let them blow over.

If you fall into any great Misfortune, disengage your self as well as you can, creep through those Bushes which have fewest Briars.

They who least shrink at the Storms of Fortune, are alway most Virtuous and Victorious in the end.

When I have any Infelicity fallen upon me, to abate my Discontent (if I have any) I have Two Remedies, Diversion of my Thoughts from the Infelicity; and an Application of them to those things which I know to be grateful and pleasant to my Mind.

I always bear my Mind above the Clouds; Tempests cannot reach me; I am not shaken with Winds, nor battered with Thunder.

The discontent which we receive from any Infelicity, is not founded in Nature, but merely in Opinion, and so become great or small according as it's apprehended; and they have the
greatest

greatest share of it, that believe they have it; if the Opinion were right and sound, we should never be moved at any such Infelicity; for that all those things are extraneous to us, and touch us not indeed, but only by the Mediation of an Opinion we have framed to our selves.

How is it? I have a Ship at Sea, laden with a rich Cargo; and this Ship is cast away by a great Tempest, and I know it not; I am not a whit less Chearful and Merry, than if it were not cast away; is it not then Opinion only which discontents me? for if Nature did it, at the same Minute wherein the Ship was cast away, my Mind would be struck with the sense of the loss of my Ship: And the like would be perceived in the loss of any other thing.

It's the part of a Wise Man to foresee Misfortunes, and to prevent them before they come; of a Valiant Man to order them well when they come.

S E C T. XVIII.

Of the Regimen of Health, and of Temperance and Sobriety.

PLato when he returned to Athens from his Travels, was asked by the Philosophers there, *If he had seen any notable thing in Trinacria, which is now called Sicily?* Answered, *Vidi Monstrum in Natura, Hominem bis Saturatum in Die*; and this he said, because he saw Dionysius the Tyrant, who first invented to eat at Noon, and afterwards to sup at Night. In antient time they did use to Sup, and not to

G

Dine:

Dine: All Nations in the World did eat at Night, only the *Hebrews* did feed at Noon.

We heap Suppers upon Dinners, and Dinners upon Suppers without intermission; it costs us more to be miserable, than would make us perfectly happy.

Vita nostra est instar Comedie, our Life is like a Comedy; the Break-fast is the Prologue, a Dinner the Interlude, a Supper the Epilogue.

We do not Eat to satisfy Hunger, but Luxury and Ambition; we are Dead while we are alive, and our Houses are so much our Tombs, that a Man might write our Epitaph upon our very Doors; *We are poison'd in the very Pleasures of Luxury, and betrayed to a Thousand Diseases by the indulging of our Palate.*

Every Man is his own *Atropos*, and by his intemperance lends a Hand to cut the Thred of his Life: Excess may be good Physick, but it's bad Diet; give me the Man that takes his Meat as a sick Man doth his Physick, merely for Health sake; *Tiberius's* Aphorism is good, *That every Man is his own best Physician, and his Life sets a Probatum est to it*, Observe *Cato's* Rule, *Eat to live, not live to eat.* We pass the bounds of Nature, and sally out into Superfluities; in so much that it's now adays only for Beggars to content themselves with what is sufficient.

Pulse and Leguminous Food was a great part of the Diet of our Forefathers before the Flood; and the *Romans* which were called *Pultifagi*, fed much on Pulse for Six Hundred Years.

Many other Nations, as the *Japanneses*, *Chinenses*, the *Africans* in sundry Regions, and the *Turks* which live chiefly on Rice and Fruits, yet they live very long and healthfully.

It's a pleasant Hunger to eat Herbs, and a dainty Thirst to drink Water. When *Darius* had a Cup of Gold Water given him, he received it thankfully, and profest it was the best Draught that ever he drank in his Life; but peradventure *Darius* was never Thirsty before.

I value not the *Persian* Luxury, the Delicacies of *Apicius*, the *Calydonian* Wine, nor the Fish of *Hyracama*; the coarsest Meat and Drink afford me no less pleasure than the greatest Delicacies: Barly-Bread and Water are highly pleasant, if taken only when we Hunger and Thirst.

Artaxerxes, the Brother of *Cyrus*, being overthrown in Battle, was constrained to sit down with dried Figs and Barly-Bread, which upon proof he found so good, as he seriously lamented his Misfortune, in having been so long time a Stranger to that great Pleasure and Delight which Nature and simple Food yields; when it meets with true Hunger.

Temperance augments things that are pleasant, and maketh the pleasure it self greater; and ordinary Fare is made equal in sweetness to the greatest Dainties.

For my own part, when I eat coarse Bread, and drink Water, or sometimes augment my Commons with a little Cheese (when I have a mind to Feast extraordinarily,) I take great delight in it, and bid defiance to those Pleasures which accompany the usual Magnificence of Feasts: And if I have no more than Maze, Lentils, decocted Barly, and clean Water, I think my Table so richly furnished, as that I dare dispute Felicity even with *Jove* himself.

I must confess, as to my Diet, I am not very curious; if I lived in *France* I could eat their

Dishes of Frogs, Toad-stools, and Snails : When I am amongst the *Jews*, I can eat Locusts and Grasshoppers, and think them to be pleasant Viands: and to speak freely to you, If I were amongst the *Canibals*, I could without any disgust eat Man's Flesh, for all things are in every thing; there is Bread in Flesh, and Flesh in Bread.

Happy is that Man that eats for Hunger, and drinks for Thirst; that lives according to Nature; and by Reason, not by Example; and provides for use and necessity, and not for Ostentation and Superfluities.

If Mankind would only attend Humane Nature, without gaping after Superfluities, a Cook would be found as needless, as a Soldier in time of Peace : We may have Necessaries upon very easie Terms, whereas we put ourselves to great Pains for Excess.

When *Adas* Queen of *Caria* sent *Alexander* Sauces and Sweet-meats delicately prepared, by the best Cooks and Artists, he said, *I have better Confections of my own, viz. My Night-travelling for my Dinner, and my Spare-Dinner for my Supper.*

The *Thracians*, when *Agessalus* marched thro' their Country, presented him with Corn, Geese, Sweet-Meats, Cheese-cakes, and all sorts of Delicacies both of Meat and Drink; he accepted the Corn, commanded them to carry back the rest as useless and unprofitable to him; but they importunately pressing him to take all, he ordered them to be given to the *ἑιλωται* the Slaves; and when some asked the Reason, he replied, *They that professed Bravery, ought not to meddle with such Delicacies; and whatsoever takes with Slaves, cannot be agreeable to the Free.*

The

The more simple the Diet is, the better is the Chile; for variety of Meats and Drink; doth beget various and diverse Spirits, which have a conflict amongst themselves.

By a moderate Diet the strength of the Body is supported, the Spirits are more Vigorous and Active, Humours attenuated, Crudities and Obstructions prevented, many Infirmities check'd and kept under; the Senses preserved in their Integrity, the Stomach clean, the Appetite and Digestion good.

If you have as many Diseases in your Body, as a Bill of Mortality contains, this one Receipt of Temperance will cure them all.

The *Caridians*, by reason of their singular Temperance and Sobriety, are free from an infinite number of Indispositions whereunto other Nations are subject; nay, they are so vigorous in the Extremities of Age, that when an Hundred Years Old, they commonly beget Children, and have no gray Hairs.

The present *Egyptians* who are observed (by *Alpinus*) to be the fattest Men, and to have Breasts like Women, owe much, as he conceives, unto the Water of *Nile*, and their Diet of Rice, Pease, Lentils and white Cicers: and we read in *Daniel*, how Pulse and Water made the Four children fairer in Countenance; and fatter in Flesh, than they which fared on the Royal Provision.

The *Persians* in their time, the most Vigorous and the best disciplined People on Earth, eat a little *Nasturtium Cresses*, or *Wild Mint*, with their Bread, and that was all the Victuals that this brave Nation used, when they made Conquest of the World.

The *Thracian* Women, that they might bring forth strong and healthful Children, eat nothing but Milk and Nettles.

The *Cynick* in *Athenaus*, makes iterated Courses of Lentils, and prefers that Diet before the Luxury of *Seleucus*.

But the *Oeconomy* and Order of living, and the Scenes of *Humane* Life are since much changed; if we live temperately, it's for Ambition, and upon Design, not to serve the Intentions of Nature.

It's storied of Pope *Sextus*, that before he arrived to that Honour, he Eat and Drank nothing but Bread and Water, saying,

*Panis & Aqua,
Est Vita Beata.*

But having once seated himself in the *Porphyry* Chair, he refused to stoop to such a coarse Fare when it was offered him, giving him his Reason from the Counterposition of the Words;

*Aqua & Panis,
Est Vita Canis.*

Now adays instead of Water (which was the greatest part of the Drink in the *Ante-deluvian* World; and very congenial to the Temper of Man) we drink *Brandy*, *Usquebaugh*, *Aqua vita*, which are pernicious Drinks, if commonly used; they destroy the *Calidum innatum*, prey upon the roscid Juice, change the natural tone of the Stomach, the Texture of the Body, and the Crases of the Parts; hence come *Atrophies*, the Imbecillity of our Nerves, and Trepidation of our Members, which is effected by the disorderly

derly Motions of the animal Spirits, being impelled and agitated preternaturally by the Spirits of strong Liquors. Wine is an excellent Liquor if moderately used; it's a great refresher of decayed Nature, it fortifies the Stomach, strengthens the natural Heat, helps Digestion, carries the Food to all the Parts, cheers the Heart, and wonderfully refresheth the Spirits.

The Ancients called it *Lac Senum*, the Milk of old Men; but by modern Practice it's found, that if they suck too much of it, it will make them Children.

Nothing can be of worse Consequence to any, than the constant and immoderate use of it.

Sapientia in sicco residit, non in Paludibus & Lacunis; Wisdom's Residence is in a dry Region, not in Bogs and Fens.

Heraclitus left it for a Maxim, *Lux sicca anime sapientissima*; A dry Light makes the wisest Mind, but it becomes *Madida & Macerata*, being steep'd in the Spirit of Wine.

Strength and Beauty are the Goods of the Body, Temperance and Prudence the Crown of Old Age.

Il Vino non ha timone; Wine, says the Italian, hath no Stern: Discretion is not then any longer their Pilot, nor the light of Reason the Pole, by which they should direct their Actions to a safe Harbor.

The Vine beareth three Grapes, the First of Pleasure, the Second of Drunkenness, the Third of Repentance.

The Jewish Rabbies observe, that Noah when he first planted Vines, took the Blood of an Owl, of an Ape, and of a Lion, and watred the Roots of his Vines with them; hence it is, that Men when they are drunk with Wine, some

play the Owl, and sit up all Night, Bite and Scratch; others like the Ape and Lion, are Antick and Furious.

If it shall be your unhappiness at any time to be overtaken with Wine, observe the Directions of the School of *Saturn*.

*Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio Vini,
Hoc tu mane bibas iterum, & fuerit Medicina.*

*If over Night thou tak'st a Dose,
And find'st thy self amiss;
Thou must next Morn another take,
No Remedy like this.*

Sobriety is that which will secure you against all Distempers, and make Life pleasant to you; for the Harvest of Diseases doth arise from the Seeds of Intemperance.

By Sobriety, there is a good and perfect Concoction made; the Meat you eat, when it's well elaborated and transmuted in such manner as is proper for each Digestion, then a good habit of Body is established, the Mass of Blood hath it's pure Tincture, all the Liquors of the Body have their peculiar Properties suitable to the Intention of Nature; but if the Crases of the parts be perverted by Intemperance, then the Alimentary Juices do degenerate from their Purity, the Mass of Blood and the Nervous Liquor are depraved, and the whole habit of the Body disordered.

Abstinence plucks up the cause of all Diseases by the Roots, in the inward Veins it takes away the *Butomia*, which is caused by the ill Disposition of the Stomach, and that Melancholick Humour which is seated in the Tunicles thereof,

of, and reduces the natural Temper to a just Mediocrity.

By Temperance Men shut up their Days like a Lamp, only by a pure Consumption of the Radical Moisture, without Grief or Pain.

If the World consists of Order, if our Life depends on the Harmony of Humours, it's no wonder that Order should preserve, and Disorder destroy.

A spare and simple Diet contribute to the Prolongation of Life.

Mangiera Piu Chy manco Mangia; He that will Eat much, let him Eat little, because by Eating little he prolongs his Life, and so eats much.

The Emperor *Augustus* died at the Age of Sixty Six, in all which time he never Purged or let Blood, neither did he use Physick, but every Year he entred the Bath, every Month he did Vomit, every Week he did forbear to Eat one Day, and every Day he did walk one Hour.

If you will have a constant vigorous Health, a perpetual Spring of Youth, use Temperance.

The Sect of the *Essenes* among the *Jews*, by reason of their simple and abstemious Diet, did usually extend their Life to an Hundred Years.

The *Stoicks* and *Cynicks* are very long Livers in *Laertius*.

There was a Priest was made a Dean, and by reason of his spare Diet lived to 186 Years of Age, and when he died had this Epitaph,

*Hic jacet Edentulus, Canus atque Decanus,
Rursus dentescit, Nigrescit & hic requiescit.*

One *Brawn* an *Irish-Man*, but a *Cornish Beggar*, who lived to a great Age, by reason of his

simple course of Life, had the Honour of this Inscription upon his Grave-stone,

*Here Brawn the Common Beggar lies,
Who counted by his Tale,
Some Six-score Winters and above,
Such Virtue there's in Ale.*

*Ale was his Meat, his drink and Cloth,
Ale did his Death reprieve;
And could he still have drank his Ale,
He had been still alive.*

Xequepeer, a Moor who lived in the City of Bengala, Anno Dom. 1586, by reason of his Austerity and Abstinence, lived 300 Years, if we may believe *Ferdinand Lopez*, the King of Portugal's Historiographer.

I do think that Man, if he lived according to Nature, and duly observed the Regimen of Health, he might live to a long Duration, for Man is naturally Immortal, that is to say, he hath a *Posse non mori*, as appears both before the Fall, and shall be evident after the Resurrection; yea, after his Fall he could live near a Thousand Years; tho' by degrees the length of Life was abbreviated, yet that Abbreviation of Life was accidental, and consequently may be repaired in whole or in part; and upon search we shall find the accidental cause of this Abbreviation, was not from the Heavens, or any other than the defect of a true Regimen of Health.

And *Adam* after his Fall, if he had eaten of the Tree of Life, he had lived for ever; and this doth appear, *Gen. 3. Let us drive man out of Paradise, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever.*

Artephens

Artephens having found out the Virtues of Stones, Herbs, &c. both for the Knowledge of Nature, and especially for the prolongation of Life, did glory that he had lived One Thousand Twenty Five Years.

If the *Humidum radicale*, & *calidum innatum*, be kept in their right state and due temper (as they may be) I see not (for any thing that is in Nature) but Man may extend his Life to a great Age.

I have lived in the Reign of Five Kings, yet I can by no other Calculation, than that of my Sins, be found to be old; by reason of the regularity of my Life, I have a perpetual Spring in me; I never met with an Autumn, or knew any thing of the fall of the Leaf; but Vigor and Strength like the Sun in its Glory, visit all my Quarters: After a small pittance, I find a sound and quiet Sleep all Night long; and at peep of the Day I get up as fresh as the Morning it self.

The Ground of all our Diseases, and the shortening of Life, is from the excessive Eating of Flesh and other Meats.

How many Warlike Nations, and strong Cities, that have stood invincible to Attacks and Sieges, hath Luxury overcome? Consider the *Romans* when they came to their *Jecur Anserinum*, their *Porcus Trojanus*, *Sumen*, *Uvedula*, *Ficedula*, and their generous Wines, *Cecuba* and *Falerna*, they became effeminate, and by them were more overcome, than formerly by their greatest Enemies.

There are many Impressions and Alterations made upon our Bodies by the Food which nourish them, and change the Constitution into its Complexion.

Those

Those who eat of the Flesh of a Cat, (being provoked into a Fury by beating of her,) make those rabid that eat of it, and like Cats with their Claws will lacerate one another.

Chickens fed on four Grapes, are harder of Flesh, and more difficult of Concoction, than are most Water-Fowls.

Why are the *Tartarians* so barbarous in their Manners, but because they Eat and Drink the Flesh and Blood of Horses?

Eating of Creatures which have no Blood, waste ours; those Plants which are barren or fruitful (as *Porta* observeth) do render those that use them barren or fruitful.

If so, how careful ought we to be what Meats and Food we eat?

But if you would eat Flesh, I would advise you not to dress it by the Fire as Cooks do, for that sunders the best from the worst, which we chuse; but like Philosophers, a quite contrary way, taking the best which is now lost, and leaving that which we now take, which is the worst; a way, I say, to strip off all grossness and foulness of Bodies, the Seeds of all Diseases.]

For the Virtue of Things taken from them by separation, is better than joyned with their Bodies.

If Nature could be nourished some other way than by eating, all danger of Diseases would be prevented.

There was a Person of much Honour who told me, That his Grand-father, by reason of his great Age, had had his digestive faculty so enervated, that whatever he eat turned into Crudities and Obstructions; he being a Person of great Knowledge, tryed many Experiments to repair it, but without any effect; at the last, he applied a
piece

piece of raw *Flesh* to his *Stomach*, fastened it to it; and so once in *Twelve Hours* applied fresh; in some time he found *Nature* abundantly satisfied therewith, and had a *rejuvenescency* and *renovation* of all parts; and lived many *Years* after in good *Strength* and *Vigour*, without *Eating* or *Drinking* any thing.

How this may comport with *Reason*, is worth the *Inquiry*: We have observed for *Drink*, that all the time we sit in the *Water*, we shall never *Thirst*; for *Nature*, by the *Pores*, doth suck and draw in *aqueous* particles to satisfy *Thirst*; and why may it not draw from the *Flesh* a *succus nutritius*, which will support and preserve *Nature*? And upon this reason the *Physicians* prescribe nourishing *Clysters* to their *Patients*, and *Baths* of *Milk* in *Hectick Fevers*, when the *Body* is extremely low.

Paracelsus tells us, That a *Man* of his *Knowledge* by applying of *fresh Sods* to his *Stomach*, without *Hunger* lived half a *Year* together.

Nature is able to draw thro' the *Pores* in all parts of the *Body*, such *Food* as she desireth; otherwise how comes it to pass, that many *Persons* have lived a long time without eating any *Meat*.

Paracelsus, *Licetus*, and *Cardan* (Men which made great *Figures* in their *Days*,) assure us, that they knew some *Holy Men* that lived *Twenty Years* together without eating any *Meat*; *Hermolaus Berbarus*, and *Joubertus* have delivered to us, that one in *Rome* lived *Forty Years* only by the inspiration of *Air*: Hence it was said by the *Cosmopolite*, that there is in the *Air* a hidden *Food* of *Life*.

Ficinus, Crollius, and Rundelecius, tell us, that in the *East Indies*, near the River *Ganges*, there is a Nation called *Astomares*, that have no Mouths, they live only by the Air and Smells which they take in at their Nostrils, from Roots, Flowers, and wild Apples which they carry with them in long Journies.

The Air is full of Balsamick Roscid Atoms, and is ever sprinkled with a fine foreign Fatness, which may perhaps be sufficient Food to nourish the fine part of our Frame, whereon the temper of Mankind and his Life standeth.

It's impregnated with a Saline Spirit; in this Salt are included the seminal Virtues of all Things; it's a pure extract drawn by the Sunbeams, from all Bodies it darteth his Rays upon, and it's sublimated to such a height of Perfection, that it's Homogenial to all Things; and in effect is the Spirit of Life, not only to Plants, but to Animals also. *Licetus* and *Quercetan* think they are nourished by the Air.

And *Olympidorus* the Platonist assures us, that he knew a Person who lived many Years, and in his whole Life neither fed nor slept, but stood only in the Sun to refresh himself.

If other Creatures, whose Life hangeth upon the same hold, do fast a long time, there is no reason but the same common nature will suffer it in Man.

There is a Bird in the *Moluccas*, *Momucodia-ca*, by Name, as *Aldrovandus* informeth us, which by reason it hath so large Wings in so small a Body (her Wings are as large, almost as the Wings of an Eagle, when her Body is no bigger than a Swallow,) is born up by force of the Wind, and hovereth and hangeth in the Air continually,

continually, taking no other Food (as alas, how can she) than there is found.

The Chamelion will live a whole Year without eating any Thing, but by taking in the Air by gaping and shutting his Chaps: And *Ælian* assures us, that the Goats of *Gimanta* do not Drink in Six Months; but turning towards the Sea, they receive the Vapours with open Mouth, and so they quench their Thirst.

This Discourse of Temperance will be look'd upon as an Extravagant Phancy, and I my self have the same Opinion of it; but yet it is agreed by many Learned Physitians, that Men and Women have lived many Years together without eating any Food; but that Death did not follow the taking away of the Appetite, to me is wonderful. *Langius* thinks the cause to be the Relaxation of the Nerves in the Orifice of the Stomach, but this cannot satisfy a rational Enquiry. *Sennertus* conceives that such Bodies are almost Immortal, and little or nothing exhal'd from them; because they consist of a Tenacious Humour well compacted and growing fast together, and will not yield to the Action of Heat that feeds on the Nourishment; and their Heat is most Mild and Gentle, and requires not much Nourishment; but, I pray, consult the *Adepti*, those Sons of Art, and let me understand their Judgment.

S E C T. XIX.

Of Suits of Law.

IF you design to your self Happiness, and an improvement of your Estate, let me advise you to avoid Suits in Law; if you engage in any, you put your self into a House of Correction, where you must labour stoutly to pay your Fees.

If the case shall go for you, there are those who will tell you, that Victory is a fair Game, but you must give them leave to divide the Stakes.

If it shall be your Misfortune to engage in any, have a care of a rich Fool; for there is nothing more dangerous as to Mischief, than a Rich Obstinate Fool, in the Hands of a cunning Knave; and have a watchful Eye over him that hath but Two or Three Causes (if he be a busy Fellow) for he will give you trouble enough; an inconsiderable Mouse may give disturbance to a noble Lion.

There were Two Lawyers very passionately pleading their Clients Cause, to their great Satisfaction; when the Cause was done, the Lawyers came out of the Court, and hugged each other; the Clients much admired their Behaviour; one of them asked the Lawyer, *How they could be Friends so soon?* Tush Man, saith the Lawyer, *we were never Foes, for we Lawyers are like a pair of Sheers, if you open them, and pull them down, they seem to cut one another; but they only cut that which cometh between them.*

You

You remember the Fable of the Vulture, sitting upon a Tree to see the Lion and Bear fight, and to make Prey of him which fell first; have you a care you do not make the Moral.

It was good Advice of Christ, *If any Man will sue thee at the Law, and take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak also*; the reason is evident, lest the Lawyer should come between and strip you Naked even of your Shirt.

To go to Law, is like a Lottery, or playing at Dice, where if the Game be obstinately pursued, the Box-keeper is commonly the greatest Winner: I speak not this to reflect upon that Honourable Profession, to which I shall ever pay the greatest Tribute of my Service.

I know there are many excellent Persons towards the Law, if it be your Fortune to meet with them.

In the State of *Venice*, some Years since, all their Advocates were Noble-men, appointed by the Grand Council, to the number of Twenty Four, and had all of them allowance from the State; being forbidden to take Presents or Money, that the Nobleness of the Profession might not be sullied, and that in all Process it might be their Interest to give a Dispatch.

But you will be sure at every Market in the Country, to find some Fairies, Elves, and little Spirits, with Hawking-bags or Snapsacks by their Sides, wherein they have their Familiars, some with Green-coats, others with Yellow-vests, which they send forth to the Disquiet of good Men; as *Æolus* did the Winds, which he had gotten into his Bottle to the disturbance of the World.

These

These are like the Sun in *Aries*, which move,
but not remove the Humours.

Et pluet super eos Laqueos.

And it shall Rain Snares upon them; which a Rabby interpreted to be the multitude of Advocates, Proctors, and Solicitors, which were Snares to catch the People.

Certainly these Elves are much of the nature of an Ant, very good for themselves, but exceeding pernicious in the Garden of a Commonwealth.

If ever you should fly to these for Succor, as the Sheep do to the Bushes in a Storm, you will be sure to leave a good part of your Coat behind you.

These, like a Quartan Ague, will never leave you, as long as any Humour be left in you; and if you shall have need to make use of them they will stir no more without a Fee, than a Hawk without a Lure.

I have often admired at the Genius of a Nobleman of *France*, who was much delighted in Troubling Men with Suits; *Lewis* the French King hearing of it, offer'd to ease him of his Suits, by putting an end to them; he thanked his Majesty, but earnestly besought him to leave Thirty or Forty behind, whereby he might merrily pass away the time.

*Humours are Mens Religion, Power their Laws;
Their Wit Confusion, and their Will their Cause.*

My Advice to you, is, that you seriously employ your self in the study of the Laws of this Nation (being the most excellent for their Justice and Wisdom) if not to Practise the Law,
yet

yet to gain so much Knowledge therein, as to defend your Self and Estate from the Robbin-Good-Fellows of it.

If you be not so disposed, you must lay up one Third part of your Estate to preserve the other Two, or else you will be assuredly undone.

Upon a Controversie betwixt the two Hands, the Left commenced an Action against the Right for usurping a Privilege above the other: The Court was for the Plaintiff upon the Point of Equity, but the other having been in Possession time out of Mind, insisted upon Prescription, which was not to be controll'd. But now says the Bench, to shew the World the Reverence we have for Mercy and Justice, we shall recommend to Posterity to see this iniquity Redress'd; and from that Day to this it has been the Practice of Judges, Advocates, Attornies, and their Clerks, and so of Physicians, Court and State Officers, and others that have the fingering of Mony, to take on both sides and use both hands alike.

S E C T. XX.

Of Gaming.

NExt Suits in Law, (which are but *jactus aleæ*) avoid Gaming; it hath no Satisfaction in it; besides a sordid coveting of that which is anothers; or a Prodigality of that which is your own: It's a Madness beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*, to cast a Dye whether your Estate shall be your own or not; if you have not a care, (I can without an Augure, tell what will

will be your Fate,) this, like a Quicksand, will swallow you up in a Moment; and Goods which are so gotten, are like Pyramids of Snow, which melt away, and are dissolved with the same ill Husbandry that did beget them; and believe me, you will find it more chargeable to you, than the Seven deadly Sins.

Remember that one Crown in your Purse will do you more Honour than ten spent.

Plato seeing a young Man play at Dice, he reproved him; he answered, *What so small a matter? Custom, replies Plato, is no small thing.*

S E C T. XXI.

Of Marriage.

THere is one step more to make your Life comfortable, and to advance your Fortune, and that is, well to dispose of your self in Marriage; certainly a Business which requireth grave Consideration.

Ride not Post for your Match, if you do, you may in the period of your Journey take Sorrow for your Inn, and make Repentance your Host.

If you Marry, espouse a Virtuous Person; a celebrated Beauty, like a Fair, will draw Chapmen from all Parts.

Make choice of your Wife by the Ears, not the Eyes.

He that in the choice of a Wife, doth believe the report of his Sight, is like him who telling out her Portion in his Thoughts takes the Woman.

man upon Content, not examining her Condition, or whether she be fit for him.

I would not advise you to Marry a Woman for her Beauty; for Beauty is like Summer Fruits which are apt to corrupt, and not lasting

Never Marry so much for a great Living, as a good Life; yet a fair Wife without a Portion, is like a Brave House without Furniture; you may please your self with the Prospect, but there's nothing within to keep you warm.

Si vis nubere nube Pari; those Weddings are the Happiest, where the Parties are first Matched before they Marry. If a Man Marries a Woman much Superiour to himself, he is not so truly Husband to his Wife, as he is unawares made Slave to her Portion.

Be sure you love her Person better than her Estate; for he who Marrieth where he doth not Love, will be sure to Love where he doth not Marry; and Love without Ends, hath no End.

Love is the Child of Folly; it's the strongest of the Passions, and often found in the weakest Minds.

Young Men are Amorous, middle Age affectionate, old Men doting.

There is a great difference between a Portion and a Fortune with your Wife; if she be not Virtuous, let her Portion be never so great, she is no Fortune to you.

A Noble *Roman* being asked why he had put away his Wife, she being Beautiful and Rich, put forth his Foot and shewed his Buskins, *Is not This*, said he, *a handsome and compleat Shoe?* yet no Man, but my self knows where it pinches me.

It's not the Lustre of Gold, the sparkling of Diamonds, and Emeralds, nor the Splendor of the

the purple Tincture that Adorns or Embellishes a Woman, but Gravity, Discretion, Humility and Modesty.

A young *Lacedæmonian* Lass being asked by an Acquaintance of hers, *Whether she had yet embraced her Husband?* made Answer, *No, but he had embraced her.*

As there is little or no use to be made of a Mirror, tho' in a Frame of Gold, enchased with all the sparkling Variety of the Richest Gems, unless it renders back the true similitude of the Image it receives: So there is nothing of Profit in a great Portion, unless the Conditions, Temper and Humour of the Wife be conformable to the Disposition and Inclination of the Husband, and that he sees the Virtues of his own Mind exactly represented in hers.

Chuse such a Wife as may Simpathize with you in your Misfortunes, for Marriage is just like a Sea Voyage, he that enters into this Ship, must look to meet with Storms and Tempests.

I knew a Gentlewoman, a very Fantastical and Conceited Person, and one who was not over kind to her Husband; she had a Daughter of the same Tone and Temper with her self, to whom her Father had left a very considerable Portion; I commended a very worthy and sober Person to the Mother, to be a Husband for the Daughter, but she did not like the Gentleman; some time after there came a Vain Under-headed Fellow, a Suiter to the Daughter; the Mother entertained him with all kindness. One Day the Mother came to give me a Visit, and with great Pleasure told me, such a Person was a Suitor to her Daughter, a brave Gentleman, of excellent parts, and one
that

that is the Cream of the Country, and asked me how I liked him; Truly, Madam, I said, if he be the Cream of the Country, as you say he is, he is the fitter for your Daughter to make a Fool of; The Gentlewoman replied, And so she shall if it please God it be a Match; And she was as good as her Word.

When I read that ingenious Epigram of *Ausonius* of the Echo, it doth methinks Graphically represent a Talkative Prating Woman;

*Vane quid affectas faciem mihi pingere pictor?
Si mihi vis similem pingere, pinge sonum.*

Phidias made the Statue of *Venus* at *Elis*, with one Foot upon the Shell of a Tortoise, to signify Two great Duties of a Virtuous Woman, which are to keep home, and be silent.

The *Egyptian* Women anciently did never wear Shoes, to the end they should accustom themselves to stay at Home.

Thales being asked by his Mother why he did not Marry; said, *It was too soon*; some time after being solicited again by her to Marry, said, *It was too late*.

When I think of the Cares, the Business, and the Drudgery, of a Married Life, I wish my self a *Monk* sometimes, and under a Vow of Chastity; and that Nature had provided for the Propagation of Mankind without the help of Women.

The Troubles of Children are many and great, the Comforts few and small: It's better to adopt Children than beget them; he that adopts a Son, hath the liberty to make choice out of many that are Good and Virtuous, and which will please him; he that begets one,
runs

runs the hazard whether he will prove such or no.

Plato seeing a Youth over-bold with his Father, *Young Man*, saith he, *will you undervalue him who is the cause you overvalue your self?*

Every man is more obliged to his Parents, than to all the World besides; to other Persons he may owe much, but to his Parents he owes himself; therefore if Ingratitude to others be hateful, that which is shewn to Parents must certainly be the most Horrid and Detestable.

And let undutiful Children be assured, that if they be preserved from the Gallows, they are reserved to be tortured by their own Posterity.

If you be able to live of your self, and out of Debt, and design to Marry, have a care you make not too great a Joynture out of your Lands, especially if you have Children by a former Wife; if you do, it will be more fatal and calamitous to your Family than any Debt.

Provide for your Relict a Competent Estate, but not so as to impoverish your Children, for that's to destroy a quick Hedge to make a dead one.

If you have Children it's better to leave them a competent Estate with a Profession, than great Riches without it; for in the one there is place for Industry, but the other like a Lure, brings all Birds of Prey to devour them.

He that breeds his Children well, though he leaves them little, he gives them much.

Have a regard to a good Bishop to satisfy your Conscience; for an honest Lawyer to settle your Estate; and Marry into a good Family to keep up your Interest.

Where Man and Wife are Unisons in Affection, three is the best Musick; there was such an Harmony

Harmony in Affection between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*, that rather than forsake his dear *Penelope*, he refused Immortality at *Calipso's* Hands.

Rubius Celer commanded to be engraven on his Monument that he lived with *Caja Ennia* his Wife, Forty Three Years, Eight Months, and that *sine querela*, without any Difference, Complaint or Jar.

The Ancients placed the Statue of *Venus* by that of *Mercury*, to signifie that the Pleasures of Matrimony chiefly consist in the sweetness of Conversation.

They who sacrificed to *Juno* as the Goddess of Wedlock, never consecrated the Gall with the other parts of the Sacrifice, but having drawn it forth, they cast it behind the Altar, thereby implying, that all passionate Anger and Bitterness of Reproach, should be terminated from the Thresholds of Nuptial Cohabitation.

King *Philip* of *Macedon* pulled and hawled a Woman to him by Violence against her Will: *Let me go*, said she, *for when the Candles are out, all Women are alike*: A Virtuous Woman, when the Candle is taken away and her Body not to be seen, her Chastity, her Modesty, and her peculiar Affection to her Husband, ought then to shine with the greatest Lustre.

If you will be happy, never have above one Woman in your Bed, one Friend in your Bosom, and one Faith in your Heart.

Methinks the Zeal of that Priest did trespass upon his Discretion, when in a Wedding Sermon he much commended Marriage, but compared the Woman to a Grave; *For as every Grave* (saith he) *hath a Hic jacet, so when you come to Marry; Hic jacet the Wisdom of Solomon; Hic jacet the Valour of David; Hic jacet*

the strength of Sampson: Here they are all Buried.

The Poets have unhappily represented all the Furies, under the Notion of Women; and expressly ordered, that *Erinnis* should be *Feminei Generis*.

A Gentlewoman seeing an old Friend of hers, asked him if he was Married; he said, *No*; You look very well, said the Gentlewoman, *I am apt to think you make use of Vipers: No Madam, the reason I look so well, is because I have nothing to do with Vipers.*

The ill Temper of many Women, made *Diogenes* say, that when he saw a Woman had hanged her self upon a Tree, *That it was the best bearing Tree that ever he saw in his Life.*

I can have no kindness for these morose Cynicks, who sully the Glory of the richest Jewels in the Cabinet of Nature.

But I could build a Tabernacle, and burn Incense to the Memory of that excellent *Menander* for his *Ταμειον ἀπερὴς γενναία γυνή*, a generous and brave Woman, is the Exchequer and Treasury of Virtue.

I must confess, I ever had a noble Affection for that excellent Sex, as great Instruments of good, and the Prettinesses of Society, and ever thought that of all Follies in Man, there is none more excusable than that of Love; but I find by my self, that Passion will grow old, and wear out in time.

The Adventures of *Pedro* and *Angelina* are Romantique and Diverting enough; they were both *Romans*, and exactly well suited for Years and agreeable Humour, only the young Man had the better Blood in his Veins; but what the Lady wanted in Extraction and Quality was
 amply

amply supply'd in the good Graces of an excellent Person and an untainted Virtue. *Pedro* had the greatest Veneration in the World for the Charms of *Angelina*, and as he had order'd the Matter, there was no Love lost betwixt them. When they had advanced the Intrigue in a Dark way as far as little Arts, Letters and Messages wou'd carry it, *Pedro* went to Work frankly and above Board, and propounded the Match to his Father; who was not only averse to it himself, as a Disgrace to his Family, but he likewise cautioned *Angelina's* Relations to give no heed to his Son's Pretensions. *Pedro* finding by this time that there was no good to be done upon the Square, went to his Mistress with the Story; and the young People upon Second Thoughts came to a Resolution of Trying their Fortune another way; that is to say, by running away together to a place called *Alagna*, where *Pedro* had some particular Friends, and so take Sanctuary there.

They set out early one Morning upon their Journey, and about Four Leagues from *Rome* came out Twelve Horsemen upon them from a Castle, having mistaken the Road. *Angelina* took the first alarm, and struck over the Fields full Speed into a Wood; *Pedro* Spurring after her to look to his Charge. When he had pass'd several Bye Turnings, and reckon'd upon't that the Danger was over, he found himself coup'd up in the middle of his Enemies, where he was Seised, Dismounted, Stript, Examined and Condemned by the Thieves immediately to be Hang'd up. But as they were just upon the Point of doing Execution, they heard an Outcry of *Kill, Kill the Rogues, spare not a Man of them, &c.* And what should this be but a Band

of Five and Twenty new Thieves, Robbing the former. While they were shifting every Man for himself upon the Pursuit, *Pedro* being left alone made bold with his own Horse and Clothes again, and when he was Drest and Mounted, away he went in Quest of *Angelina*, Riding up and down back and forward, and calling after her like a Mad Man; being in Truth the most Afflicted and Inconsoleable Person in Nature. One while he was afraid of the Wolves; another while of the Thieves; and whatever it was possible for her to suffer he felt it in himself. When he had spent the whole day Teyling and Fasting in a Fruitless Hopeless Search, he betook himself at Night to a Tree for Fear of the Wild Beasts; in short, he Tyes his Horse to the Body of it, and up he gets.

Angelina was Wandring all this while from Place to Place, she knew not where nor whither, and perfectly at her Wits ends for fear of *Pedro*. Toward Night she happen'd upon a Track that brought her to the sorry Habitation of a poor Aged Couple, where she Enquired how far it was to *Alagna*, or what other place near Hand where she might lye that Night. The old Man told her that *Alagna* was about a Leagues off, and no other Lodging near enough for her to Reach by Day Light, so that with the leave of the Master and Dame of the House, she took up in that pitiful Cabin, with what Food and Quarter the Place afforded. But Lady says the Old Man, these Woods are mightily Infested with Troops of Robbers, and in Case of any Thieves breaking in upon us, we are not able to Protect you. As for that, says *Angelina*, I must stand the Hazard of it.

Toward Day comes a Gang of Ruffians up to the Place, and upon the first noise of them away runs *Angelina* by a Back-Door, and hides her self in a Hay-Mow. The Thieves press'd into the Passage, and seeing a Horse Saddled and Bridled there, ask'd to whom he belong'd. The Old Man told them he came running in there last night, just as they found him, and that they knew nothing of his Master. Upon this they search'd the Place; took what they had a mind to, and carry'd away the Horse. One of them striking his Launce into the Hay as he pass'd, upon a Suspicion of Some-Body hid there, came so near the Mark that it Grazed upon her Left Pap.

When it was now fair Day, and the Coast clear, out comes *Angelina* from her Retreat. The Poor Man and his Wife being overjoy'd to see her safe, they gave her an Account of what had happen'd, and the Thieves taking away her Horse; but yet if she wou'd Venture upon a Walk of some Two Miles and a Half on Foot, they wou'd carry her to the Castle she enquired for. *Angelina* most thankfully embraced the Offer, and by Seven or Eight that Morning they got thither. The owner of the Castle was a Man of Eminent Quality, and his Lady an Excellent Woman, who by great Providence was at that time there. And *Angelina* as it fell out so well known to her, that it gave her a longing Curiosity for the History of her Adventure, and as great a Tenderness both for her self and *Pedro*, when she had heard it.

Now to return to *Pedro* upon the Tree: He sat long enough there to see by the Benefit of the Moon Light a matter of Twenty Wolves

Tearing his Horse to Pieces, and himself abandon'd to all the Distresses of Body and Mind, that ever came together to make any Man perfectly Miserable : But about Break of Day as he was casting within himself what Course to Steer, he discovered a Fire at a distance, quitted his Tree, and went up to it. And there he found a Jolly Company of Shepherds making Merry about it.

They made him as welcome as his Heart cou'd wish, and when he was well Warm'd and Refresh'd, they conducted him to the same Castle where *Angelina* was got before him.

The first thing he did after his Arrival, was to take care for the finding out of his Mistress; and no sooner had he spoke the Word, but the Lady of the Castle delivered her in the same instant into his Arms, to the unspeakable Surprise and Comfort of them both. Neither did the Mistress of the House do them this good Office without a gentle Check for their Disobedience to their Parents. But yet upon balancing Things, as their wonderful Deliverance, and the miraculous Concurrence of Circumstances to bring them together, the Lady took upon her self the Charge and Solemnity of their Nuptials, and to joyn with her Husband also in reconciling them to their Parents. All this was done effectually, and so they returned with Honour to *Rome* together, where they liv'd many a happy Day after.

There goes a Story of a Grave Sober Man, that had committed Matrimony, and on the Wedding Night his Bride gave him the Slip, and leapt away from him out of the Bed. The Bridegroom let her alone a while, and when she had stay'd her self Cold, and weary, in Expectation,

pestation to be call'd back again, I hold you a Wager says she, you shall not find me out now, that may very well be, says the Man. But I hold you Two to One, I'll never put it to the Venture whether I can find you out or no.

There was a Prince that upon a Character given him of a Celebrated Beauty, Invited himself to Dinner to her. She was a Woman highly esteemed for her Prudence, over and above the Graces of her Person; and no less, for her Illustrious Quality and Virtue. So that laying all things together, as her Husband's not being at Home; the King's doing her the Honour of a Visit at that Time; his going so far out of the way for't, and her self wholly unknown to him, she cou'd not but beat her Brains to consider what might be the meaning of all this; and when she had duly weigh'd all the niceties of the Case, with a regard to her Reputation, Duty and Respect, she return'd an Acknowledgment suitable to the Dignity of the Occasion, giving likewise to understand in a most Humble manner how sensible she was of his Majesty's Grace and Favour.

The King came according to his Appointment the next Morning, and found every thing prepar'd for his Reception to the Highest degree of Magnificence. But the Lady her self still more Glorious and Surprizing. While they were at Dinner, the King and the Lady of the House at one Table, and their Train at another; his Majesty was highly delighted with the Variety and Order of the Services, and in short, with the Conduct of the whole Entertainment; which was carry'd on with so free a Heart, and so great a good Will, as to spare no Trouble or Expence that might serve for an Ornament to

the Treat : Now this was in a place where there was so wonderful choice and plenty of Fish and Fowl, and of all other Table Curosities and Provisions, that the King cou'd not but take Notice with some Admiration, that the whole Meal was nothing but Hen upon Hen, several ways Dress'd and Disguis'd. This abundant Variety notwithstanding, the King fancy'd to himself some Secret meaning in it, and so put it pleasantly enough to the Lady. Madam, says he, does not this Country Breed Cocks as well as Hens. Yes Sir, says the Lady, but our Hens do not keep Company with strange Cocks when their own are away. The King took this Answer by the Right Handle, and apply'd the Emblem of it to his own Case, being no less satisfy'd with the Address and Prudence of the Lady then he was with her Beauty.

S E C T. XXII.

Of the Man of Honour.

WHEN you come upon the Stage of Action as it's your Duty, so it will be your Glory, to deal justly with all Persons.

Clear and round dealing is the Honour of Man's Nature; hate nothing but what is Dishonest; fear nothing but what is Ignoble; and love nothing but what is Just and Honourable.

To stoop to any sordid low Action, is to imitate the Kite, which flyeth high in the Air, yet vouchsafes to condescend to Carrion upon the Ground.

Do

Do Injury to none, for by so doing, you do but teach others to injure you.

Innocency will be your best Guard, and your Integrity will be a Coat of Mail unto you.

A good Conscience breeds great Resolutions, and an innocent Soul is impregnable.

It's less difficult and more safe, to keep the way of Honesty and Justice, than to turn away from it; yet commonly our Passions lead us into bye Paths.

And be assured, he that in any one Affair relinquisheth Honesty, banisheth all shame in succeeding Actions; and certainly no Vice covereth a Man with so much Shame, as to be found False and Unjust, and be assured the Vengeance of God rewards all unjust Actions with slow, but sure Payment, and full Interest.

Whatsoever I act, I endeavour to do it, as if it were my last Act; and therefore I do it with Care and Integrity: I think on no longer Life, than that which is now present; I forget all that is past, and for the future (with an humble Submission) I refer my self to Providence; what others shall say or think of me, or shall act against me, I do not so much as trouble my Thoughts with it. I fear nothing, I desire nothing, I admire nothing; yet I do even reverence my self, when I have done a Just and Virtuous Action: but to enrich my self by any sordid Means, I dare not; for in so doing, I distrust Providence, and become an Atheist.

I have in my own Nature such an Abhorrence of any thing that is Vicious, that if neither God knew when to do Ill, nor Man would punish it, I would not yet Commit it.

I many times wish that Nature had placed a Christal Casement in my Brest, that every one

with whom I have to do, might see the Sincerity and Candor that is in the Cabinet of my Heart.

Keep touch in small Matters, not to deceive in greater, but the better to dispose your self to perform things of Weight and Moment: A Promise is a just Debt, which you must take care to pay, for Honour and Honesty are the Security.

Think an Hour before you speak, and a Day before you promise: Hasty Promises are commonly followed with speedy Repentance.

Generosity and Virtue made the old *Romans* build a Temple to Fidelity.

Breaking your Faith may gain you Riches, but never gets you Glory.

He that breaks his Promise, forfeits his Faith (which was the Security,) and so is become an Infidel unto him to whom he promised.

It was well said by *Monsieur d'Gorgius*, a *French* Captain, who having burnt many of the Churches of the *Spaniards* in *Florida*, and being asked why he did so? told them, *That they which had no Faith, needed no Churches.*

To deceive one who is not obliged to believe you, is ill; but to cheat one whom your fair Pretences have induced to believe you, is much worse; for this is to Murder one that you have perswaded to lay aside his Arms.

Upon a time there was a Cat fallen into a Fat of Wort, and was almost Drowned; the Cat cried out for help; the Rats hearing the Cry, came and saw her Misfortune; the Cat desired them in all love to help her out, and such a Day she would give them a great Reward, which they did: The Day being come, the Rats made their application to the Cat for their Reward;
the

the Cat said she made no such Promise; they proved the Promise exactly; *Well*, said the Cat, *I do not remember any such Promise, but if I did make any such Promise, I was then in Drink*: And was highly displeased with the Rats, and instead of rewarding them, she fell upon them, and killed several of them. I shall leave the Moral Application to you.

A Man's Word, and the Effect of it, ought to be as inseparable as Fire and Heat; this the Antients decyphered to us, when they painted a Tongue bound fast to the Heart.

It's known now adays what it is to keep ones Word; if any do, they pass for old fashioned People.

Great Men make Promises, and mean Mean keep them.

Pollicitis dives quilibet esse potest.

*Each Man's a Cræsus, Promises hath store,
But in performance, who's not Irus, poor?*

Eucratidas the Son of *Anexandridas*, when one asked him why the *Ephori* of *Sparta* sat every Day to determine Causes about Contracts? Replied, *That we might learn to keep our Word even with our Enemies.*

Look upon our Faith and Honesty as the most sacred Good of Mankind, not to be forced by Necessity, or corrupted by Reward.

It's the Glory of a brave Man to be such, that if Fidelity was lost in the World, it might be found in his Breast.

Have so much of a generous Soul in you, as not to desert that which is Just, but to own it.

Where are those noble Resolutions of our Forefathers? Where is the Roman Gallantry, which

which obliged *M. Regulus* to return to be a Martyr for Virtue, rather than stain the Roman Faith?

Faith is the Foundation of Justice, and Justice the stay of a State.

A Just Man should account nothing more precious than his Word, nothing more venerable than his Faith, nothing more sacred than his Promise.

King *Francis* the First, said, *That if Faith were banished out of the World, it should be found in his Word.*

The Greatest and Best of Kings have ever been exact in the Performance of their Promises.

When there was a Reward promised by *Augustus* the Emperor, to any that should bring in *Croton*, a Notorious Robber, and a Bandittee, or his Head; *Croton* presented himself; *Augustus* commanded that Sum to be given him, which he had promised to be given to the Person that should bring in *Croton* or his Head.

The *Florentine* tells us, that a Prince of his time never talked but of Peace and Faith; and if he had kept either of them, he had lost his Reputation and Credit.

But certainly nothing doth add more splendor to a Prince, than to keep his Faith, and to act by the just principles of Wisdom; for all Things multiply to Honour in a Prince that hath gotten Reputation for his Faith and Wisdom.

It goes a great way towards the making of a Man faithful, to let him understand that you think him so; and he that does but as much as suspect that I will deceive him, gives me a kind of right to Cozen him.

There

There is nothing easier than to deceive a good Man; he that never Lies, easily Believes, and he that never Deceives, Confides much; to be Deceived is not always a sign of Weakness, for Goodness sometimes is the cause of it: Have a care not to be so good a Man, that others may take occasion from it of being bad; Let the cunning of the Serpent go along with the innocency of the Dove.

A brave well bred Horse, but lame of a Leg, past all Recovery, had the hard Fortune to fall into the hands of a coarse ill-natur'd Groom. As he was now upon the way to the Place of Execution, he had the hap in his Passage, to meet with a *Spaniard* Horse that had been an old Acquaintance of his in the Army: The *Spaniard* observing that his Friend was mightily out of Humour, took an Occasion to ask him how 'twas with him. Well! says 'tother, You know as much as I can tell you, how true a Servant I was to my Master; so I shall now acquaint you that a matter of two Months ago, I had the ill Luck to break my Leg upon a Leap in the pursuit of a Stag, where I was so tir'd out, that I had not strength enough to go through with it. I shall tell you farther, that I am now going to receive my Reward for all the good Offices I have done that Master of mine. This Groom here has begg'd my Skin, and is now carrying me to the Lay-Stall to clear his hands of my Carcass.

Well! says the *Spaniard*, how Happy am I in the Service of so much a better Master, for I am as Impotent as you; but my Patron is so Generous as to take care still, not only of my Body, but of my Reputation too. He Feeds me, Commends me, carries me Abroad with him, and
 Rewards

Rewards me in my Age for the Services of my Youth. The barbarous Groom had no Patience to hear one Word more, but hurry'd away the miserable Jade with Blows and Outrages, beat out his Brains and turn'd his Skin over his Ears.

A Peacock that wanted for no good Opinion of his own Parts, had a great mind to shew himself to the World, if he cou'd but meet with a Fellow-Traveller to his liking: He might have had the Eagle along with him, but it wou'd not do well he Thought for a Subject to walk Cheek by Joll with a Prince. There was a Nightingale and a Gold-finch that he fancy'd wou'd have been pretty Company, but he found their Size too little for him; The Parrots were too much upon the Twittle Twattle; the Estrich too heavy and unweildy; the Goshawke too Sour and Morose, and the Vulture, a Bird that was never made for Conversation. The Peacock was now advanced upon the Ramble as far as the Borders of *Agypt*, and so unsatisfy'd with his Adventure, that he was just upon the point of turning back again; but in this very nick of Time, it was his Fortune to cast his Eye upon a large Bird by the side of a River, the Bird somewhat resembling a Stork; only the Plume Black. The Name of it *Ibis*, and the Motion so Majestical, that the Peacock was wonderfully taken with it; as the *Ibis* no less with the Beauty and good Graces of the Peacock. Upon this Interview they exchanged two Hours of the kindest Discourse that cou'd be imagin'd; inso-much, that there was a League struck up betwixt them, as the Peacock understood it of an everlasting Friendship. Upon the close of this Communication, the *Ibis* all on a suddain plung'd his long Neck into the Water, and with his

his own Beak gave himself a Glyster; the Peacock took Wing immediately and flew, in detestation of so nasty a piece of Villainy, especially under so plausible an Appearance.

S E C T. XXIII.

Of the Man of Business.

IN Business be Active and Industrious; for many Men of large Abilities, relying wholly upon their Wit, and neglecting the use of ordinary Means, suffer others less able, but more active and industrious, to go beyond them.

Diligence alone is a fair Fortune, and Industry a good Estate: Idleness doth waste a Man as insensibly as Industry doth improve him; you may be a younger Brother for your Fortune, but your Industry will make you an Heir.

Chi ha arte, ha parte, chi non corre non ha il pallio.

Æsop's Fisher could catch no Fish by his playing upon the Flute; but was necessitated to preserve his Being, to cast his Nets and Tackling into the River.

And you may observe, that in Heaven the moving Planets are of much greater Consideration than those that are fix'd, and do not stir at all.

I cannot commend the Honour of the *Neapolitan* Gentry, who stand so on the Puncto's of their Honour, that they prefer Robbery before Industry.

Action is Noble; and not only the Celestial Bodies are in continual Motion, but he that is most high is *purissimus actus*; for besides the Contemplation of his own Goodness, he is ever at work in Acts of Providence and Government of his Creatures.

There is nothing in the Universe stands still, tho' the Earth moves not Spherically (as *Copernicus* phansied,) yet there is a continual *Motus* in that too, in her Productions; the Idle Man is only a *Mare mortuum*.

I would not have you like the Lillies of the Field, *Quæ neque laborant, neque nent*.

I am much pleased with his Device, who placed for his Imprese a pair of Compasses with this Motto, *Constantia & Labore*, the one Foot being fixed, the other in motion.

Before you act, its Prudence soberly to consider; for after Action you cannot recede without Dishonour: Take the Advice of some prudent Friend, for he who will be his own Counsellor, shall be sure to have a Fool for his Client.

And that you may act with Glory, I wish you Four great Virtues which make a Man. 1. A clear Innocence. 2. A comprehensive Knowledge. 3. A well weighed Experience. 4. The product of all those, a steady Resolution.

Resolutions are the Moulds wherein Actions are cast; if they be taken with over-much Hast, or too much Affection, they seldom succeed.

When you have fully resolved what course to take in any Action, you must not after repent, or fear any difficulty, for such things will lessen the Gallantry of your Mind: And altho' some Difficulties do happen to arise, yet you must believe that every other course would have been accompanied with the same or greater Impediments

ments; yet many times its more Prudence to follow the direction of a present good Fortune, than the first Resolutions.

A sanguine Complexion with its Resolutions, do well in pursuit of Success; Flegm and its Patience, do better in a Retreat from Miscarriages.

In the conduct of Affairs you may shew a brave Spirit in going in; but your Wisdom will most appear in securing your Retreat, and how to come off; for there is such incertainty in all Human Affairs, that that course to me seemeth best, which hath most Passages out of it.

Therefore it was well observed by one, that the *Turks* being to make an Expedition in *Persia*, and because of the streight Jaws of the Mountains of *Armenia*; the Basha's consulted which way they should get in; one that heard the Debate, said, *Here is much ado how we shall get in, but I hear no Body take care how we shall get out.*

However, let me advise you to make the publick Good, as well as your own private Advantage, the object of all your Undertakings; for by providing for your own particular, you may wrong the Publick; but by effecting good for the Publick, you must do good for your self.

If Success of Business doth not at first answer your Expectation, let no Fumes of Melancholy possess you; use other Expedients and Addresses; for he that constantly makes head against the Assaults of Fortune, shall be sure to be Victorious, and attain his Ends. You must not give up the Game, because the Cards prove cross.

Every thing hath two Handles; if one prove hot, and not to be touched, you may take the other that is more temperate.

How-

Howsoever, in doing business, apply your Thoughts and Mind seriously to it; but be not too eager, nor passionately ingage in it, nor promise your self Success; by this means you will have your Understanding clear, and not be disturbed if you miscarry, which you must make account will often happen to you.

When a Business may turn to disadvantage, it will be your Wisdom to temporize and delay, and get what time you can by deferring; because time may occasion some accident which may remove the Danger.

But if it be for your Advantage, delays are dangerous, and you must act with Secresie and Celerity, which are the two Wheels upon which all great Actions move.

The noblest Designs are like a Mine; if discovered, they are lost.

And to spend that time at gaze upon Business, which might serve for a speedy dispatch of it, would be to imitate that Musician who spent so much time in the tuning his Instrument, that he had none left to exercise his Musick.

If the matter you undertake be doubtful, when you have done your Best, you cannot yet warrant the Success. Remember the *Italian* makes it part of the Character of an *English* Man; when he is to undertake any thing, presently, he saith, *I'll warrant you*; but when he misseth of his Undertaking, he saith, *Who would have thought it?*

However use Circumspection in all your Actions; for he who intendeth what he doth, is most likely to do what he intends; it's the only ruin of Fools they never consider; half doing in any thing is worse than no doing; and a middle course, in cases of extremity, of all is the worst.

As

As there is no Business so secure but hath some flaws in it; so there is scarcely any so desperate, but hath some opportunity of Recovery.

It was excellent Advice of *Tiberius Cæsar*, *Non omittere caput rerum, neq; te in casum dare*: Follow safe Courses by Reason, rather than happy by chance.

Yet some things must be ventured, and many things which exceed the prudence of Man, are often by Fortune disposed to the best.

Certain it is, that he who will commit nothing to Fortune, nor undertake any Enterprize, whose Event appeareth not infallible, may escape many Dangers by his wary Conduct; but will fail of as many Successes by his unactive fearfulness.

All that a wise Man therefore can do, is to attempt with Prudence, pursue with Hope, and support intervening accidents with Patience.

It will be great Prudence in you, rightly to take hold on Opportunities; for Opportunity admits of no after-game; and those which have lost their first Hopes, any thing that is future seems best.

In management of Affairs stand not upon niceties and puntillo's of Honour, but by fair Compliance gain your Ends: Heat and Precipitation are ever fatal to all Business; a sober Patience, and a wise Condescension, do many times effect that which Rashness and Choler will undo.

If you are to negotiate a matter with any Persons, observe their Temper, and (as far as Prudence and Discretion will give leave,) comply with their Humour; suffer them to speak their Pleasure freely, rather than interrupt them; provoke them to speak; for they will, out of igno-

ignorance, or inexperience, let fall something which may be for your Advantage.

Give fair Words, and make large Promises, for they are the most powerful Engines to work your Ends.

Converse with all Men as Christians; but if you have to do with any Stranger, look upon him as one that may be Unjust (its severe, but it will be your own safety,) if he proves otherwise, he doth but fail your Expectation; for believe me (and I have found it to my Cost) nothing will undo you more than to rely too much upon the Honesty of other Men.

And, if possible, order your Affairs so, that he with whom you are to deal, perform first; when that is done, if you be deceived, you may thank your self.

If at any time you shall be overmuch pressed to do any thing hastily, be careful; Fraud and Deceit are always in hast; Diffidence is the right Eye of Prudence, *Cavendo tutus.*

Remember *Epicharmus* his *Memento diffidere.*

There is no better antidote against Deceit than Caution.

Where there is too great a facility of believing, there is also a willingness to be deceived: And tho' belief carries with it a colour of Innocency, yet Distrust still carries Strength and Safety; the greatest advantage of deceit is other Mens imperfections; and Men are rarely deceived by others, except they have first deceived themselves by trusting: to keep People in Hope, is Prudence, but to trust them is indiscretion; yet I would have you so to behave your self to him with whom you have to do, as not to seem to distrust, for that passes from incivility to an offence, and makes him to be your Enemy.

In.

In all great Actions take many (if you think fitting) to your Assistance, but few to your Trust: And if you trust any, be sure you trust your self most.

If you be to go Abroad, if the Weather be fair and serene, carry your Cloak with you; but if it Rains, you may leave it behind, if you please.

Never suffer any rub to lye in the way, which may hinder the true running of your Bowl.

When you have a present good in prospect, which may turn to Advantage, decline it not by the Importunity of others; if you do, you will make work for Repentance. Let the Business of the World be your Circumference, but your self the Center.

If you meet with a Person that is more Complacent or Officious unto you than usual, have a care; for he hath some design upon you, and he either hath, or doth intend to deceive you.

A fairer Look than ordinary towards the *Spaniard* puts him into a present suspicion of his own Safety: The *Italian* thinks himself upon the point to be bought and sold, when he is better used than he was wont to be, without manifest cause.

Never put your self into the power of any Person how he will deal with you; if you come to depend upon the Charity of others, you are undone; therefore always stand upon your Guard.

When you ingage in any great Concern let it be with your Equals, not with them that are much Superiour to you; if you do, they will have the Honour and Profit, and you the Toil, and must be content with what they will give you.

At a time a Lion invited a Cow, a Goat, and a Sheep to Hunt with him; promising them, that what Game was taken, should be equally divided between them; they went out, ran down a Hart, and quartered it; each of the Companions stood eagerly expecting to receive his share, which put the Lion into a rage; I said he (with a terrible Voice) *take the First part as your King, the Second I claim as being strongest, the Third is my due as a small Reward of all my Pains and Trouble; and he that shall presume to refuse me the Fourth Share, I here declare him my Enemy.* His Companions hearing this, without daring to Murmur, went Hungry away.

It will be Wisdom in you, to take advantage of the over-sight of other Men; for the Follies of one Man is the Fortune of another; and no Man prospers so suddenly, as by the Errors of others; you may make your Fortune as you please, if you rightly manage Opportunities: Fortune is nothing but an attentive Observation of the Revolution of Affairs, and the Occasions resulting from them.

Keep an exact Diary of all your Actions, and of the most memorable Passages you hear or meet with.

And if in the conduct of your Affairs, you have been deceived by others, or have committed any Error your self, it will be discretion in you to observe and note the same, and the defaultance, and the Means or Expedients to repair it; will make you more prudent and wary for the future.

For let me tell you, no Man is truly Wise, but he who hath been deceived; and your own Errors will teach you more Prudence than the grave Precepts or Examples of others.

At

At a time there was a great Contest between Folly and Prudence, which should have the Precedence; the difference grew so high, that they agreed to refer it to *Jupiter*; who hearing what could be said on both sides, at last gave his Judgment, *That Folly should go before, and Prudence follow after.*

Let all your Observations and Remarks be committed to Writing every Night before you Sleep, and so in a short time you will have a Dictionary of Prudence and Experience of your own making.

For wise Men now begin, not to be content to inhabit the World only, but to understand it too.

S E C T. XXIV.

Of Counsel and Counsellors.

IT is easier to give Counsel, than to take it; Wise Men think they do not need it, and Fools will not take it.

It's no diminution of Grandeur, no Character of Insufficiency to take Counsel; the Dignity of the greatest Person is rather advanced than diminished, when they sit in the Chair of Council.

The Counsels of a wise Man are the Voice of an Oracle, which foresees Things to come, and guides the designs of Posterity.

It's Wisdom for great Persons to advise with others what they should do; but it's not necessary to declare to them what they will do; let them take the advice of a wise Man, but let the determination come from themselves.

Those

Those Persons are not fit to advise others, that have not first given good Counsels to themselves.

The trust of giving Counsel, is the greatest trust; therefore Counsellors, are obliged to all Faithfulness and Integrity, and they ought rather to be skilled in their Masters Business, than in his Humour and Inclination.

Augustus lamented for *Varus* his Death, *Because*, said he, *I have none in my Country to tell me truth.*

What wants a Sovereign? (says a Flattering Courtier,) Truth, said a serious King.

Heliogabalus required the Advice of a Counsellor, who gave him that Advice which did not please him: *How darest thou be so plain?* said *Heliogabalus*, *Because I dare die*, said the Counsellor; *I can but die if I am Faithful, and I must die tho' I flatter.*

He that gives a Prince Counsel to feed his Humour and Desires, sets Interest, which cannot err, by Passion, which may.

A wise Counsellor must take notice of the *Minima's* of Affairs, and as they are apparelled with their Circumstances, this will be the best *Cynosura* to direct his Counsels; for *Optima cujusque rei Natura in portionibus ejus minimis observatur*; and many times great Matters do hang upon small Wyers.

Never set your Heart upon advising a Prince in a doubtful Enterprize which concerns his State; if it prosper the Glory must be his; if it fail, the Dishonour will be yours.

It hath passed antiently for a Maxim of Wisdom, *Consilia Senum, Hasta Juvenum*; old Men for Counsel, and young Men for Execution: But I think Men in the Meridian of their Years, are

are fitter for Counsel or Action than old Men; for Men of Age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, and repent too soon.

The Republick of *Venice* suffers not any Ecclesiasticks to sit in their Council, because of their Dependance on the Pope; but before any Suffrage pass in Council, the common Cry is, *Fuora I Preti, Out Presbyters.*

The true Exposition of a Counsellor, is rather to be well studied in his Master's Business than his Nature, for then he is like to advise him, not flatter him.

Solon being sent for by *Cræsus*, who advised and Counsell'd Him Wisely, but was dismissed with Dis-respect: *Æsop* was much grieved to see him so unthankfully dismissed, said to him, *We must either tell Kings nothing at all, or what is best for them.*

Every one is more ready with pleasant Conceits to delight a Prince, than with profitable Counsel to serve him: Smooth and pleasing Speeches and small Endeavours, always find Favour; but to advise a Prince that which is just and convenient, is a point of some pains, and many times a thankless Office.

Those who advise Princes, ought to speak as if they put them in mind of somewhat they had forgot, not as teaching them what they know not.

It's great Prudence in Matters of Debate, to speak last, and be Masters of others strength, before you discover your own.

If a Prince had several Kingdoms under him, it's wisdom to admit every Kingdom into his Council; by that means the several Nations will rest the better satisfied, and each Nation

will rival and contend to excel the other in smartness of Wit, and depth of Design.

When a Prince hath any great enterprize in Design, it's safest at first to propound the same to his Counsellors separately, and in private, ordering them to set down their Opinions in Writing, with their Reasons, and not to communicate the same to others; in private they will be more free and bold; whereas some great Person or Favorite in Council, having once declared his Conceits, carries the rest after him, without any Contradiction; so as the best Opinions are either concealed, or not so well debated; if the Prince meet with any Obstruction in his Enterprize, let him order those who have delivered their Opinions, to debate and defend the same in publick (which in Honour they ought to do) freely without Passion or Respect to any others; by this Means Matters will be well Debated and Discussed.

Those are the best Counsels, and chiefly to be embraced, that have the greatest Facility and Security in them, and such as are well grounded, and upon mature Deliberation resolved upon, and as little subject as may be to the power of Fortune: All desperate Counsels are dangerous, and are commonly attended by Despair and Infelicity,

Nothing is more fatal to great Undertakings, than rash and precipitate Counsels. Haste and Rashness are like Storms and Tempests which wrack Business; but Expedition, like a fair Wind, bringeth it into the Haven.

The Chariot of Wisdom is drawn by Remora's, and it's Council-Table is made of a Tortoise-shell.

King *Demetrius* being asked by *Proclus*, one of the Captains, why he would not give Battle to *Ptolomy*, seeing his Strength and Number of Men was much Superiour? Answered, *That a thing once done, can never be undone; and before a Man attempts a difficult Enterprize, it's necessary long time to consider and debate.*

Sertorius was highly commended by *Plutarch*, because he was slow in Counsel, grave in his Undertakings, and quick in his Executions.

Great Designs must be filed and followed; *In Nocte Consilium*; the Pillow is a silent Sybil, from whence you may receive Oracles of Wisdom.

To sleep upon a Thing that is to be done, is better than to be awaked by a Thing already done.

Agefilas, that wise Captain of the *Lacedaemonians*, being much pressed to give his Answer to the *Theban* Ambassadors, said, *An nescitis quod ad utilia deliberandum mora est tutissima?* Sudden Resolutions are always dangerous, and no less Peril ensueth of slow and doubtful Delays.

Cunctatio servilis; statim exequi Regium est.

Those are presumed to be the best Counsels which come from them that advise against their own Interest.

The *Athenians* having been Victors in the *Peloponesian* War, and conquered almost all *Greece*, had a Purpose to have conquered *Sicily*, which Design was disputed in the Senate of the *Athenians*: *Nicias*, who was one of the chief in *Athens*, dissuaded it; and his Reason was, because he perswaded them to that which was not for his Advantage; for while *Athens* was in

Peace, he knew there were many which would go before him, but in time of War, he was sure none could come near him.

A sober and wise Counsellor ought to look thro' the Present to the Future, and well to consider the Consequence of Things, and what Evils may happen out: The State of *Venice*, when they consult of a Business to Day, they consider what may fall out forty Years after.

He must not be *Phrygean* like, who assembled their Council after the Mischief was happened, to consult how they might have prevented it.

Boldness in Council is ill, because it's blind, it sees not Dangers and Inconveniencies; but good in Execution: for in Council it's good to see Dangers; in Execution not to see them except they be very great.

In matters of Counsel, the good and prudent part is to take Things as they are (since the past cannot be recalled) to propose Remedies for the present Evils, and Provisions against future Events.

A prudent Counsellor consults with both times, of the ancient time what is best, of the present what is fittest.

Pericles was wont to say, That Time was the wisest Counsellor.

It may be the Felicity of a private Man, now and then to meet with a sober Person to advise him, (and it's his Prudence to acquiesce in his Counsel) but not of great Men, for they love them that flatter and feed their Humour most, not those that serve their Interest best.

When *Xerxes* marched with a prodigious Army against *Greece*, he asked his Counsellors, what they thought of his Affairs? One told him, they would never come to Battel; another, that
he

he would only find empty Cities and Countries, for they would not so much as stand the Fame of his coming; only *Damaratus* advised him not to depend too much on his great Numbers, for he would find them rather a Burthen to him than an Advantage, and that Three Hundred Men in the Streights of the Mountains would be sufficient to give a Check to his great Army; and that such an Accident would undoubtedly turn his vast Numbers to his Confusion: It fell out afterwards as he foretold. A miserable Prince, that amongst so many thousand Subjects, had but one Servant to tell him Truth.

That excellent King *Alphonfus* was wont to say, *That his dead Counsellors*, meaning his Books, *were to him far better than the Living*, for they, without Flattery, Fear, or Bashfulness, presented to him Truth without Disguise.

Howsoever it's not safe for any Prince to change his secret Council, especially those made Privy to any of his last Results; for such resemble Keys that are lost or displaced, no farther Security remains, but to change the Lock.

Counsellors of Princes ought to give such Counsel as may comport with the Dignity and Honour of their Master, and not that which suits with the Model of their own Mind and Fortune.

Parmenio hearing what great Offers *Darius* made to *Alexander*, which he rejected, *Parmenio* said, *Surely were I as Alexander, I would accept of these Offers*: said *Alexander*, *So would I, were I as Parmenio*.

After any Matter is propounded and well debated in Council, many times nothing can be more pernicious than not to come to a speedy Resolution.

The *Lavinians* being sought to by the *Latins* for aid against the *Romans*, put off the Resolution of it so long, that when they were just marching out of the Town to give Succours to them, News came that the *Latins* were defeated; whereupon the *Prætor Milonius* said, *We shall pay dear to the Romans for this little way we have gone; for if at first they had resolved either to help, or not to help the Latins; Not helping, they had not given offence to the Romans; but helping them, had their aid come in time, with the addition of their Forces, they might have gained them the Victory.*

As nothing is more becoming a sober Counsellor than to advise his Prince justly; so nothing tends more to the glory of the greatest Prince, than to take good Counsel and pursue it.

The first part of Wisdom consists in Ability, to give good Counsel; the next is to take it.

Hence it was that the *Egyptians* adopted *Diodorus* to be their King; for he was so cunning in giving and taking Counsel, and in changing it with dexterity, when opportunity served, that it's said, *He could turn himself into any Figure or Shape.*

Hannibal the *Carthaginian* being in Exile, advised King *Antiochus*, upon an advantageous occasion offer'd, to give the *Romans*, his Enemies, Battel.

Antiochus, when he had sacrificed, told him, *The Entrails forbid it.* *Hannibal* sharply rebuked him, thus, *Sir, you are for the doing what the Flesh of a Beast, not what the Reason of a wise Man adviseth.*

It's not so fatal to the Common-wealth, to have an evil Prince, and a good Council, as it's to have a good Prince misled by evil Counsellors.
Nothing

Nothing doth suit so ill with the Wisdom of a Prince, as to hearken (as some Princes do) to Counsels given by one of his own Temper.

Let a wise Counsellor advise nothing but what is practicable; every Project that thwarts Prudence, is a kind of folly and quacking, which in matters of Politicks, is the ruin of States; tho' at first it may seem plausible, it's but a neat delusion, and will afterwards lose its Vogue, when the vanity thereof shall be known in Practice.

When one propounded in the Senate of *Sparta*, to free *Greece*, *Well contrived indeed*, said *Agis* (the Son of *Archydamus*) *but hard to be brought about*; he said, *Friend, thy Words want an Army and Treasure.*

Such Counsels as are over-subtile and nice, are not much to be regarded, because they are seldom brought to a good issue: Hence it is that the *Venetians*, altho' they are not so ingenious a People as the *Florentines*, yet are they for the most part more happy in their Consultations than they are; and the *Lacedemonians* were in this particular more fortunate than the *Athenians*.

Counsels too finely spun, are easily broken; and a deep Contrivance agrees not with the impatience of the Vulgar, to whom speedy Undertakings seem always most Heroick: And slow, yet sure Practices, are interpreted by them as the Motions of False or Base Spirits.

S E C T. XXV.

Of Prudence in time of Danger.

HE that in a wicked Age will endeavour to do that which ought to be done, or to study to be truly Virtuous and Just, (which I wish you ever to be) will thereby hazard his Fortune and his Safety; and believe me, more Men are undone for their Virtues than for their Vices; and a good Man is more in danger than a bad.

A *Plebeian* moved in the Senate of *Athens* to have *Aristides* banished; being asked what displeasure *Aristides* had done him, he replied, *None, neither do I know him, but it grieves me to bear every Body call him a just Man.*

Theodorus the Patriarch, was scoffed at by the *Grecian* Court, as an Antick, for using Goodness when it was out of fashion; and adjudged Imprudent for being Virtuous by himself.

In elder Story it passed for an Oracle of Prudence, *That Honesty was the best Policy*; but in Modern Practice you will find, *That Policy is the best Honesty*: To deal justly, looks like a piece of Knight-Errantry; and a good Man is but *Apuleius* inverted.

Virtue and Integrity, when Men were good and innocent, were great Securities; but in a depraved State, they are but as Traps to ensnare those who do profess them.

But if it shall be your Infelicity to live in bad times (as I wish you the best,) I hope you may be the better for them by an *Antiperistasis*.

If the times be perillous, you must, as a discreet Pilot, play with the Waves which may in-
danger

danger you; and by giving way thereunto, avoid the hazzard: So the Tempest may shake, but not rend your Sails.

To pass a dangerous Wood safely, it's sometimes lawful to put on such Skins as the Beasts have, which haunt those Woods.

He that acts a Beggar to prevent a Thief, is never the poorer.

Be not singular, but observe the Humour and Genius of the Times; for he that with the Camelion, cannot change Colour with the Air he lives in, must with the Camelion, be content to live only on the Air.

Be not of any Faction; a wise Man is always free.

In all Factions carry your self with Moderation, and so you may make use of them all.

And herein *Pomponius Atticus* was so happy, that all Factions loved him, and studied to do him kindness, and in the midst of them lived in Peace and Prosperity.

Factions in State never hold long their Ground; for if they be not suppressed by the Power of the State, they will be ruined by some Distempers rising in their own Party.

But in popular Commotions, if you stand Neutral, you will be sure to run the fortune of the Bat, to be picked by the Birds, and to be bitten by the Mice.

I am of that boon Courage, that I had rather be devoured by a Lion, than done to Death by Flies.

Neither can I suit my self with those Persons, who act for their Advantage; like the Bird, whereof *Leo Africanus* makes mention, which when the King of the Birds demanded Tribute, would always rank himself amongst the Fish;

and when the King of the Fishes required his Service, would be always with the Birds.

If any singular Infelicity shall happen to fall upon you, the only way is, not to sit still, but to resolve upon Action; for so long as nothing is done, the same Accidents which caused your Misfortune, do still remain; but if you Act something, you may deliver your self: However, you express a brave Spirit, that you durst attempt it.

But that which is out of your Power, let it be out of your Care; you may, if you think fit, give your self much trouble, but leave God to govern the World as himself pleaseth.

If you will live Comfortably, let God alone with his Providence, and Men with their Rights.

A Lyon that had been Abroad upon an Adventure and brought off a savoury Purchase along with him, spy'd a Sheep at a distance, quite out of Breath, and scouring away as hard as he cou'd drive. The Lyon cry'd out to him three or four times to stop a little, but the poor Creature kept running on still without so much as looking behind him; this gave the Lyon a suspicion that there might be a Wolf in the case, and so there was it seems, for prying narrowly thorough the Bushes, he saw one pressing eagerly after the Sheep upon the very Heel. The Lyon cross'd the Way upon the Wolf, and asked him carelessly enough, whither in such hast; I am looking out, says the Wolf, for my Supper. If that be all, says the Lyon, you shall take a bit with me to Night: The Wolf would gladly have been excus'd; but betwixt good Manners and good Discretion the matter was compounded and the Sheep sav'd.

S E C T. XXVI.

Of the Grotto, or Retired Life.

W^Hen I retire into my little Grotto, in the midst of a fine Wood, near a Chrystal Stream, there I find Happiness and Content beyond an Imperial Crown: Here I observe the Lady *Flora* to cloath our Grandam Earth with a new livery, diaper'd with pleasant Flowers, and chequer'd with delightful Objects; there the pretty Songsters of the Spring, with their various Musick, seem to welcome me as I pass along; the Earth putteth forth her Prim-roses and pretty Dayes to behold me; the Air blows with gentle *Zephyrs* to refresh me; here I find such Pleasure, with a *Gusto relevante*, that I could bid adieu to *Alcinous*, *Adonis*, and *Lucullus's* Gardens, and would not envy the *Thesfalians* for their *Tempe*: if I were *Epicurus* (the Master of Pleasures) I should wish to be all Nose to smell, or else all Eyes to delight my sight.

Here is no slavish Attendance, no Canvassing for Places, no making of Parties, no envy of any Man's Favour or Fortune, no Disappointments in my Pretensions to any Thing, but a calm enjoyment of the bounties of Providence in company with a good Conscience; here I can enjoy my self in the greatest Tranquillity and Repose, without Fear, Envy, or desiring any Thing.

If I lye under the protection of Heaven, a poor Cottage for Retreat is more worth than the most magnificent Palace : Here I can enjoy the Riches of Content in the midst of an honest Poverty; here undisturbed Sleeps and undissembled Joys do dwell; here I spend my Days without Cares, and my Nights without Groans; my Innocency is my Security and Protection.

Here are no Beds of State, no Garments of Pearl or Embroidery, no Materials for Luxury and Excess; the Heavens are my Canopy, and the Glories of them my Spectacle; the motion of the Orbs, the courses of the Stars, and the wonderful order of Providence are my Contemplation.

My Grotto is safe, tho' narrow; no Porter at the Door, nor any Business for Fortune, for she hath nothing to do, where she hath nothing to look after.

Here I am delivered from the Tumults of the World, free from the Drudgery of Business, which make us troublesome to others, and unquiet to our selves; for the end of one Appetite or Design, is the beginning of another.

I value *Epicurus* $\lambda\acute{\alpha}\delta\epsilon$ *Bίωσις*, live closely, beyond a Diadem; and must say with *Crates*, That Men know not how much a Wallet, a Measure of *Lupines*, and security of Mind is worth.

This is the way to Heaven which Nature hath chalked out, and it's both secure and pleasant; there needs no Train of Servants, no Pomp or Equipage to make good our Passage, no Money or Letters of Credit for Expences upon the Voyage; but the Graces of an honest Mind will secure us upon the Way, and make us happy at our Journeys end.

Similis,

Similis, Captain of the Guard to *Adrian* the Emperor, having passed a most toilsome Life, retired himself, and lived privately in the Country for seven Years, acknowledging that he had lived only seven Years; and caused on his Monument to be engraven,

Hic jacet Similis, cujus Aetas multorum Annorum fuit, ipse Septem duntaxat Annos vixit.

You perhaps have more Friends at Court than I have, a larger Train, a fairer Estate, and more illustrious Title; but what do I care to be out done by Men, in some cases, so long as Fortune is overcome by me in all.

Zeno hearing *Theophrastus* commended above any of the Philosophers for his Number of Scholars, *It's true*, said *Zeno*, *his Quire is larger than mine, but mine hath the sweeter Voices*; so others may have more Lordships, ample Possessions, and larger Territories; but I have the sweetest Life, because more Retired.

Nothing comes amiss to me, but all Things succeed to my very wish: There is here no wrangling with Fortune, no being out of Humour for Accidents; whatsoever befalls me, it's God's Pleasure, and it's my Duty to bear it: In this State I feel no want; I am abundantly pleased with what I have, and what I have not, I do not regard; so that every Thing is great because it's sufficient.

O the Blessings of privacy and freedom! The wish of the Greatest but the privilege only of Mean ones: It was *Augustus's* Prayer, *That he might live to Retire, and deliver himself from publick Business.*

He that lives close, lives quiet ; he fears no body of whom no body is afraid ; he that stands below upon the firm Ground, needs not fear falling.

What is all the Glory and Grandeur of the World, or the great Territories in it, to that Happiness which I do now possess and enjoy ? The whole compass of the Earth to me seems but a Point, and yet Men will be dividing it into Kingdoms and Dominions.

King *Philip* receiving a Fall in a place of wrestling, when he turned himself in rising, and saw the print of his Body (in the Dust) *Good God*, said he, *what a small portion of Earth hath Nature assigned us, and yet we covet the whole World ?*

Some are so Covetous, that the Riches of *Potofi* will not content them ; whereas in a retired Life there is no occasion for Mony, but only to look on it, and tell it over.

I am here at no Man's Command, but am a Servant to Reason ; yet I enjoy that privilege which *Diogenes* bragged of, when he said, *Aristotle Dines when it seems good to King Philip, but Diogenes when himself pleases.*

It is a stark Madness for a Man to think he shall be Safe and Quiet when he's Great.

Many Liberties may be taken in a private Condition, that are dangerous in a publick.

I can walk alone where I please, without a Sword, without Fear, without Company ; I can go and come, Eat and Drink, without being taken notice of.

The higher we are raised, the more eminent are our Errors and Infirmities ; there is not a Day, not an Hour, that we can call our own ; how can we expect Peace and Repose in a Station,

tion, when all that ever went before us, have encountred Hazards and Troubles, if not Death it self? Consider when you are exalted in the Orb of Glory, that every Man that admires and flatters you, envies you too in his Heart.

It's common to Men of the greatest Eminency, that they perished by the Hands and Harms of those they least feared.

What with our open and secret Enemies, we are never secure; we are betray'd by our Friends, our Servants, our Relations; but these are the Infelicities and Measures of Courts, not of Cottages: Servitude is the Fate of Palaces; he that is Master of many, is the Servant yet of more.

Innocency hath no residence at Court, where Ambition always wars against eminent Virtues.

Let any Man but observe the Tumults and the Crowds that attend Palaces, what Affronts must we endure to be admitted, and how much greater when we are in; The way to Happiness and Tranquillity is fair, but the passage to Greatness is craggy, and stands not only upon a Precipice, but upon Ice too; and tho' we our selves should be at rest, Fortune will not suffer us.

What are Crowns and Scepters, but Golden Fetters and Splendid Miseries, which if Men did but truly understand, there would be more King loins than Kings to govern them; look not upon the Splendor of the Crown, but upon the Tempest of Cares which accompany it: Fix not your Eyes upon the Purple, but upon the Mind of the King, more sad and dark than the Purple it self; the Diadem doth not more encompass his Head, than Cares and Suspicions his Soul; look not at the Squadrons of his Guards, but at the Armies of his Molestation which attend him.

A great Fortune is a great Slavery, and Thrones are but uneasie Seats.

*Sedes prima, est vita ima.
Stet quicunque volet potens
Aula, culmine lubrico :
Me dulcis saturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.*

Those Grandees upon whom the admiring Multitude gaze, as upon refulgent Comets, and Prodigies of Glory and Honour, of all Men are most Unhappy ; look into their Breasts, then you shall see the swarms of Cares and Anxieties which incessantly corrode their very Hearts.

Consider the brave Men of the World, who for their Merit have been advanced to the highest Elevation of Glory, have, for their Virtues, been ruined ; some have been proscribed, because their Deserts were above Requital, and others, not because they had done any harm, but for fear they might do some, by reason of their Greatness.

Rutilius and *Camillus* were rewarded with Banishment, to whom *Rome* did owe not a little of her Greatness and Renown : The *Athenians* cashier'd not only their *Miltiades* and *Themistocles*, who had often preserved their Lives and Fortunes, but also their *Phocion* and *Aristides*, which are not so much the Names of Men, as of Virtue and Goodness.

The *Venetians* clapt up in Prison that brave *Pedro Lore-Dano*, a Senator of *Venice*, because he had so much Authority as to becalm a Tempest by Land, I mean a great Commotion and Tumult raised by the Sea-men, which threat-
ned

ned much danger to the City, and this *Par Region' di Stato*.

Every Thing that is Virtuous and Good, does not always Triumph: Things of this World have their Seasons, and that which is most eminent, is obnoxious to the ill Arts of others.

Ever think it's the best Living in the temperate Zone; between *Nec Splendide, nec Miserè*.

If Heaven shall vouchsafe me such a Blessing, that I may enjoy my *Grotto* with Content, I can look upon all the great Kingdoms of the Earth as so many little Birds-Nests. And I can in such a Territory prune my self as much as *Alexander* did, when he fancied the whole World to be in one great City, and his Camp the Castle of it.

If I were advanced to the *Zenith* of Honour, I am at the best but a Porter, constellated to carry up and down the World a vile Carcase; I confess my Mind (the nobler part of me) now and then takes a walk in the large Campaign of Heaven, and there I contemplate the Universe, the Mysterious Concatenation of Causes, and the stupendious Efforts of the Almighty, in Consideration whereof I can chearfully bid adieu to the World.

Depone hoc apud te, nunquam plus agere Sapientem, quam cum in conspectu ejus, Divina atque Humana venerunt.

You will find by Experience (which is the best Looking-Glass of Wisdom) that a private Life is not only more pleasant, but more happy than any Princely State.

I can easily believe, that *Dioclesian* after his Retreat from the Empire, took more content in exercising the Trade of a Gardener in *Salona*, than in being Emperor of *Rome*; for when *Maximianus Hercules* writ to him to resume the Empire (which he had with much Felicity governed for Twenty Years) he returned this Answer, *That if he would come unto Salona, and observe the rare Productions of Nature, and see how the Coleworts, which he had planted with his own Hands, did thrive and prosper, he would never trouble his Head with Crowns, nor his Hands with Scepters.*

And sometimes I think, that *Dionysius* took as great pleasure in commanding his Scholars in *Corinth*, as in reigning over *Syracuse*.

This made *Scipia*, after he had raised *Rome* to be the Metropolis of almost the whole World, by a Voluntary Exile, to retire himself from it, and at a private House in the middle of a Wood, near *Linternum*, to pass the remainder of his glorious Life, no less gloriously.

The tallest Trees are weakest in the tops, and Envy always aimeth at the highest.

Those who have been bad, their own Infelicity precipitates their Fate; if good, their Merits have been their Ruin.

If they have been Fortunate abroad, they have been undone at Home by Fears and Jealousies.

If Unsuccessful, the Capricio's of Fortune are counted their Miscarriages, and their Unhappinesse esteemed for Crimes.

Howsoever a Virtuous Honest Man, (as I wish you ever to be) tho' his Bark be split, yet he saves his Cargo; and hath something left towards his setting up again.

There

There is no Safety, no Security, no Comfort, no Content in Greatness: This made a great Man say, *Requiem quæsiui & non inveni, nisi in Angello cum Libello*; I have sought for rest and quiet, but could not find it but in a little Corner with a Book.

Vive tibi, & longe nomina magna fuge.

O the Sweetness and Pleasure of those blessed Hours that I spend apart from the Noise and Business of the World! How calm, how gentle, not so much as a Cloud or Breath of Wind to disturb the Serenity of my Mind? The World to me is a Prison, and Solitude a Paradise.

If you think it pleasant from Land, to behold Mariners striving with Storms; or without endangering your self, Armies joyning Battel; certainly nothing can be more delightful, than from the calm Throne of Wisdom, to view the Tumults and Contentions of Fools; not that it's pleasant that others are afflicted; but it pleaseth that we our selves are not involved in the same Evils.

All the exterior Lustre of the World, which charms the Eyes of Men, is but a painted Cloud, a Dial which we then look on, when the Sun of Honour reflects upon it; or like an Act in a Comedy, which presently hath its *Exit*.

Long Life and a peaceful Death, are not granted or held by the Charter of Honour, except Virtue and Integrity renew the Patent: Flattery and Envy, Two antient Courtiers, lay secret Trains to blow up the greatest Structure of Fortune.

Give

Give me a retired Life, a peaceful Conscience, honest Thoughts, and virtuous Actions, and I can pity *Cesar*.

*Vitam si liceat mihi
Formare arbitriis meis.
Non fasces cupiam, aut opes,
Non clarus niveis equis
Captiva agmina traxerim:
In solis habitem locis.
Hortos possideam, atque agros,
Illic ad strepitus aquæ
Musarum studiis fruor:
Sic cum fata mihi ultima
Pernerit Lachesis mea,
Non ulli gravis aut malus
Tranquillis moriar Senex.*

The kindest Couple of a Shepherd and a Shepherdess that ever met, came unhappily to be parted at last by a most deplorable Fate.

As the Mistress was a sleep upon the Grass, a Serpent bit her by the Breast and she dy'd on't. So soon as the Husband had discharg'd all the Funeral Rites and Duties, he erected a Monument to the Honour of her Memory, and pay'd her his daily Visits, strowing Flowers and Roses upon it, with a particular Caution that no sort of unclean Thing should be suffered near it. As he was one Day either killing Worms with his Feet, or cutting them to pieces with his Sheep-hook, according to his Custom; there was a Voice spake to him to this purpose: Be not so cruel, gentle Shepherd, to thy once belov'd *Amarante*, for the Worms that thou hast now destroy'd with a friendly Intention, are no other than a part of that Creature; or if I may
not

not be Credited, look but under the Stone that covers them, and believe thine own Eyes. He had no sooner rais'd the Stone but whole shoals of Maggots came creeping out from under it, and these Words along with them. *Think no more of what I once was, but Treasure up this in thy Mind; That what Amarante is at present, Thyrsis must one day be.* These last Words made such an Impression upon the Shepherd, that from that Day forward, he bad adieu to his Flock, and gave himself up wholly to the Thoughts of Death.

S E C T. XXVII.

Of Complaisance.

IT will be great Prudence in you, well to study the Art of Complaisance, certainly an Art of excellent Use in the conduct of Affairs.

For there are so many Circumstances in the way to an Estate or Greatness, that a Morose or Peremptory Man rarely attains either.

Never violently oppose your self against the Torrent of the Times you live in, thereby to hazard your Fame or Fortune; but by fair Complaisance attain your Safety.

Plato compares a wise Man to a good Gamester, which doth accommodate his Play to the Chance of the Die.

So should a wise Man accommodate the course of his Life, to the Occasions which do often require new Deliberations.

Mahomet made the People believe that he would call a Hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his Prayers for the Observers of his Law; the People assembled, *Mahomet* call'd the *Hill* over and over to come to him; and the *Hill* not moving, he was not at all out of Countenance at it, but put it off with a Jest, *If the Hill will not come to Mahomet, says he, Mahomet will go to the Hill.*

You must imitate *M. Portius Cato*, who was of such a Temper, that he would humour all Occasions, and was never out of his way.

Knowledge it self ought to be according to the Mode, and it's no small piece of Wit, to counterfeit the Ignorant; the relish of Things changes according to the times.

Let a prudent Man accommodate himself to the present, tho' the past may seem better unto him.

When any thing is requested of you, which you are not willing to grant, deny it not point blank, but make your Denial to be taken down by Sips; leave always a Remnant of Hope to sweeten the bitterness of the Denial: Let Courtessie fill up the vacuity of Favour, and good Words supply the defect of good Deeds: Hold Men in Hopes, when you cannot give them Satisfaction.

A Complaisant Humour, assisted with the practical Knowledge of Men and Things, gains and ravishes the Hearts of People; it's a thing of good Consequence, for a Man to make the Best of his own Talent.

The Air of the Countenance hath certain Charms which have a great Influence on the Minds of Men.

Marſhal *de Rhetz* did deſerve the higheſt Encomium for his Complaiſancy; the acceſs to his Perſon was ever eaſie, his Humour not Moroſe, his Countenance Serene, and when neceſſity and private Reaſons obliged him not to grant a Petition, it was in terms that ſweetned the diſcontent of the Unſucceſſful.

Truth hath Force; Reaſon, Authority; and Juſtice, Power; but they are without Luſtre, if the graceful way and manner of doing be wanting; the pleaſant way of doing makes the Man of Faſhion.

A wiſe Pilot always turns his Sails according to the Wind.

It will be Prudence in you to aſcribe your moſt eminent Performances to Providence; for it will take off the edge of Envy; and none are leſs maliced, or more applauded than they who are thought rather Happy than Able, and Fortunate than Cunning.

When you come into Company, or to Act, lay aſide all ſharp and moroſe Humours, and be pleaſant; which will make you acceptable, and the better effect your Ends.

Xenocrates, who was of a very ſevere and rigid Diſpoſition, would be very pleaſant in his Diſcourſe; at which the Diſciples of *Plato* much wondering, ſaid *Plato*, *Do you wonder that Roſes and Lillies grow amongſt Thorns?*

I muſt confeſs, I am by the malignity of my Stars, very moroſe. I cannot ſubject my ſelf to the Humour of other Men; I cannot, with *Anaxagoras*, maintain Snow to be black; nor with *Favorinus*, a Quartan Ague to be a very good thing; but muſt appear without any Diſguiſe, and declare my Judgment according to my own Sentiments.

I have no *Sol* in me, nor am I ductile; I cannot mould my self *Platonically* to the World's Idea: I had rather lose my Head, than stoop to any low and unbecoming Action: In my solitudes I can bless my self, when I contemplate the felicity that my Ashes will meet in the Urn.

S E C T. XXVIII.

Of Faber Fortunæ.

EVERY Man is *Faber Fortune*, but there are many spoiled in the making.

If you aim at Advancement, be sure you have *Jovem in Arca*; otherwise your flight to Preferment will be but slow without some Golden Feathers: You must study to ingratiate your self into the favour of some great Person, upon whom you must depend rather than upon your own Virtues: If not, you will be like a Hop without a Pole for every one to tread upon: And wise Men know that Merit must take a great compass to rise, if not assisted by Favour.

To gain the favour of great Persons, you must be skilful in the art of Fencing; for he that on the Right or Left hits their Humour, wins and partakes of their Bounty; but not he that useth much Skill.

If you set up for a Favourite, it's Prudence to have Fame to sound the Trumpet of your worth before you offer your self; for by that means you will make your self to be desir'd, which will be a great Advantage to you; but by offering and intruding your self, they will think you are rewarded when you are accepted.

In

In raising the Fabrick of your Fortune, there is no small Wisdom in the polishing and framing the Materials of ordinary Discourse, to discern Tempers, to suit the Humour and Character of Men; rightly to observe Time, and prudently to make Occasions, will serve as so many Steps to get up to the Pinnacle.

Some Men in the making of their Fortune, are well studied in Men, but know not the nature of Business; others are only wise by Rule, and study Maxims, but ignorant in timing of Business, and making Opportunities.

Some Men by Flattery (an Art much in fashion) have raised themselves, and done their Business without running any risque; but I look upon Flatterers as the pests of Society, and the disgraces of Humane Nature.

He that will be Master in the Art, must set before him that excellent *Cato Major*, who was said to be, *Adeo versatilis Ingenii, ut quocunque loco viveret fortunam sibi fabricare visus est.*

To be *debonair*, and behave your self with decorum, will contribute much to your Advancement; for the *Roman Orator* tells you, *Propium hoc esse Prudentiæ, conciliare sibi Animos Hominum & ad usus suos adjungere.*

The covering of your Imperfections and Defects are of no less importance than the illustrating of your good parts.

The mould of a Man's Fortune is in his own Hands.

The Architect of Fortune must dispose his Mind to judge of Things as they conduce to his particular Ends; for we have observed some in the conduct of Affairs, prefer things of Shew and Appearance, before things of Substance and Effect.

Order your Affairs so, not to pass for a crafty Man; the truth is, there is no living now a days without using it; but it's better to be reputed Prudent, than Cunning.

The first Employments are a trial of worth, and a setting forth of your Credit and Character to the World; and what you shall strive to do afterwards, scarce makes amends for what you shall have done before.

You must be industrious upon all Occasions to set forth and illustrate your Talent with most Advantage; for concealed Virtue is like a Mine undiscovered.

Make Sail while the Gale blows, follow the Current while the Stream is most strong; for if Fortune be followed, as the first doth fall out, the rest will follow.

He that cannot endure to strive against the Stream, shall hardly attain the Port which he purposed to recover: There is always a difficulty in Things that tend to Grandeur: He that's afraid of Leaves, let him not enter into the Wood; never leave a String untouched that may make Musick for your Interest and Advantage.

You must be of a Sagacious Spirit, for Sagacity is an Oracle in Doubts, and a Golden Thread in a Labyrinth.

Quickness of Dispatch in Business is a great advantage to your Rising; for Superiors do not love to employ those that are too deep, or too sufficient, but ready and diligent.

The Folly of one Man, is the Fortune of another, and no Man prospers so suddenly as by the errors of others.

It's ordinary for one Man to build his Fortune out of the Ruins of another ; when the Tree begins once to fall, every one hastens to gather Sticks.

A Philosopher was asked what was doing in Heaven? Answered, *Magna Olla franguntur & ex frustis earum minores fiunt.*

We see in Nature, the corruption of one Thing is the generation of another ; and many Men have generated their own Fortunes, by the taxing of the corruptions of others.

But I cannot approve of the Methods of the Marquess of *Pescara*, who to advance himself, would draw Men into dangerous Practices, and then discover them himself, making other Mens Offences the first step to his own Greatness.

If you be of Merit and Aspire, transplant your self, for your own Country will envy your eminent Qualities ; and your Country-Men will better remember the Imperfections you had in the beginning, than the Merit by which you advanced ; and he will never have great veneration for a Statue, who hath seen it the Stump of a Tree.

Homini præclaro, vivendum, ubi princeps vivit.

If you aspire to Advancement, it's not enough for you to stand at the Gate of Fortune in a good posture, and expect till she opens it ; but *ut habiti tibi pateant fores confidentia & industria pulsandum est fortiter* : Confidence and Industry are Two necessary and useful Engins to mount up to Grandeur.

It's not enough for a Man to have Merit and Virtue ; but he must know how to bring himself into Play.

Sometimes a trivial Action, if dexterously done, promotes a Man more than the most solid Virtue, or the greatest Merit.

The Grand Seignior one Day reading of a Letter upon a Balcony in his Garden, the Wind blew it out of his Hand; the Pages that attended being emulous to please so great a Prince, ran down the Stairs to fetch it up; but one of the Pages amongst the rest, that had practised to support himself in the Air, threw himself from the Balcony to recover the Paper, and suddenly remounting with it, presented it to the Grand Signior, whilst the rest were running down to fetch it: This, to speak truly, was a raising of himself to Grandeur, for the Prince being wonderfully surpris'd with so rare an Action, prefer'd the Page to the highest Dignity, for afterwards he was made Grand Vizier.

A pleasant Jest, or an apt Repartee, sometimes advances a Man more than all his Study or Virtue.

Doctor Mountague, Chaplain to King James the First, waiting upon his Majesty, when he was walking in St. James's Park, the King told the Doctor, *That he was more troubled how to dispose of the Bishoprick of London (being then void) than he was of any thing in his Life; for there are many that make for it with so strong an Interest, that I know not,* said the King, *to whom to give it:* The Doctor told his Majesty, *That if he had Faith, he might easily dispose of it: Do you take me for an Infidel,* said the King? *No,* please your Majesty, said the Doctor; *but, I say, if your Majesty had Faith, you might remove this Mountain, (clapping his Hand upon his Breast) into the Sea;* the King was so well pleased with the Pun, that he gave him the Bishoprick.

Some

Some Politick Men have raised themselves to Honour by freeness in opening themselves.

Sigismund of Lunenburgh, King of Bohemia, being in the Diet in *Germany*, for the Choice of an Emperor after the Death of *Robert of Bavaria*, spake the first according to Custom; and declared to them the Qualifications that an Emperor ought to have; *How that he ought to be a wise Person, of a good Estate to support the Honour, and a Valiant Man able to protect them;* after he had discoursed of these at large, he told them, *That he thought these Qualifications did not agree better with any Person than himself; and that no Man was more worthy of the Empire than himself;* the rest of the Electors were so well pleased with his Freedom and Generosity, that they unanimously gave him their Voices, and so he was advanced to the Imperial Dignity.

Honours and Preferments are rarely the Reward of Virtue, but the work of Passion and Interest: Is it not strange to observe a Person raised to the Dignity of a Constable of *France*, for having taught Magpies to fly at Swallows?

To what Grandeur do you think such another Person as *Domitian*, if he had lived in that Princes time, would have advanced himself unto, who was so excellent at catching of Flies? But let Honour be your Merit, not your Expectation; and attain to Preferments not by winding Stairs, but by the Scale of your own Virtues: If you miss of it, you must be content, there is a Reward for all Things but for Virtue.

Though Virtue be a Patent for Honour, and Preferments ought to be an encouragement for Worth; yet it may be observed in the Course of the World, That Men of the greatest Abilities are on Design suppressed; and they deal

with Persons of the best accomplishment, as the Birds in *Plutarch* did, who beat the Jay, for fear, in time, she might become an Eagle.

And it hath been the unhappy Fate of many Virtuous Persons, like the Ax, after it hath cut down the hard Timber, to be hang'd up against the Wall unregarded; or like a Top, which hath been for a long time scourged, and run well, yet at last to be lodged up for a Hobler.

The great *Gonsalvo*, after he had Conquered the Kingdom of *Naples* for *Ferdinand* of *Spain*, lived under an Ostracism in his own Country, without Preferment or Regard.

Vatinus a Person of no moment, was Advanced; but *Cato*, the Glory of his Age, Rejected.

Rome's Second Founder *Camillus* was Banished, *Scipio* that great Scourge of *Carthage* was disgraced, and *Coriolanus* died in Exile, only Banished, because their Worth and Virtue lifted them above the ordinary pitch of Subjects.

'Tis great Pity methinks; thus to see the Curtain drawn between a Virtuous Person and Preferment. So far am I from agreeing with *Carneades*, that Injustice is to be preferred before Justice; or that it's better to be a Knave than a Virtuous Honest Man.

Tho' I am many times almost of Opinion that it is better to be Fortunate, than Wise or Just; and ready to cry out with *Brutus*.

O Virtus, colui te ut rem, at tu nomen es inane.

Therefore if you design to rise and become great, I would not advise you to accomplish your self over-much, or study to be very learned or Wise; for I have observed that Wisdom many times gives a check to Confidence, which
is

is the Scale and Rundle by which many climb up to the Pinnacle; and I find by Experience, that common Heads and narrow Souls, by Industry, accompanied with Ambition and Covetousness, work Wonders, and do the business of the World.

Sextus Quintus being made Pope, an old Acquaintance of his came to give him a Visit, and to rejoyce with him for his great Advancement; but privately between themselves he told his Holiness, *That he much admired how he was promoted to that Dignity, to be Head of the Church, when he had such mean Parts.* *Sextus Quintus* told him, *That if he understood how Folly governed the World, he would not admire that he was made Pope.*

It was well observed by the *Italian*, that there are not Two more fortunate Qualifications, than to have somewhat of the Fool, and not too much of the Honest.

Virtue or Merit is no longer in esteem than there is use of it.

But be assured, there is nothing so dangerous and terrible in any State, as a powerful and authorized Ignorance.

Men of weak Abilities set in great Places, are like little Statues set on great Bases, made to appear the less by their Advancement; whereas wise Men exalted, like good Planets in their several Spheres, they carry their Influences of Virtue and Wisdom round about the Kingdom.

A little good Fortune is better than a great deal of Virtue; and the least Authority hath advantage over the greatest Wit.

But let nothing disquiet you; a Virtuous Person will at one time or another be thought good for something; and a wise Man will once

in an Age come in Fashion: Fortune doth reward with Interest those who have the Patience to wait for her.

I am much pleased with the Remarks of *Themistocles* upon the *Athenians*, who resembled himself to a Palm Tree, the Leaves and Boughs whereof Men break off in fair Weather, and run under it for Shelter in a Storm.

Princes may bestow Preferments, but they cannot make Men truly Honourable.

Heliogabalus's Cook was still but a base Fellow, tho' his Master made him as great as were his own Vices.

And it's sometimes a greater Honour to fail of the Reward of Merit, than to receive it; the Glory and highest Recompence of noble Actions, is to have done them; and Virtue out of it self, can find no Retribution worthy of her.

Cato gloried more in that the People asked why he was not preferr'd, than he would have done in enjoying the greatest Honours they had to bestow.

If you have gain'd upon your self a Reputation of Virtuous, to preserve it, and eschew Envy, make a fair Retreat; there is nothing better than a Life retired from daily Conversation, especially of the Multitude.

Fugiat Sapiens commercia vulgi.

The greatest Perfection loses of its worth, by being every Day in sight: Therefore let a wise Man take himself to the Sanctuary of an Honourable Retreat; for a fair Retreat is as Glorious as a gallant Combat.

Solon accounted *Tellus* the *Athenian* the most happy Man, for living privately on his own Lands.

SECT.

S E C T. XXIX.

Of Negotiating.

IN all Undertakings, first examine your own Strength, the Enterprize next, and Thirdly the Person with whom you have to do; take a just measure of your Abilities to perform it, and whether it holds proportion unto your Designs; and before you Enterprize, consider what the end may be, then what Means and Instruments you have to obtain it.

It's Indiscretion to attempt an Eagles flight with the Wings of a Wren: Consider *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent?*

Have a care, lest attempting too high Things you catch a Fall, like *Thales* in *Laertius*, who contemplating the Stars, fell into a Ditch.

When an Enterprize fails, the Door is open to Contempt.

It's no Prudence to attempt over-hard or extreme Points, but to chuse in your Actions that which is most practicable and passant; this will preserve you from a Foil, and increase Reputation.

When you attempt any great Enterprize, take a Companion with you, by that means you secure your self against the Evil which may happen, or at least bear but part of it; the Skilful Physician, who hath not succeeded in the Cure of his Patient, never fails to take the Assistance of another, who under the name of Consultation, helps to bear up the Pall; he that takes the whole conduct of Affairs upon himself alone, attracts to himself all the Envy.

In your Undertakings, if you will be successful, let Reason be the President of all your Actions; Miscarriages are the Effects of Folly: Fools are unfortunate, because they never consider; and Men make Fortune greater than she is, and by their own Folly increase her Power. Fore-sight is the right Eye of Prudence.

He that forecasts what may happen, shall never be surpris'd; it's too late to begin to arm when the Enemy is in our Quarters.

Prudence is the Midwife of all Actions, if well delivered; without it they are still-born; it will be as a Domestick Oracle to you: It's the *Ariadnes* Clew which will guide you thro' the *Meanders* of the most perplex and intricate Affairs.

Opinion is the guide of Fools, but Reason and Prudence conduct wise Men: Be like *Homer's* wife Man who hath his Eyes, *a fronte & tergo*, before and behind: Remember *Periander's* μελέτε τὸ πᾶν. Thought is all in all: Prudence will prevent all Miscarriages and Infelicities in your Actions, and rings the Alarm Bell upon the approach of any to make you fly to the Remedy.

If you have any Enterprize in Hand, do it with a Boon Courage, for from Diffidence immediately springs Fear, and Fear banishes Assurance.

Philip of Spain having designed one for an Ambassador, the Man comes modestly and coldly to him, to propose some things to his Majesty, in order to his Embassy; the King said, *How can I expect that this Man will promote and effect my Business, when he is so fearful and faint in the Solicitations of his own?* Therefore Confidence and Boldness are excellent Engines to effect

effect your Designs: For by an Effluxion of Spirits from your Phansie, you do, as it were, tie and bind him with whom you have to do, to condescend to your Desires.

Be not over precipitate in your Designs; Great Designs require great Considerations, and they must have their time of Maturing, otherwise they will prove Abortive. The Fox reproached the Lioness for her Sterility and Slowness in Breeding; she answered, *It's true, I breed slowly, but what I bring forth is a Lion.*

The Emperor *Vespasian* did Stamp his Coin with a Dolphin and an Anchor, with this Impression, *Soon enough, if well enough*: The Dolphin out-strips the Ship then, soon enough: An Anchor stays the Ship, that is well enough.

In all Affairs of Difficulty you must not think to Sow and Reap at once, but must prepare Business, and so ripen it by degrees.

When you design to act any thing of Concern, never blow the Trumpet that others may take notice of it.

He that declares himself is obnoxious to Censure, and if he succeeds not, becomes ridiculous: Secrecy in Business is a great means of obtaining. It holds the Minds of Men in Suspence, and raises Expectation, which makes every thing to be thought a Mystery, and the Secret of that begets Esteem, and multiplies to Glory.

Cum factururus es aliquid, Cogita quo in statu eris cum egeris, seu expediat seu non.

Never attempt any thing but what is Hopeful and Just, for it will be equally troublesome to you, either not to succeed, or to be ashamed of the Success.

In all your Affairs choose your Instruments that may be proper and adapted to the Business, and such as are fit for the matter : For be assured if they fail, the whole Machine of your Enterprize, tho' never so well concerted, will fall apieces.

There be Persons that can pack the Cards, and yet cannot Play well ; some Men are good to Act, but ill in Counsel ; others are good in Counsel, but ill to Act ; you must make Choice of such Persons as are good in their own Affairs.

A Fool knows more in his own House, than a wise Man in another's.

I like not the choice of such Instruments that are over-cunning (for they are seldom Honest and True to their Trust) which can sound the depth and bottom of the Design, or of those who being out of employment, can contrive any thing whereby to prejudice the Person who employed them.

Poppæus Sabinus, for four and twenty Years (and that in the Days of the greatest Tyranny) was still made Ruler over the greatest Provinces of the *Roman Empire*, not for any excellent Ability that was in him, *Sed quia par negotiis neque supra erat* : But for that his Sufficiency did no more than equal the Charge which was imposed upon him.

In the management of Affairs it's not safe always to use the same Tools, or the same Conduct, for that being observed by them, with whom you have to do, you will assuredly be disappointed in your Enterprize : it's easie to shoot a Fowl that flies out-right, but not one that is irregular in its flight.

A cunning Gamester seldom plays the Card which his Adversary expects, much less which he Desires; yet it's not good to be always upon the Intreague, or to use too great Artifice, for at second bound you will be discovered: Jealousie is upon the Watch, there is much Skill to guard against it.

A wise Man walks not always in the same Way, nor keeps always the same Pace, but acts according to the Occurrences of Affairs, and varies according to the alteration of Time and Place.

Your Instruments being well chosen, the next step is to observe that excellent Apothegm of *Pittacus* *χαλεπὸν γινώσκειν*, for be assured the right timing of Business, is the Art of Policy; for Affairs depend on many Circumstances, and what hath succeeded at one time, hath been unfortunate at another.

Time is the measure of Business, as Mony is of Wars: If the Tides and Currents of Occasions be not taken in their due time, they seldom succeed, for Opportunities admit of no after-game.

There is nothing which contributes more to the making of our Undertaking prosperous, than the taking of Times and Opportunities; for Time carrieth with it the Seasons and Opportunities of Business; if you let them slip, all your Designs are render'd Unsuccessful; but if they be rightly taken, and followed with Diligence, you shall seldom miss of your purpose.

The State of *Venice* sent Two Ambassadors to the Pope, about some grand Concerns between him and that Republick; the Pope was very ill and kept his Bed; but the Ambassadors much pressed for Audience, and after great Importunity,

portunity, it was granted to them; one of the Ambassadors made a very long Harangue to the Pope about their Concerns, and how his Holiness was misinformed, as to the Actings of the State of *Venice*; the Pope was very uneasie, by reason of the tediousness of the Oration; but being ended, the other Ambassador told his Holiness, *That he was fearful that his Holiness did not fully mind their Business, because he was so ill; if he pleased, his Colleague should repeat his Oration over again*: Said the Pope, *let me know what you will have, and it shall be granted to you, rather than be troubled to hear your long and tedious Oration again*. In this Juncture and Opportunity the State of *Venice* gained that from the Pope, which at another time they could never have obtained of him.

A wise Man must not only turn with the Occasions, but also run with them.

If you will bring your Designs into a safe Harbour, you must act as the Tide serves.

When you make your Application to any Person, you must first know his Character, next feel his Pulse, and then attack him by his strongest Passion, which is his weakest side, and you will never fail to obtain your Ends.

You must study to be a good Book-man, one that understands Men better than Books; get *Apollo's Spectacles*, *Tiresias's bright Lamp* of Understanding, or the true Candle of *Epictetus*, and you will discern Men at the first glance, and observe all their Intreagues and the Traveries of Fortune.

There is a great difference betwixt knowing of Things, and knowing of Persons: It's a quaint piece of Philosophy to discern the Minds and Humours of Men; the Knowledge of Per-
sons

sons teaching Men to play their Cards the better, and to perform Business with more Dexterity.

The best expounding of Men, is by their Natures and Ends; the weakest sort of Men are best interpreted by their Natures, the wisest by their Ends.

By trifles are the Qualities of Men as well discovered as by great Actions; because in Matters of Importance, they commonly temporize and strain themselves, but in lesser things they follow the current of their own Natures.

Sermo est Index animi; Speech is the Interpreter of the Mind; Words, tho' they be like Waters to the Physician, full of Flattery and Incertainty, yet are they not to be despised, when they are spoken with Passion and Affectation; and a few Words casually offered, are more to be regarded, than those of set Solemn Speeches, which rather shew Mens Arts than their Natures.

In your Address behave your self with Prudence (that's the Key to unlock Secrets, and unriddle Mysteries) otherwise you will have no good return.

He that makes a fair Address, and hath not Prudence for his Conduct, is like a House that hath convenient Entries and Stairs, but never a good Room in it.

When an old Acquaintance of *Tiberius* began his Address to him, with, *You remember Cæsar*; *No*, says *Cæsar* (cutting him short) *I do not remember what I was*.

When you address to any Person, fix your Eyes upon his Face and Fashion, it will make a great Discovery of the Recesses of his Mind, and be a direction to you in your Business; for

as

as the Tongue speaks to the Ear, so the Gesture to the Eye.

Atticus, before the first interview between *Cesar* and *Cicero*, did seriously advise *Cicero*, touching the composing and ordering of his Countenance and Gesture.

You must learn to fashion your self, and to make a good Judgment of Occasions. *Illud est sapere, si ubicunque opus sit, animum possis flectere.*

To discern Tempers, and to suit the Humour and Character of him with whom you have to do, is a Secret absolutely necessary, but requires a good Stock of Wisdom.

Keep Formality above-board, but Prudence and Wisdom under-deck; for nothing will give a greater Remora to your Designs, than to be esteemed Wise by them with whom you are to deal: It will beget Jealousies in them, and your Wisdom will be but an alarm to them, never to come unprovided when they have any Concern with you.

It's no small piece of Wit, sometimes to act the part of the Ignorant; and there are occasions when the best Knowledge is to pretend not to know.

Some Persons with a little Compliance are to be wheedled; there is nothing to be got of them by Reason, for having none themselves, they will receive none from others.

It's a delicate part of practical Knowledge, well to observe and guess at the meaning of the little Hints that are given you by the bye, and to know how to improve them; this is the finest Probe of the Recesses of the Heart: But as they are sometimes cunningly given out, so are they cautiously to be received.

Let

Let your Applications be made with a Boon-Grace, (that's a political Magick to charm the Hearts and Affections of them with whom you have to do) but be not over Ceremonious; it's good to carry your self with that Decorum, as to gain Respect, but I would not have you pass for a Master of Ceremonies.

If you can handle Men right in their Affections and Humours, and know at what times, in what manner, and by what means they may be stirred up, you may rest assured, that before their Minds be thoroughly known, you are already Master of what your Heart desires.

Boccace hath given us a Novel of a Covetous Rich Chuff newly in Office, that had a very fine Woman to his Wife, and wanted a fine Horse. He had also a delicate Nag in his Eye, that wou'd be for his Turn, if he cou'd but have him upon reasonable Conditions. So he went to the Owner of it in a stile of Respect, to know if he wou'd part with his Horse, and the lowest Price: He did this as the cleanliest way of feeling his Pulse; for who knows, says he to himself, but for my Wife's sake he may make me a Present of him. The Magnifico's Answer was this, That the Nag was not to be had for Mony; but upon certain Conditions he might be prevailed upon to part with him. When they came to Treat upon Terms, he demanded only one half Hours liberty of speaking to his Wife, and it should be in his Sight too, but out of his Hearing.

The Officer struck the Bargain, and so leaving the Magnifico in a great Hall, he went up immediately to his Wife and told her of the Agreement. The Woman made twenty Excuses, but the Husband, in fine, wou'd have it so, and so

so it must be; wherefore come along with me, says he, into the great Hall and give him the Hearing; but not one Syllable I charge you of Answer or Reply. The Husband and the Wife upon this came down together, where the Magnifico took the Lady by the Hand, told her the Articles before her Husband, and then led her off to one end of the Hall, while the Husband took his place out of Hearing at the other.

His Speech ran much upon the charming Beauties of his Mistress, the infinite Passion he had for her, the absolute Power she had over him, and how Ambitious he was to lay his Life and Fortune at her Feet; the impossibility of his living without her, and for a conclusion, that his Life depended upon the Sentence he now expected to receive from her Mercy and Goodness.

The Magnifico made a short Pause here for fear of his Doom, but after standing at Gaze, without one Word in return, he began to suspect this obstinate Silence for a Trick of her Husband's, especially finding how her Colour went and came, and that her Pulse seem'd to beat to another Tune. This Fancy put it in his Head, since she wou'd say nothing her self, to play both parts in one, and to personate her Answers to his own Questions, as for Example.

My Dear Magnifico, says he, every Day gives me fresh Assurances of thy Friendship and Esteem, and of that tenderness of Affection which I perswade my self thou hast long born me; to have told thee this sooner, wou'd neither have been Decent nor Seasonable, and it has not been for want of good Will neither, that I have kept my self thus long upon the Reserve. But to make thee some sort of Amends for the
uneasi-

uneasiness of this Delay, I am now to tell thee for thy Comfort, that the blessed Hour is at hand that shall answer all thy Longings, and Crown all thy Wishes. My Husband is very suddenly to take a Journey that will keep him away for some considerable Time; wherefore I wou'd advise thee to watch my Chamber Window towards the Garden, and whenever thou seest a Crimson Scarf upon the Window, come to the Gate that Night in the dusk of the Evening, and thou shalt find me ready to bid thee Welcome. When the Magnifico had gone thus far in the name of the Lady, he closed up the Scene with these few Words; Madam, says he, you have struck me Speechless, and there's nothing more now to be done, but to wait upon your Husband.

So soon as the Formality was over, the Husband call'd out to the Magnifico. Well Sir, says he, I have done my Part, and do now expect you shall do yours too, and make good your Bargain. Pardon me, says 'tother, you promis'd me I should speak to your Wife, but I have been talking to an Image; not but that the Horse is at your Service however, tho' I cou'd wish you might rather have had him as a Gift, than as a Purchase at so insignificant a rate. The Husband valued himself mightily upon the Thought of having out-witted the Magnifico, and so, without any more ado, he mounted his Beast and went his way. The loving Couple were now at Liberty to use their own Discretion; but as to the Menage of the Signal, and the Greetings that followed after, the History is silent.

S E C T. XXX.

Of the Politick.

THE World every Day puts on new Dresses, and is so disguised in various Shapes of Policies, that he must be a wise Man that is able to unriddle the transactions of it.

The variation of the Latitude of the Maxims received is so great, that a Scheme of new Politicks had need be erected to understand the Sphere of Action.

There goes more to the making up of one wise Man now a days, than in ancient time of Seven: Formerly there were but Seven wise Men in all *Greece*; at present you will hardly find so many Fools in a Nation.

A wise Man must therefore learn to cast the course of Polity into new Moulds, as Fortune and Affairs require; if a Man be accomplished with great Virtues, yet if he wants Sagacity, he will never make any Figure in the World.

A Politick, like *Sampson*, must carry his Strength in his Head, not in his Arms.

Confidence, Ambition, and Covetousness, are the Climax by which he ascends to Grandeur.

At all Marts of Business, he hath his Factors, though they do not seem openly to Trade: He makes others do his Business, he hath his Expences, as great Princes cause little ones to do, and to act their Affairs when they do not know it.

In all Affairs he makes himself necessary and useful.

He

He is a Conscientious Person, for he always compounds Conscience with Reason of State.

He is one that is very very free in conferring small Favours and Courtesies, to beget Confidence, that he may deceive in great Matters.

He makes use of others, as the Fox did of the Cat's Foot to pull the Apple out of the Fire for his own Eating.

Conscience is the Rudder by which he seems to steer his Actions, but he turns it as the Wind blows for his most Advantage.

When he hath gotten any Persons into his Net, he doth not presently draw it; but when they are gotten into the Tunnel, they are then at his Mercy.

He thinks it not Prudence to stand so near a great Person, as to be oppressed with his Ruin; nor so far off, but when his Ruin comes, he can raise himself upon some part of it; therefore like the Crab, he keeps the Door of the Oyster; he makes what Advantage he can, when Opportunity serves, and is not nice in taking Advantages.

Interest is that which leads the World in a String; he imitates the Hawk which flies high, yet will descend to catch its Prey; he draws interest out of that quarter where the Wind blows fairest for Advantage: He hath *Briareus's* Hands to oppose Designs, as well as *Argus's* Eyes to penetrate Counsels.

He is an *Achitophel* for Plotting, as quick-sighted as *Linceus*, as active as Fire, as insinuating as *Charisophus*; and like the old Woman *Ptolemais*, never right but when upon some Intrigue.

He is continually upon the Design, thinking that something may happen by chance beyond Expecta-

Expectation; the Ape little thought by putting on his Master's Cap, to cure him of a Pleurisie.

If at any time he disburſes Mony for any Body, he uſes it as Anglers do their Fiſh, to bait their Hooks, and catch more.

His Conſcience, like *Fortunatus's* Purſe, is full of Gold and Self-Ends: That his Nature may ſwell and look big in the Rolls of Fame, he is bold and daring, and never out of a Plot.

He thinks a Fortunate Wickedneſs is a Virtue, and that a Sin back'd with Succeſs, deſerves a Triumph.

As for Juſt and Unjuſt, he looks upon them to be the Needle-work of Idle Brains.

His beſt Apothegm is, *He that is in the Highway to Honour, is never out of the Road to Virtue*; and well knows, *Qui aver le profit aver le Honeur*.

He condemns the Anatomifts for maintaining that there is a Ligament that ties the Tongue and the Heart together; And hath no kindneſs for the People of *Quambaia* and other parts of *Peru*, becauſe they have their Heads in their Breſts, and ſo their Tongues are too near their Hearts, which he endeavours ever to keep aſunder.

He likes not the Jackal, becauſe it provides Food for the Lion; but hath a great regard for the prudent Cat, for that ſhe Mouſes only for her ſelf.

Intereſt is the Card by which he ſteers, and himſelf the Harbour to which all his Deſigns do arrive.

He is like *Theramenes's* Shooe, fitted for every Man's Foot; like the Spaniel, when he cannot make uſe of his Teeth, he wags his Tail.

He

He takes no more of Virtue than serves for his turn, and desires only an Opinion of Honesty to procure him other Mens Faith, the better to bring about his Designs, and deceive them.

He never stands upon those trifling Things Conscience and Honour; for in great Undertakings he thinks there is nothing more unhappy or unprosperous, than a coy and squeamish Conscience.

When he hath any great Design in Projection, the better to effect it, he puts on a Religious Dress, and a Countenance with a Godly wry Look, like a *Persian* Alphabet: This he says, is the best Magnetism to make a strong Verticity to the point of any Design.

He can swallow down Oaths with as much celerity as *Lazarillo de Tormes* could a Sausage.

He puts on the white Robe of Innocency, the better to conceal the blackness of his Attempts; his Words he puts in a Spiritual Quirpo, and *Proteus* like, assumes that Shape which is most in Grace, and of most profitable conducement to his Ends.

He makes use of Religion as a Stirrop to get into the Saddle, and so upon the back of Honour.

Hypocrisie is the Ground and Basis of his Polity, and to find out Occasions, he thinks, is the knack of Men of Wit.

He is very dextrous at giving out of News, and hath a Mint always about him to coin such as may be current and seasonable to his Ends.

He always carries a Dose of *Pillula Aurea* about him, for they work safely, and remove all Obstructions, and thinks there is nothing so hard, but that pernicious Metal (Gold) will penetrate;

netrate; and tho' upon an Asses Back, it will take the strongest City; and he assures us, That

*Destruction surer comes, and rattles louder,
Out of a Mine of Gold, than out of Powder.*

I have given you a prospect of the Politick, that you may know his Principles and abhor the Practice of them.

Politici est virtus maxima, nosse dolos.

• And that Men of little Honour or Integrity are the fittest Timber to make great Politicians of.

The Trees were so well satisfy'd with the Monarchical State, both of Birds and Beasts, the one under the Eagle, the other under the Lion; that they took up a Resolution of erecting a Kingly Government among themselves. The Question in short was put, and they were unanimously for the Thing; tho' not above five or six Competitors for the Choice. The Oaks Pretence was long Life, the Comfort of its Shade and Protection, and the obligation the whole Race of Mankind had to it, for feeding their first Parents in Paradise. The Laurel valued it self upon being Thunder-proof, and for the Honour of Crowning the *Roman* Emperors, and those that enter'd the Capitol in Triumph. The Pomgranate claim'd a Natural Right to a Crown for having brought the Signature of a Crown into the World along with it. The Olive's Pretension was, that the Plant was a Symbol of Peace, and sacred to the Goddess *Minerva*. The Vine stood upon the Merit of making the Life of Man Long and Happy.

They

They were thus far very much divided among themselves where to pitch: But when they came in the End to cast their Eyes and their Thoughts upon the Orange, it's perpetual verdure, the incomparable Fragrancy both of its Fruit and Flowers, and those Fruit and Flowers never out of Season too. They chose the Orange Tree for their King *Nemine Contradi-cente*, and without so much as one Word speaking for himself.

S E C T. XXXI.

Of the Favourite.

IF it be your Fortune to rise and become a Favourite to a great Person, you may have some hopes in *Eutopia*; for I have heard Men are advanced there for their Merit and Worth.

You must understand there are many Doors which open to Preferment, but the Prince keepeth the Keys of them all.

Therefore be sure to study well the Alphabet of his Humour, and observe his Inclinations, as the Astronomers do the Planet Dominant, and the Mariners the North Star.

For great Persons account them the wisest Men, that can best suit themselves to their Humour; and usually they tye their Affections no farther than their own Satisfaction.

Therefore as Princes have Arts to Govern Kingdoms; so Favourites must have Arts, by which they must Govern their Prince.

Desire not to Monopolize his Ear, for his Misadventures will be imputed to you; and what is well done, will be ascribed to himself.

Too great Services will be over-sights and weakness to you; that Merit to which Reward may easily reach, doth ever best.

To study the Humour of a Prince, may for the present advance; but to understand the Interest of his Kingdom, is always secure.

He that serves a Prince's private Interest, is great for a time; but he is always so, who is careful of the publick Good.

Be ready to give an Account, if required, of all your Transaction; for he is like Gold, which hath too much Allay, that feareth the Touch.

In all your Deportments be humble, and of easie Access; a Favourite is like Coin, to which Virtue may give the Stamp, but it's Humility must give the Weight.

A high Fortune, like great Buildings, must have low Foundations.

Pride doth ill become any Person; and tho' no Man be thereby injured, yet it doth move in others an Offence, for none can indure an excessive Fortune any where so ill as in those who have been in an equal degree to themselves.

You must be *Minimus in summo*, like the Orient Stars, the higher they are, the less they appear; Honour is *bonum sine clavi & sera*. To be proud of Knowledge, is to be blind with Light; to be proud of Virtue, is to poison your self with the Antidote; to be proud of Authority, is to make your Rise your Downfal.

Where Pride and Presumption go before, Shame and Loss follow after.

A Country-man in *Spain* coming to an Image enshrined, the first making whereof he could well

well remember, and not finding that respectful usage he expected: *You need not* (quoth he) *be so proud, for we have known you from a Plumb-tree*: Have a care you do not find the Mythology in your self.

To be Humble to Superiors is Duty; to Equals, Courtesie; to Inferiors, Nobleness; to all, Safety; Fortune may begin a Man's Greatness, but it's Virtue that must continue it.

Never do that in Prosperity, whereof you may repent in Adversity.

Ever think Goodness the best part of Greatness: When Honour and Virtue are in Conjunction, it's a noble Aspect, and *Jupiter* is Lord of that Ascent.

But Greatness without Goodness, is like the *Colossus* of *Rhodes*, not so much to be admired for its Workmanship, as its huge Bulk; therefore make Goodness like a Diamond set in Gold, a support to Greatness.

Greatness may build the Tomb, but it's Goodness must make the Epitaph.

Give Things the right Colour, not varnishing them over with a false Gloss.

A Flatterer is a dangerous Fly in a State, yet they thrive and prosper better than the most Worthy and Brave Men do.

But I would advise you to have so much of the *Persian* Religion in you, as to worship the Rising Sun; you must learn to translate into English, *Neminem tristem dimittere*; and when you cannot give Men Satisfaction in that they desire, entertain them with fair Hopes: Denials must be supplied with civil Usage; and tho' you cannot cure the Sore, yet your Prudence may abate the Sense of it.

If you have any ventrous Design in projecti-

on; it's Prudence before you come to Action; sometimes to give Things out on purpose, to see how they will take; by that Means you will discover the Inclinations of the People; if it hath no fair Reception, presently check it, and make no farther Progress.

If you desire that the Designs you labour with, may not prove abortive, do not assign them a certain Day of their Birth, but leave them to the natural Productions of fit Time and Occasions; like those curious Artists in *China*, who temper the Mold this Day, of which a Vessel may be made a Hundred Years hence.

If you have Enemies, as you may expect many, being great in your Master's Favour, the better to establish your self, is privately to give out false Libels and Reports, tending to your own Disgrace; your Enemies like Powder, will fire at the first touch, and then you know what you have to do; and to deal plainly with you, the greatness of one Man is nothing but the ruin of others; and their Weakness will be your Strength.

But if any Pasquils or Libels shall be vented against you by others (as the most excellent Persons many times are infested with them) it's more Prudence to bury them in their own Ashes, than by confuting of them, to give them new Flames; for Libels neglected will presently find a Grave.

But let me tell you, as false Rumours and Libels are not always to be credited, so are they not always to be neglected, it being no less vain to fear all things, than dangerous to doubt of nothing.

And we have learned by Experience, that Libels and Pasquils (the only Weapons of some
un

unhappy Persons) have been forerunners of the Ruin and Destruction of the bravest Men.

You must be careful to keep an Ephimerides, to know how the great Orbs of the Court move; and if any new Star shall arise out of the East, and Men begin to Worship it, you must study either to eclipse or suppress it; therefore it will be Prudence to cut off all Steps by which others may ascend to Height or Grandeur; for if you leave any Stairs standing, others will climb up.

And I must tell you, it's more safe at Court to have many Enemies of equal Power, than one false and ambitious Friend, who hath absolute Command.

But in case any shall get up, you must by your Sagacity, remove him out of the way, under pretence of some Honourable Employment, or otherwise; when that is done, you know how *Augustus Caesar* dealt with *Mark Anthony*, when he got him from *Rome* into *Egypt*.

It hath been the practice of some, like the Fox, to thrust out the Badger that digged and made room for him; but this must be left to your Discretion.

In all Business ever pretend the publick Good; that will make you popular, and so you may with more Safety and Security drive on your private Interest; and let me advise you to be so Faithful a Servant to your Master, that whatsoever you do your self, you suffer not others to deceive him.

Make the Royal Interest and your own one; incorporate your Favour with the Authority of the Sovereign; so you cannot be offended, but the other will be troubled.

Study what you can to partake of his Bounty;

the more you obtain from him, the greater is your Security; for he will look upon you as his Creature, and by him raised, and so will endeavour to preserve you; but if you propose any thing, which you are afraid will hardly be accepted, or granted; offer it by parcels, that one piece may be digested before the other be presented.

In all your Negotiations, you must have an indiscernable way of Intelligence, as Angels have of Communication: *Gyges's Ring* will be of great Use unto you; for he observeth best, who is least observed himself.

And if you design your own Safety, speak truth; else you will never be believed, and by this means your truth will secure you, if questioned; and put those you deal with, (who will still hunt-counter) to great loss in all Undertakings.

It will be Prudence in you to oppose in Councils, all Resolutions as to Business of importance in dubious Matters; if the thing designed succeed well, your advice will never come in question; if ill (whereunto great Undertakings are subject) you may make Advantage by remembering your own Council.

But in great Concerns, it will be your Wisdom not to rest in the dull Councils of what is lawful, but to proceed to quick Resolutions of what is safe.

Admit none to be of your Cabal, but such as have their Fortunes solely depending upon you.

In dangerous Attempts, put others before you to act; but ever keep your self behind the Curtain.

In doubtful Matters you must be always provided with some cunning Stratagems, either to baffle

Baffle your Enemies, or else to secure your self and your Party.

If by Wisdom you cannot attain your end, use *Argentea Tela*, they never fail, for *Virtutem & Sapientiam vincunt Testudines*: And as Men have a Touch-stone to try Gold, so Gold is the Touch-stone to try Men.

I have hinted these unto you, not that you should act any thing against Honour, or the Dignity of your Religion.

Prudence is an Armory, wherein are as well defensive as offensive Weapons, of the first you may make use of upon all Occasions, but of the other only upon necessity.

We know that the *Apocrypha* is allowed to be digested into one Volume with the Sacred Word, and read together with it; but where it thwarts that which is Canonical; it's to be laid aside.

Policy and Religion, as they do well together, so they do as ill asunder; the one being too cunning to be Good, the other too simple to be False; therefore some few Scruples of the Wisdom of the Serpent, mixt with the Innocency of the Dove, will be an excellent Ingredient in all your Actions.

S E C T. XXXII.

The Sun of Honour in the West.

BUT I have blotted too much Paper; and I must with *Apelles*, *Manum de Tabula*; if you be mounted on the Pyramid of Honour; you must know it hath but one point, and the least slip may hazard your Fall.

If you should chance to lose your self in the Empire of Greatness, return to your own Solitudes and Privacy, and there you may find your self again.

Let no Condition surprise you, and then you cannot be afflicted in any: A noble Spirit must not vary with his Fortune, there is no condition so low, but may have Hopes; nor any so high, that is out of the reach of Fears.

In your worst Estate Hope, in the best Fear; but in all be circumspect; Man is a Watch, which must be looked to, and wound up every Day.

It no less becometh the worthiest Persons to oppose Misfortunes, than it doth the weakest Children to bewail them.

Though you lose all, yet you may still possess your Soul in Patience; this is your last reserve, and that strong hold, whereunto he who is beaten out of the Field, may always retire, and cannot be forced out of it, but by surrendring it.

It's the Temper of a brave Soul, always to hope, Adversities are born with greater Glory, than Deserted; for such are the comforts of unhappy Virtues and Innocent Souls.

That Miracle of Valour, the then Dauphin of *France*, and after *Charles* the Seventh, when they told him of that Sentence which was extorted from the Parliament of *Paris* by the two Kings, one of *France* his Father, the other of *England* and his Enemy, whereby he was declared incapable of succeeding to the Crown of Lillies, he said undauntedly, *That he appealed*; his Friends wondering at his Speech, asked him whither; he answered again, *To the Greatness of my Heart, and the Point of my Sword*; and his Words were followed with answerable effects.

Brave

Brave Soul ! whom the loss of a Crown could not disperit.

Impavidum feriunt ruina.

Suffering is the stay to Preferment, and great Infelicities usher us into Glory, if by patience we can triumph over our Calamities.

Misfortunes are troublesome at first, but when there's no remedy but Patience, Custom makes them easie to us, and Necessity gives us Courage.

It was a rare Temper of *Eumenes*, whose Courage no Adversity ever lessened, nor Prosperity his Circumspection ; one Month in the School of Affliction, will teach you more Wisdom, than the grave Precepts of *Aristotle* in Seven Years ; for you can never judge rightly of Humane Affairs, unless you have first felt the Blows and Deceits of Fortune.

I am not (I bless my Stars) disturbed at any thing, neither doth Passion disquiet me : I hate nothing, except it be Hatred it self ; and I am no more troubled for the want of any thing I have not, than I am because I am not the Sophy of *Persia*, or the Grand Signior : He is a happy Man that can have what he will, and that I profess my self to be, because I will nothing but that I can have.

I am much delighted with the pleasant Humour of *Thrasalus*, and can, in my own Conceit, make my self as Rich as the *Indies*.

I am a little World, and enjoy all Things within my own Sphere : Honour and Riches, which others do aspire unto ; I do now possess and enjoy them in my self : Health is the temperate Zone of my Life, and my Mind is the

Third Region in me; there I have an Intellectual Globe, wherein all Things subsist, and move according to my own Ideas.

The Stars; tho' Glorious and Splendid Bodies, yet I look upon them but as Spangles, which at best do but Embroider the outside of that Canopy, whereupon I my self am to tread.

Many times I raise my Spirits to so generous a Pitch, that I think Heaven it self not too high for me: I can grasp in one Thought, all that Globe for which Ambitious Men fight.

I account nothing more Noble than my Soul, except the Almighty God, whose Off-spring it is; I never stain it with that Earth or Metal, which others are Ambitious to get; for my Soul doth shew by desiring more, how unsatisfactory all extrinseck Objects are.

Doth any Man rob you of your Goods? consider that God, by that Man, takes back what he hath only lent you; the thing you foresaw is come to pass; and what amazes you? The thing which hath happened, you have often seen and known.

All things by Nature, in the Universe, are subject to Alteration and Change: How Ridiculous then is it, when any thing doth happen, to be disturbed, or wonder as if some strange thing had happened?

I must own my self as a part of the Universe, and therefore cannot be displeased with any thing that happens to my particular share; for nothing which is good to the whole, can be hurtful to that which is part of it.

However, *Innocens sit animus in irata fortuna*; for Virtuous Persons, like the Sun, appear greatest at their setting, and the Patient enduring of a necessary Evil, is next unto a voluntary Martyrdom.

Adver-

Adversity overcome, is the highest Glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest Virtue; Sufferings are but the Trial of gallant Spirits.

That brave *Aristides* being sentenced to Banishment, said no more but this, *I wish my Country no more harm, than that they may never have any more need of Aristides.*

A brave Soul must not yield himself up to Crosses and Disasters, but make good his ground, and stand firm against any Accident that can befall him; for 'tis but the breaking of the first Shock, and we shall find the rest but Fancy and Opinion; and let him complain what he will, his impatience is the greater mischief of the two.

If I must make choice either of continual Prosperity, or continual Adversity, I would choose the latter; for in Adversity no good Man can want Comfort, whereas in Prosperity most Men want Discretion.

Things below, as they merit not my Affection when I enjoy them, so they never vex or afflict me when I lose them.

I can call nothing my own, but my Sins.

Calamities, if prosperously overcome, are like those Winds, which if they do not throw down, do advantage Trees, by shaking them to a greater fastness at the Root.

That which is future or past, cannot hurt you, but only that which is present; and cannot your Patience hold out one instant?

If you consider you are a Man, your Misfortune will not seem new unto you; if you reflect on the Infelicities which happen to others, your own will seem but light to you.

If thou art disquieted at any thing, consider with thy self, Is the thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb my self, and lose my Peace and Tranquillity?

Have

Have you lost your Dignities? you have not lost them, but surrendred them; they are the Favours of Fortune, rarely the Characters of Merit; they have no goodness in them, but what he stamps on them that doth enjoy them: If he be not good, they are not Dignities, but Indignities: It cannot be said that a Man lost his Dignities, but that they lost him that gave them that Denomination, and made them Dignities.

Consider things really as they are, and you can never be troubled for any of them: If you have a Glass, esteem it as a Glass, and that it may be broken, and then you will never be angry when it is broken.

As there is no Gain upon Earth, without some Loss; so there is no Loss without some Gain; if thou hast lost thy Wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it: Art thou degraded from thy Honour? Thou art likewise free from the stroke of Envy; set the Allowance against the Loss, and you shall find no great Loss.

The World is a Sea, where some Men are wrecked; but all are tossed with Winds, and subject to the agitation of the Waves; let it be your Prudence to gain such a safe Port, which may secure you from the one, and preserve you from the other.

I Honour the Gallantry of *Camillus*, whom the Dictatorship did not elevate, nor Exile abate the Bravery of his Spirit.

I have many times observed, that the most Virtuous Persons are not the greatest Favou-rites of Fortune.

When Fortune is most Prodigal of her Favours, for the most part she intends no long continuance; and Felicity that is grown old, draws

draws near an end, and extream ill Fortune is not far from a Reverse.

Etiam Mala Fortuna suas habet levitates.

And tho' you are fallen from your Prince's Favour, yet you may be a *Rex Stoicus*, a King in your own Microcosm; and he who knoweth how to rule that well, may despise a Crown: Thrones are but uneasie Seats, and Crowns nothing but splendid Miseries.

The change of your Fortune may diminish your Hopes, but it will encrease your quiet; you must understand that Favourites are but as Counters in the Hands of Great Persons, raised and depressed in valuation at Pleasure; and like Dials, they are not look'd on, when the Sun of Majesty is off of them.

There is no Constancy either in the Favour of Fortune, or in the Affection of great Persons, so that no wise Man can trust the one, or depend safely upon the other.

To be without an Estate, and not to want; to want, and not to desire; to take the changes of the World, without any change in a Man's self, are excellent Qualifications, of which you must study to be Master: You are a Ball; what is a Ball the better, if the Motion of it be upwards, or the worse, if it be downwards, or if it chance to fall upon the Ground?

But whatsoever the Traverses of Fortune are, let no Discontent surprize you; if the thing be within your Power, manage it to your Content; if not, it's weakness in you to be disquieted.

Make your best of every thing, or at the worst, you may yet mend it and think it best; However it will be Piety in you, to submit to Divine Providence.

I always strike Sail to Divine Providence; such Things as happen to me, and not by me, I adore, not censure: For there God's Wisdom hath a greater store and share, where mine hath the less.

He is truly Wise, who can endure Evil, and enjoy Good.

An humble Soul, like a white Sheet, must be prepared to receive that which the Hand of Heaven shall imprint upon it.

Never Antedate your own Misfortune; for many times Men make themselves more Miserable than indeed they are; and the Apprehension of Infelicity doth no more afflict them, than the Infelicity it self.

Amongst the various Accidents of Life, I lift up my Eyes to Heaven, when the Earth affords me no Relief; I have recourse to a higher and greater Nature, when I find the Frailty of my own.

All Afflictions and Calamities are to me welcome, for I never feel more the Divine Assistance and Comfort, than in my greatest Extremities; and because I am under the Protection of the Almighty, I take but little care of my self.

I never beg of God but general Blessings, because he, in his Divine Wisdom, knows better what is good for me in particular, than I my self.

Discontent is the greatest Weakness of a generous Soul; for many times it's so intent upon its Unhappiness, that it forgets its Remedies.

I would not have you disordered within you, when there are so many things out of order without you.

Hope will be your best Antidote against all Misfortune, and God's Omnipotency an excellent means to fix your Soul.

If you be not so happy as you desire, it's well you are not so miserable as you deserve; if things go not so well as you would they should have done, it's well they are not so ill as they might have been.

If you seriously consider, you have received more good than you have done, and done more evil than you have suffered.

Measure not Life by the Enjoyment of this World, but by the preparation it makes for a better, looking forward what you shall be, rather than backward what you have been; you need not fear Death, the last change, who hath been acquainted with a life so full of change; if you have lived well, you have lived long enough; so soon as Death enters upon the Stage, the Tragedy is done; believe me, he that anchoreth one Thought upon any thing on this side Heaven, will be sure to be a loser in the end.

There is nothing can render the Thoughts of this Life tolerable, but the expectation of another. I would not desire to live a Moment, if I thought I was not to live again.

My Life is full of Misery, and I have but a few Days to live: Happy Miseries that end in Joy; Happy Joys that have no end; Happy End that ends in Eternity.

To serve God, and keep his Commandments, is the only Wisdom; and will at last, when the account of the World shall be cast up, be found to be the best Preferment and highest Happiness: And so farewell. Remember your Mortality, and Eternal Life.

An Elephant that was marching at the Head of his Troops towards the Execution of some great Design, met a Doe upon the Way, and invited her into the Park; the Doe promising at first Word to make one of the Party; the Elephant in the mean while enlarging himself upon the Honour of the Enterprize. In this interim a Weazle cross'd the Way upon them, and the Doe took such a Fright upon't, that the whole Earth cou'd not make her stand her Ground. The Elephant asked her if she was not asham'd to run away from so pitiful a Creature. No, says the Doe, 'tis not the Beast I dread, but the Presage which our Family has many times found the Mischief of to our Cost. The Elephant made Sport with the Fancy, and laid it home to the Doe, that she was prevail'd with to follow him yet once again: By the time they were advanced a hundred Paces upon the Way, they heard the Crowing of a Cock from the next Village, and that Cock was worse to the Doe then the Weazle; so she went directly to the Elephant, and charg'd him as he lov'd his Life, not to advance one step farther, for never any body heard a Cock Crow at that time of the Day, and pursu'd his Journey, but some dismal Calamity besel him. If this, says he, had befallen a Lion, as it did an Elephant, or any of that Race that are afraid of Cocks, it might have foreboded something; but what's a Cock, I pray, either to thee or me? Neither am I of the temper to abandon a Glorious Design for an imaginary Hazard. Upon these Words the Elephant march'd up to the Enemy, Charged him and gained his Point; the Doe in the mean while slinking behind the Bushes, in a confusion at the Thought of her own meanness of Spirit.

Sententiæ Stellares:

O R,

MAXIMS of PRUDENCE

To be observed by

Artisans of State.

1. **T**HAT Government is best tempered, where a few Drams of Fear are blended with the Peoples Love.

2. It's the Interest of Princes to make Acts of Grace, peculiarly their own; because they which have the Art to please People, have commonly the power to raise them.

3. A Multitude of Officers are dangerous to a Prince, and serve for nothing but to rife his Purse; and the fuller they fill their Coffers, the more facile is their Justification when questioned: When *Verres* was Pretor of *Sicily*, he had with wonderful Corruption pillaged that Province; and at the same time the Pretor of *Sardinia*, being sentenced for depeculating and robbing that Province, *Timarchides Verres* Correspondent at *Rome*, writ a Letter to him, giving him warning of it: But *Verres* in a Jolly Humour, answered him, *That the Pretor of Sardinia was a Fool, and had extorted no more from the Sardinians than would serve his own turn;*

turn; but himself had gathered up such Rich Booties amongst the Sicilians, that the very Overplus thereof would dazle the Eyes of the Senate, and blind them so, that they should not see his Faults: Hence we may conclude, that just Men must be Guilty, because they were Fools, and others shall be Innocent, because they were Knaves.

4. Religion is the only Orb which doth influence Mens Minds; and except the Prince be powerful over their Religion, (which is the Bond of their Affection) he will have but a weak Dominion over their Persons.

5. A Prince that runs on any Design, contrary to the general Humour and Spirit of the People, may indeed make his Ministers great Subjects, but they can never make him a great Prince: Whereas a Prince that doth act with the Hearts and Interest of his People, can never fail of making what Figure he pleases in the World, nor of being safe and easie at home.

6. That Prince which raises an Army to effect any thing against the Bent and Inclination of his Subjects, is like him that raised an Army to keep out the Plague, when the Army it self was infected.

7. Sects in their first rise are to be nipped; but being over-grown, it's Wisdom not to oppose them with too strong a Hand, lest in suppressing one, there arise many: A soft Current is soon stopped, but a strong Stream resisted breaks into many, or overwhelms all.

8. He who putteth off his Hat to the People, gives his Head to the Prince; for the immoderate Favour of the Multitude, as it can do a Man no good, so it will undo so many as shall trust to it: It was said of the Earl of *Essex*, that

that he was grown so popular, that he was too dangerous for the Times, and the Times for him.

9. If any Person begins to be aspiring, it's Prudence in the Prince to deal with him as the Birds did, who beat the Cuckow, for fear he should become a Hawk.

10. It may sometime be the Interest of a Prince, not only to remove Grievances by doing what is desired, but even Jealousies by doing something which is not expected; for when a Prince does more than his People look for, he gives them reason to believe that he is not sorry for doing that they desired.

11. Transcendent Services and too great Benefits from Subjects to Kings, are of dangerous Consequence, when they make the Mind more capable of Merit than Duty.

12. A Parliament is the truest Glass, wherein a Prince may discern his Peoples Love and his own Happiness.

13. Too great Severity in the Laws, seldom does good: for many times the common Guilt makes the Penalties impracticable.

14. If Affection lead you to Court, take care that Interest keep you there; for when it's once past Noon with a Favourite, it's presently Night with him; the good Fortune of the Court hath few sure Friends, but the ill Fortune of it none.

15. Kings cannot meet without great State, and they seldom part without much Envy, who never are farther asunder than when they meet.

16. All States stand more by Fame than Force; it's most safe neither to discover weakness nor hazard Loss by attempt.

17. What

17. What is the great humour and bent of a Nation, ought ever to be much considered by a State, which can hardly miscarry in the pursuit of it.

18. Two Things break Treaties; Jealousies when Princes are Successful, and Fear when they are Unfortunate.

19. Rigor in matter of Religion, seldom makes ill Christians better, but many times makes them subtle and reserved Hypocrites.

20. Money is the Sinews of War, and the Object of Mens Affections; that Prince who is rich in Treasure, becomes puissant in the one, and absolute Master of the other.

21. There are some Evils in a State that cannot be conveniently remedied; the Maladies of States are incurable when they are inveterate: and a Cacochemical and ill-affected Body is better let alone in Repose, than to have the Humours stirred by Physick that cannot carry them off.

22. A Prince's Fortune, and a Favourite's Faith end together.

23. Polity at Home, and Intelligence Abroad are the Two Poles upon which every well-governed State turns.

24. A Prince ought more to fear those which he hath advanced, than those he hath oppressed; for the one hath the means to do mischief, but the other hath not the Power.

25. A wise Prince doth strike his Enemies more smartly with the Head than with the Hand, and is as much to be feared for his Prudence as for his Valour.

26. In civil Tumults an advised Patience and an Opportunity well taken, are the only Weapons of Advantage.

27. It's

27. It's Wisdom in a Prince to shew himself Absolute in his Authority first, and then indulgent in his Nature.

When *Antigonus* was asked, Why in his old Age his Government was so mild and easie: *Formerly* (said he) *I sought for Power, but now for Glory and good Will.*

28. Taxes and Impositions ought to be in a State, as Sails in a Ship, not to charge and overload it, but to conduct and assure it.

When *Antigonus* exacted Money severely, one told him, *Alexander* did not do so: *It may be so* (said he) *Alexander reaped Asia, and I do but Glean after him.*

29. When a Prince seeks the love of his Subjects, he shall find in them enough of Fear: But when he seeks their Fear, he loses their Love.

30. It's not safe for a Prince to nominate his Successor, that is, to disrobe himself before he is ready to Sleep; and when he hath named him, his Testament is made; neither can he live after that in any Security: The Successor takes off the Peoples Eyes from the present Sovereign: The Son of *Dionysius* the Elder, asked his Father, *Whom he would make his Successor in the Government?* *Dionysius* asked his Son when he knew him guilty of such a Crime; and if he would have him make his Grave before he was dead?

31. When a Prince hath by his Arms Conquered a Country, it's Prudence in him to carry himself graciously towards the Conquered, and to give the Noble Men great Titles of Honour, but little Power; to administer Justice to the People in general, and to have a special care of laying too great Taxes for fear of a Revolt: These Politicks were unhappily observed
by

by *Charles VIII.* after he had *Naples*, which was a cause of its Revolt: After *Philip* had Conquered *Greece*, some advised him to place Garrisons in the Cities: *No*, said he, *I had rather be called Merciful a great while, than Lord a little while.*

32. Force doth rather fortifie than change the Resolution of Man in matters of Religion: Therefore nothing ought to be done violently in Reformation, the Strings must be wound up gently; the Musick sounds a great deal sweeter when they are loose, than when they are strain'd up too hard.

33. That Prince who will keep his Crown on his Head, must be sure to keep his Sword by his side.

34. Denials from Princes must be softned with gracious Usage, so that, tho' they cure not the Sore, yet they may abate the Sense of it; but best it is that all Favours come directly from themselves, Denials and things of bitterness from their Ministers: Therefore if a Prince resolve not to answer a Request, the least offensive way is, not to use direct Denial, but by Delays prolong the time; and so instead of effect, minister matter of hope; *Henry IV.* of *France* was so Courteous, that when he would not answer a Petitioner, he always so obliged him with some good Word, that he went away satisfied.

35. The more a Prince weakeneth himself by giving, the poorer he is of Friends.

36. Equal Authority with the same power, is ever fatal to all great Actions; and therefore one Wise General, having but a Thousand Men, is more to be feared, than Twenty of equal Authority; for they are commonly of divers Humours,

mours, and judging diversly, do rarely what is to be done, and lose time before Resolutions can be taken.

37. Reward and Punishment justly laid, do ballance Government; but it much concerns a Prince, that the Hand be equal that holds the Scale; therefore if any Subject doth deserve never so highly of his Prince, if he becomes afterwards a Malefactor, he must be made an Example of Justice, without regard of his former Merit. *Manlius Capitolinus*, though by Valour he had delivered the Capitol of *Rome* from the *French*, who beleagured it, yet afterwards growing Seditious, was thrown down from the Capitol, which by his great Renown he had formerly delivered.

38. The Prince which screws up the Pins of Power too high, will break the Strings of the Commonwealth. Wise Princes make use of their Prerogative, as God Almighty doth of his Omnipotency, upon extraordinary Occasions.

39. The Prince is the Pilot of the Commonwealth, the Laws are the Compass.

40. Reversionary Grants of Places of Profit and Honour by Princes, are the bane and ruin of Industry; but Acts of Grace and Bounty, are the Golden Spurs to Virtuous and Generous Spirits.

41. In holy Things, he that strikes upon the Anvil of his own Brain, is in danger to have the Sparks fly in his own Face.

42. A Kingdom is like a Ship at Sea, whose Ballast should be the Princes Coffers, which if they be light and empty, she doth nought but tumble up and down, nor can be made to run a direct and steady Course; therefore it's the Interest of Princes to have a good Treasure against all

all Extremities; for empty Coffers give an ill sound.

43. That Prince who, upon every Commotion of the Subject, rusheth presently into open War, is like him, who sets his own House on Fire to roast his Eggs.

44. That State which goeth out of the Limits of Mediocrity, passeth also the limits of Safety: While *Sparta* kept her self within those Boundaries that *Lycurgus* presented unto her, she was both safe and flourishing; but attempting to enlarge her Territories by new Acquests of other Cities in *Greece* and *Asia*, she every Day declined.

45. Rather than the least dishonour should fall upon the State, it's Prudence sometimes to preserve the Honour of the Publick, to cast the Male Administration upon some Favourite or Counsellor, and offer him a sacrifice to Justice.

46. *Charles* the Fifth, laid the loss and dishonour he received in the Invasion of *France*, by way of *Provence*, to *Anthony de Leva*. The *Spaniards* to cover the Dishonour they received in their Attempt against *England* in Eighty Eight, cast it upon the Duke of *Parma*, in his not joining with them in convenient time. So did *Charles* the Sixth of *France*, upon the Duke of *Berry*, in his Design of invading *England*, as many wise Princes and States had formerly done.

47. Reputation Abroad, and Reverence at Home, are the Pillars of Safety and Sovereignty.

48. Frames of Policy as well as works of Nature, are best preserved from the same grounds they were first founded on.

49. The Ministers of Princes must be *pares negotiis*, fit for their Business, and not *supra*; above it, or too able for it; for another Man's

too much sufficiency (as they think) is a diminution of their respectiveness, and therefore dangerous.

50. Taxes which the Sovereign levies from the Subject are as Vapors which the Sun exhales from the Earth, and doth return them again in Fruitful Showers.

51. Too great a City in a Nation, is like a bad Spleen in a Body Natural, which swells so big, as makes all other parts of the Body lean; therefore some sober Persons have conceived, that it's more Prudence to have Three Cities of equal Power, that in case one should Rebel, the other Two might balance or give Law to the Third. A great City is the fittest Engine to turn an old Monarchy into a new Commonwealth.

52. The State which doth not subsist in Fidelity, can never continue long in Potency.

53. Wise Princes must sometimes deal with mutinous Subjects, as the Sun did to take away the Passenger's Cloak, not as the ruffling Winds, to blow him down,

54. There is nothing which doth more impoverish a Prince, than Imprests of Mony at great Usance; for thereby a Prince is brought to one of these Two Extremities, either to overthrow his Demesnes and Finances, whereof the *French* Kings are Examples; or else to turn Bankrupt, and pay none, as King *Philip* of *Spain* hath done to the Merchants of *Genoa*, *Florence*, *Ausburg*, and almost to all the Banks in Christendom.

55. A Destructive Peace, and an unsuccessful War, are both fatal in the issue.

56. Interest is the Compass by which all States must steer their Course; therefore a

wife State will always be found in its interest.

57. A Prince is never feared Abroad, or honoured at Home; that hath not levied an Army, or at least made all the Preparations requisite to carry on a War.

58. The Sword is the last Reason of Kings; and if it be not the best, yet certainly the best able to defend them.

59. When any Mischief grows in a State, and becomes Formidable, it's many times more Prudence to temporize with it, than by force to attempt the Redress of it; for they who go about to quench it kindle it the more, and suddenly pluck down that Mischief upon their Heads, which was then but feared from them, by courting or dissembling the Mischief; if it doth not remove the Evil, at least it's put off for a long time.

60. *Charles* the Fifth (even he who was surnamed the Wise,) of *France*, at such time as he was Regent in *France*, his Father at that time being a Prisoner in *England*, by evil Counsel of some, being ignorant in Matters of State, at once, suspended all the Officers of *France*, of whom he suppressed the greatest part, appointing Fifty Commissioners for the hearing such Accusations as should be laid against them for Extortion and Bribery by them committed; whereupon all *France* was in such a Tumult (by reason of the great number of such as were Male-content,) as that shortly after, for Remedy thereof, he, by Decree in the high Court of Parliament in *Paris*, was forced to abrogate the former Law.

61. It's a noble Ambition, and absolutely necessary for a Prince to believe none of his Subjects more wise than himself, nor more fit to govern;

vern; when he hath not this good Opinion of himself, he suffers himself to be governed by others, whom he believes more fit than himself, and by this means falls into many Infelicities. This was the unhappiness of *Philip* the Third of *Spain*, tho' a Prince of eminent Parts, yet suffering himself to be Governed by the Duke of *Lerma*, he became of so little esteem with the People, and had no ways to free himself from those Indignities which were cast upon him, but by becoming a Church-man and a Cardinal.

62. A wise Prince, when he is obliged to make War, ought to make it powerfully and short, and at first to astonish his Enemies with formidable Preparations, because by this means it turns to good Husbandry, and the Conquests made thro' fear of Arms, reacheth farther than those made by the Arms themselves.

63. Punishment and Reward are the two Pillars whereon all Kingdoms are built; the former serves for restraining of vile Spirits, the latter for the encouragement of the Generous; the one serves instead of a Bridle, the other of a Spur.

64. The love of the Subject is the most sure Basis of the Prince's Greatness; Princes are more secure, and better defended by the love of the People, than by many Troops and Legions; every wise Prince must suppose that Times of Trouble may come, and then will be necessitated to use the Service of Men diversly qualified; therefore his Care and Study must be in the mean time, so to entertain them, that when those Storms arise, he may rest assured to command them; for whosoever perswades himself by present Benefits to gain the good Will of Men, when Perils are at hand, shall be deceived.

65. It's not safe for a Prince to commit his

Secrets to his greatest Favourite; for if he that is concerned will give, the Prince is certainly betrayed.

66. It concerns a Prince to contain his best Friends within a moderate and convenient Greatness, as to weaken and depress his greatest Enemies.

67. No wise State will ever begin a War, unless it be upon Designs of Conquest, or necessity of Defence; for all other ways serve only to exhaust Forces and Treasure, and end in untoward Peaces, patched up out of weakness and wearinesses of the Parties.

68. Nothing doth so much conduce to the safety of a State, as to place the supreme Power in one; for Commands depending upon divers Votes, beget Destruction and Ruin; and as this course prevents War, so it best conserves Peace.

69. Foreign Succours are most dangerous, and therefore it should be the last resort of every wise State; for they are seldom gotten out but by the undoing that State which received them, or else, as most commonly it happens out, they make themselves Masters of it.

70. Those People which by Arms do endeavour to deliver themselves from Oppression, do many times change the Tyrant, but not the Tyranny; and after a Rebellion is suppressed, the King is more King, and the Subjects more subject.

71. It's easier to make Subjects than to keep them; Men may submit to the force of Arms, but they never obey but a Just Power.

72. None are more apt to attempt upon the Peoples Liberties, than such who are Vicious and Debauched; for they commonly think Principality but a security of great Crimes: yet none are less able to compass their Designs; for
he

he that will dare to attempt that which no honest Man will, must be able to do such things; which none but a Prudent and Stout Man can perform.

73. The chief Wisdom and Happiness of a Prince, is to know well to enjoy the Sovereignty of his Power, with the Liberty of his Subjects; Love, Fear and Reverence, are the Three Ligaments which tie the Hearts of the Subjects to their Sovereign: Let the Prince have the first in Height, the second in good Measure, and of the last so much as he can.

74. That State which doth affect Grandeur, or the preservation of it's Interest, must be bold and daring; in the mean time there is no safety, and those Attempts which begin with Danger, for the most part are crowned with Glory, and end in Honour.

75. That State which will preserve it self in Puissance, must prevent Divisions, to which States are subject; and where People are Factious and apt to Divisions, it's Prudence to soften them with Pleasures; for where they are Subtle and Proud, they must be made Voluptuous; so their Will and Malice will hurt the less. It's some Security that a Faction is debauched; for it's not safe to suffer Sober Men to come to undo the Commonwealth; as in a Tempest, each Wave striving to be highest, rides upon the neck of that which hastened to the Shore before it, and is it self suppressed by a following: So it happens in a Civil Tempest of the Commonwealth; each Party strives to suppress the other, till a Third, undiscerned, assaults and suppresses the Conqueror.

76. When a Nation is at War within it self, it's not safe for any State or Prince to attempt

the Invasion of it, for it will certainly re-unite them.

77. When a State is jealous of the Obedience and Loyalty of the Metropolis, or chief City in it's Dominions, the only means is to borrow great Sums of Mony of them; for by that means they will not easily break out into any Action or Rebellious Attempts, for fear of losing their Mony. *Edward* the Second of *England*, being deprived by his own Subjects of his Royal Diadem, had never been restored, if he had not been indebted to the Citizens of *London*, who upon his coming up to *London*, purchased him the favour and friendship of the greatest part of the City, of which being Master, his Power encreased, and thereby became so strong, that he subdued most of his Enemies, and thereby recovered his Kingdom. *Eumenes* understanding that divers Noblemen sought occasions to kill him; to prevent their Malice against him, pretended that he had need of great Sums of Mony, which he borrowed of them who hated him most, to the end they might give over the seeking of his Death, whereby they were assured to lose all their Mony.

78. He who groweth great on the sudden, seldom governeth himself in the Change: Extraordinary Favour to Men of weak or bad Deserts, doth breed Insolency in them, and Discontentments in others; Two dangerous Humours in a State.

79. Great Persons must not at all be touched, but if they be, they must be made sure from taking Revenge; and there is nothing more dangerous, than to bring a great Courage to the place of Execution, and then grant him his Pardon; for he will always remember the Affront, and forget the Pardon.

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80. The questioning of great Persons produces as much Terror (tho' it argues not so much Rigor) as the Punishment; extremity of Law must be used towards some few, to settle quietness in the whole, and it's as it were a particular Blood-letting for the general Health.

81. Fools are ruled by their Humour, but wise Men by their Interest.

82. A Prince of mean Force ought not in any wise to adventure his Estate upon one Day's Fight; for if he be Victorious, he gaineth nothing but Glory, but if he loseth, he is utterly undone.

83. It's the Interest of Princes, that their Servants Fortune should be above Temptation; for many times new Officers or Princes, are like fresh Flies, bite deeper than those which were chased away before them.

84. A Wise Prince ought to ground upon that which is of himself, and not upon that which is of another; for Government is set up in the World, rather to trust it's own Power, than to stand upon others Courtesies.

85. A good Magistrate must be like the Statue of *Apollo*, who had a Launce in one Hand, and a Harp in the other: That is, Resolution to aw on the one side, and Sweetness to oblige on the other.

86. A Prince hath more reason to fear Money that is spent, than that which is hoarded up; because it's easier for Subjects to oppose a Prince by Popularity than by Arms.

87. Outward esteem to a great Person, is as Skin to Fruit, which though a thin Cover, yet preserves it.

88. Tho' one be raised by the Vulgar, yet it's not safe to build upon them; nothing is more

more unstable than greatness, founded only upon another's Pleasure; nor are the favours of any, more uncertain than those of the Vulgar.

89. Love preserves the Empire, which Power sets up.

90. The disesteem of Religious Ceremonies, argues the decay of the Civil Government. Pious Princes have first kept their People Religious, and thereby made them Virtuous and United.

91. Heresies and Error in the Church, are rather to be suppressed by Discipline, than increased by Disputations: for in many Cases it's Impiety to Doubt, and Blasphemy to Dispute.

92. Schismatics are like a Top, if you scourge them, you keep them up; but if you neglect them, they will go down alone.

93. Revolutions of Government, and the successive Inundations of several Factions, like the overflowing *Nilus*, continually leave many Seeds and Spawns of Monsters, which may easily be formed to any Design.

94. The Love and Hate of the People are equally dangerous.

95. Religion is the foundation of Society, when that is once shaken by Contempt, the whole Fabric cannot be stable nor lasting.

96. Great Men are the first that find their own Grief, and the last that find their own Faults.

97. Emulation amongst Favourites, is the Security of Princes.

98. The Two main Principles which guide Humane Nature, are Conscience and Law; by the former we are obliged in reference to another World; by the latter in reference to this.

99. Inconveniencies which happen to Government, are sudden and unlooked for; therefore a Prince must be provided, *In omnem Eventum*.

100. It's safer for a State by Death to extinguish the Power; or by Pardon to alter the Will of great Offenders, than to put them to Exile or Abjuration. Therefore *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, being advised

vised to Banish Marshal *Byron*, he said, *That a burning Fire-brand casts more Flame and Smoak out of a Chimney than within it.*

101. In Treaties Faith will fail as long as Interest lives; and Interest will be found as long as Princes Reign.

102. In Commonwealths with the Metropolis all is Conquered, because the Seat of Liberty and Empire being overthrown, the Union is lost, of which the Government is formed.

103. The Proroguing and dissolving of Parliaments, is like the Distilling of hot Waters, the oftner they are drawn off, the higher and stronger they are.

104. Bold Outrages are to be feared at the first Heat; when they have taken time, they abate of themselves, and as the Factions grow stale, they utterly fail.

105. The State of a Prince is never established with Cruelty, or confirmed by Craft.

106. It's more Prudence in a Prince to cut off or Pardon, than distress any Man; for the distressed Man is ever before Peoples Eyes to move or exasperate them; the Dead and Pardoned are forgotten.

107. To lye still in times of Danger, is Calinness of Mind, not Magnanimity; when to think well, is only to dream well.

108. There is no dividing of a Faction by particular Obligations, when it's General; for you no sooner take off one, but they set up another to guide them.

109. It's no Prudence in a Prince to take off the Faction by Rewards; for it will animate others to be so, when they find such Encouragements for being troublesome.

110. Many times the way for a Prince to preserve his Power, is not to keep it. The People of *England*, like Wantons, not knowing what to do with it, have contended with some Princes, as *Henry the Third*, *King John*, *Edward the Second*, for that Power which they have thrown into the Arms of others, as *Queen Elizabeth*.

111. Favourites are Court-Dials, whereon all look when Majesty shines on them, and none when it's Night with them.

112. Kings may Marry, but Kingdoms never Marry; so that by Marriage there is no permanent Interest gained.

113. All Power is but comparative; no Kingdom can take a just measure of it's Safety, by it's own Riches or Strength at Home, without casting up at the same time what Invasions may be feared, and what Defences and Aids may be had from Allies A-broad.

114. Anarchy or popular Tumults, have worse Effects upon common Safety, than the rankest Tyranny; for it's easier to please the Humour, and either appease or resist the Fury of one single Person, than of a Multitude; take each of them in their Extremes, the Rage of a Tyrant, may be like that of Fire, which consumes what it reaches, but by degrees, and devours one House after another; whereas the Rage of People, is like that of the Sea, which once breaking bounds, over-flows a Country with that suddenness and violence, as leaves no hopes either of flying or resisting, till, with the change of Tides and Winds, it returns of it self.

115. A Prince in Wisdom ought to make choice of such Persons to be his Officers, as are Rich and Knowing; for being Rich, they will not abuse the Prince themselves, and being Knowing, will not suffer others to do it.

116. In Extremity, the help of Foreigners is not to be condemned, but it's a remedy least to be trusted, and last to be tried.

217. In popular Tumults, many times nothing is more safe than Speed, and greater Advantages accrue by Expedition than Delays; for while some are in Fear, some in Doubt, others Ignorant, all may be reduced to the limits of Obedience; and Fury, when the first blast is spent, turns commonly to Fear; and those Persons which are the Heads of Rebellion,
whom

whom the People honour and admire at first, are at last plentifully re-paid with Scorn and Contempt.

118. In popular Tumults it's safer for a Prince with some yielding to condescend to Peace, than by standing upon high points of Honour, to hazard the issue of a Battel, wherein the Prince cannot win without weakning, nor lose without danger of his undoing. *Lewis* the Thirteenth of *France*, was a sad instance hereof.

119. The Riches of the People, are the Prince's Safety, but their Poverty his Calamity; for they being Rich, will not easily attempt against the Government, for fear of loss; whereas being Poor and Beggary, will upon every Discontent, be apt to break out into Action; for such will think, being Poor, that they cannot be worse, but by bold Attempts, they may be better.

120. In a popular Tumult and Rebellion, the best way is, first to cut off all their Provisions, and then secondly, to sow Sedition amongst them, while the Prince may gain time, by pretended Treaties, to be even with them, drawing off the most Eminent of the Faction, and confounding the rest.

121. Minions and Favourites of Princes, after the Decease of the Prince their Patron, usually come into disfavour with the succeeding Prince: *Oliver de Danne*, *Daniel* and *Doyat*, Servants to *Lewis* the XI. Two of them were hanged, *Doyat* lost his Ears, and was whip'd up and down the Streets: And we know the Fate of *Empson* and *Dudly*, who were so great Favourites to *Henry* the Seventh.

122. In the Infancy of a Commonwealth, Merchandise is of Advantage; but growing great, it's many times dangerous; for it introduces Luxury, if not restrain'd by Sumptuary Laws.

A certain Virtuoso that understood the Business of Planting and Gardening perfectly well, and the best way of ordering both Timber and Fruit-Trees; had in his Ground among other Curiosities, an Apple Tree, a Balm, an Orange and a Cork. The
Apple-

Apple-Tree brought him Fruit once a Year, both for his particular Occasions and for his Friends, and once a Year's gathering serv'd his Turn too. But at the same time it went to the Heart of the Apple, to see how the poor Orange was us'd and rifled both of his Fruit and Flowers. Now this did not one jot move the Orange, till she saw a Man at work with an Incision Knife upon a Balm-Tree there at hand to let out the Balsam. So the Orange became now as sensible in this case as the Apple was in the other; insomuch, that the Balsam put the Question to her with some Admiration, How she came to find herself so concerned for an imaginary Pain? for this way of Launcing, says she, never comes near the Heart. If my Balm may do my Master any Service, let him take it and welcome; but he must be at the Pains to cut it out of me, for I part with none upon other Terms.

While they were talking at this rate, they cast their Eyes upon two Woodmen that were barking a Cork-Tree hard by there, from Top to Bottom. The seeming Cruelty of this Action put them all into Groans and Lamentations; only the Cork cheer'd up, and was the better for the Fleying she said, and a great deal easier after being clear'd of that smothering Coat than she was before. But do you feel no Pain at all, says the Orange? No more, says she, than my Master himself feels when he puts off his Cloaths. In the Conclusion, they came to this Agreement. They were all willing enough, they said, to give their Master an acknowledgment out of what they had, especially themselves being never the worse for it neither; so that all this was no more than a Tribute in Consideration of the Care he took to secure them against Heats and Colds, and other Inconveniencies, and to preserve them from Caterpillars and Locusts.

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